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CRACKING THE GERMAN DAMS

by WING COMMANDER GUY P. GIBSON

THE flak over France wasn't bad. It was coming up all around in spasmodic flashes as some straggler got off his course and struggled through a defended area. Otherwise the night was lovely. There was a three-quarter moon which shone brightly into my Lancaster, lighting the cockpit up almost as if it were day. Down below us, the gray features of France were partially hidden by a thin layer of white cloud.

It was getting hot inside. I yelled to my wireless operator, "Hello, Hutch. Turn off the heat."

He said, "Thank God for that."

The heat in a Lancaster comes out somewhere round the wireless operator's backside; hence the obvious relief expressed by the long-suffering Hutch.

All around me, above, below, and on every quarter, I could see the Lancasters moving forward towards their target, flying straight and flying fast, flying with their great chins thrust forward and looking to me more purposeful than anything I had ever seen before.

I was feeling pleased because this was going to be my last raid before going on a few days' leave; for now I had done 173 sorties without having had much rest. It was almost too good to be true that after this raid on Stuttgart I should be able to go down to Cornwall with my wife and have the time of my life. Once again I should be able to walk down to St. Ives with my pipe in my mouth and my dog running along by my side. Once again I should be able to stand and watch the sea when it became angry and fought with the northeast wind; then in the evenings, instead of sitting up here with an oxygen mask over my face, I should be leaning back in my armchair looking at the ceiling and scratching the back of my dog. There would be no bomber raids to organize, no bomb loads to think about.

As I was thinking these things, my flight engineer yelled, "Port outboard's going, sir!"

Sure enough, the port outboard engine was packing up. I could feel it in the throttle control. There was no power coming from this engine. Rapidly, my heavily laden Lancaster had to lose height.

This was bad. If I turned back now I should have to go out again tomorrow night. Maybe there would be no tomorrow night. Maybe the weather would be bad. Maybe I should have to wait four days; I should have to wait four days for my leave. Maybe it would be better to go on.

Scriv, my navigator, was standing at his station scratching his head and watching the air-speed needle drop rapidly.

I said, "What shall we do, Scriv?"

At the age of twenty-four WING COMMANDER GIBSON is the most highly decorated man in the British Army. He joined the RAF as a pupil pilot when he was eighteen, and the day after war was declared he made his first bombing mission over the Kiel Canal. In the Battle of Britain he was shifted to a night fighter and is credited with three He-111s, one Dornier-17, and two "probable" Stukas. He has carried out 174 missions over enemy territory, has five times bombed Berlin, and was awarded the Victoria Cross as the leader of that picked squadron which blew up the German dams.

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"It's up to you, sir."

"O.K., Scriv, we are going on at low altitude. We will try to climb up to bomb when we get there."

The Lancaster slid quietly out of formation and, like a wounded bird, dropped towards the earth. On all sides of me the flak was coming up from Mannheim, Frankfort, and Mainz. From where I was, I had a grandstand view of the boys up above getting shot at. But the Huns did not shoot at me. They did not even fire machine guns at me. Perhaps they thought that I was a night fighter. Now and again I caught sight of a Lancaster far above, four miles above, as it got into the beam of a searchlight and as a light flashed on its wings; and almost I thought I could distinguish the separate aircraft as they flew over, merely from the light of the flames which danced through the streets of Stuttgart. The town was on fire.

An 8000-pounder came whistling past my wing tip on its way down, and a few seconds later a great slow, heavy flash came up from the ground where it had landed and my aircraft was bounced and tossed about as though it were a leaf. I remember that once I distinctly saw a shower of incendiaries not 200 yards in front of me. It is indeed curious to be underneath a heavy bombing raid in an aeroplane.

We dropped our load, and my poor Lancaster on its three engines jumped into the air as the bombs fell out of its belly and I banked around and dived for the deck.

During these moments there had been little talk, but once we were clear of the target area all the boys on board started talking.

"Leave tomorrow."

"Tomorrow we go on leave."

"I'm going fishing."

"I'm going to sleep."

"Tomorrow we go on leave."

My wife had been sweating it out in a factory near London for a long time without any rest and now I should be able to take her home and let her breathe for a moment the fresh and pleasant air of Cornwall.

Soon, after dodging the night fighters, we were back over England, and a few minutes later I was in my room, hurriedly packing my clothes before jumping into bed. As I dozed off, I thought of the morrow and of leave, and of the sound of the waves on the rocks down in Cornwall.

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"Report to C. in C. immediately." It was early when I was waked up and given this message. I used some strong language — stronger language even than I use sometimes when we are on a raid — and I wondered what was going to happen to my precious leave. For a moment I thought that perhaps this business could wait, but then almost at once I knew that it couldn't, for the C. in C. is the C. in C., and I was only a Wing Commander. I rang up the flights and told them to start up my communications aircraft, and in a few minutes I had dressed and was away.

The Air Marshal was very nice to me, and as I went into his room he said, "Hello, Gibson. Sit down." Then he told me quietly that I wasn't going to have any leave. He told me that I was to form a new squadron, a special squadron picked out of the best crews in the Bomber Command, the squadron which would have to undertake a most important mission. He told me that if this mission was successful, we should have succeeded in dealing to Germany in one night the most damaging blow of the war.

He offered me a Chesterfield and said, "I know that you are due for some leave and I know that you are due for a rest, but I should like you to do one more raid." Then he began to talk, and although I cannot remember exactly what he said, I know that when he had finished I was already out of my chair and ready to start work.

He spoke to me about the Möhne Dam and about the Eder Dam. He spoke to me for a long time and told me of their importance and of the difficulty which we should have in destroying them.

It took me an hour to pick my squadron. I wrote the names down on a piece of paper and gave them to a man with a red mustache who was sitting behind a huge desk. Then I got in touch with my wife and told her that our leave was postponed because I had one or two things to do before I could get away.

The next night I arrived in the mess at Dersingham with my batman and my dog trotting happily along at my heels. And there I met the boys. I knew them all. I had picked them myself because I honestly believed from my own personal knowledge of them that they were the best bomber crews in the RAF. I knew that each one of them had already done his full tour of duty and should really now be having a well-earned rest; and I knew also that there was nothing that any of them would want less than this rest when they heard that there was an exciting operation on hand. There was Mickey Martin from Australia, who had done 48 trips. There was Dingy Young from America, who had done 65 trips. There were Dave Shannon, Les Munroe, Joe McCarthy, John Hopgood, and many

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others — all in all, they probably knew more about the art of bombing than any other squadron in the world.

Next morning I got them all together. There were 25 crews, which means 175 men — pilots, navigators, wireless operators, bomb aimers, engineers, and gunners, and every one of them an old hand at the game.

My speech to them was short. I said: "You're here to do a special job. You're here as a crack squadron. You're here to carry out a raid on Germany which will have tremendous results. What the target is, I cannot tell you, nor can I tell you where it is. All I can tell you is you will have to practice low flying all day and all night until you know how to do it with your eyes shut.

"I needn't tell you that we are going to be talked about. It's very unusual to have such a crack crowd of boys in one squadron. There are going to be a lot of rumors. You've got to stop these rumors. You've got to say nothing. When you go into the pubs at night you've got to keep your mouths shut. When the other boys ask you what you are doing, just tell them to mind their own business — because, of all things in this game, security is the greatest factor."

I said a lot more, but I have forgotten what it was; but it was all to the same point. And then I handed over to Dingy Young, my second in command, and told him to get on with the low-level training.

The security measures which were taken were far-reaching and efficient. All our telephone wires were tapped, guards were stationed all around the vicinity, frequent lectures on security were given to every man on the station, and the barmaid in the local pub was given three months' holiday.

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THEN I went down to London, and there I met a man of whom I shall say very little. He was as much responsible for the success of this operation as all the pilots and air crews put together. He is one of the real backroom boys of whom little can be told until after the war, and even then I am not sure that you will hear a great deal of their story.

We met together in a small, dark office. He pulled out a drawing and gave me a short lecture on the science of damology — which is, of course, the science of breaking down dams.

He said: "Now you may think me a stupid old man, but wait until I tell you what I know about the Möhne Dam. It is a military objective which I have been studying ever since the war began. This dam" — and he pulled out some pictures — "is some 850 yards long, 150 feet thick, and it is as high as it is thick. You can imagine that many attempts have been made," he went on, "to try to evolve some method of breaking down these walls, but it is not so easy as it looks. When you consider that we in London here think ourselves safe from an ordinary explosive bomb when we are behind three feet of concrete, you will begin to realize what I mean when I talk about shifting 150 feet of the stuff."

I said, yes, I thought I did.

He went on: "We have been making experiments and trying out the effect of explosives on such walls for some time. Now let me explain." He opened a book and showed me pictures of a small dam, some six feet across, which had been breached by a certain charge of explosive. He said: "Our next experiment is to try out our theories on a larger dam. We have built down in the South a dam some 200 feet across. This dam, I might tell you, is brick for brick the same as the Möhne Dam. The lake is full of water and we intend to go down at once and try out there the theories that we have evolved with the smaller models."

This, I thought, was going to be fun. I could remember the time when I was a kid, when we used to go down to the beaches in Cornwall and shovel the sand across the little streams which ran down from the granite cliffs. I could remember how we dammed up the water until it made a big pool behind the sand, and I could remember how, when it was time to go home for supper, I used to smash the whole thing with one sweep of my spade, letting the water rush out down the beach. I could also remember how angry my brother used to get when I did this.

I said to the scientist, "I can see that this last experiment of yours will give us roughly what we need. Let me know the results."

A few days later he rang up and told me that the experiment had proved a success. "But we are not finished," he added; "we are not nearly finished."

At that time a certain county council in the Midlands of England had just built a new dam to supply their town with water. We heard about it and wrote to them and asked them if we could knock down their old dam so that the water would run into their newly built one. They replied that this was fine because they wanted to knock it down anyway, and so the scientist and I went to work.

There followed a series of dramatic experiments. On one cold winter morning after another I flew over this dam and dropped my missile, and always as I did so, this great man, the scientist, was

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standing on the edge of the lake with his shoulders hunched and his hands in the pockets of his overcoat, watching to see what would happen. One after another, our experiments failed. I can remember clearly the sight of that small, cold figure standing alone on the brink of the water, standing and looking up at my Lancaster. There was a tenseness about the way in which he stood, with his legs apart and his chin thrust out, and there was a fearful frightening expectancy about everything; there was snow on the ground, which made things sharp and bright and real.

For many days this man worked and I flew. He modified and experimented, and I watched and watched. Then suddenly one morning in April, on one of the first days of spring, I flew over and dropped one which worked. The man on the ground danced and waved his hands in the air. I could see him from my cockpit as I banked around after my run, and I waved back at him and shouted into the noise of the engines; and I believe that the man on the ground threw his hat into the air, for that was a wonderful moment.

Then there were urgent telephone calls, and many signals written in cipher, and messengers rushing to and fro, and factories received priority orders so that men and women worked throughout the day and the night making these things which we were to carry with us over to Germany to be dropped in the Möhne Lake.

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After all that, I took myself back to my squadron. By now the boys had made themselves very proficient in flying at low level around the countryside, and they found that navigation in itself was no longer a problem. We therefore turned ourselves to practicing a special form of attack, which we should have to make on the dam walls. Night after night, day after day, we went flying up and down lakes in Scotland, in the Midlands, and in Wales, practicing this very special form of attack. One of our hardest problems, we found, was to fly at 45 feet above the water; to fly at exactly 45 feet, not 44 feet or 46 feet, but 45 feet. It is a very difficult thing for a pilot to judge his height above calm water, and many a flying boat has crashed as a result.

Such was our problem, for while it was comparatively easy to get the air speed and although it was easy to get the sighting line just right, we could never be sure that we were exactly at the right height. Perhaps I ought to tell you here that it was obvious that our missiles would have to be dropped with extreme accuracy within literally a matter of feet of a certain spot. And it was necessary also to fly fast; otherwise the operation became too hazardous to allow for the possibility of success.

All these things we could do except the business of maintaining an exact height. But this difficulty was ultimately overcome in a most simple manner and, although I should like to tell you how it was done, I think that the Germans would like to know even better. The method we used was accurate to a few inches. It made us extremely vulnerable to flak fire, but this risk had to be taken.

After two months of continuous hard training, involving at least 150 hours of flying for each person, I considered that my squadron was fit to undertake the operation.

At the same time we had reconnaissance aircraft flying out over Germany watching these dams as a cat watches a mouse. They were looking for two things. The first, and the more important, was the density of the defenses and whether they were being increased. The second was the height of the water level. You see, a dam can best be attacked when there is a great quantity of water in the dam itself, for there is then a greater mass which will exert greater pressure against the wall.

It was very thrilling in those cool spring evenings to watch the water level rise. By April 15 it was some 15 feet from the top of the dam wall. By the beginning of May it was only 10 feet. By May 10 the water level was almost right for the attack.

On this date we carried out a full dress rehearsal against a dam in Wales. The whole thing was a failure.

The trouble was intercommunication. On attacks of this sort it is absolutely necessary to have speaking telephony between all the aircraft. We didn't have any. And when we got back I told the Commander in Chief that unless we were equipped with radio telephony such as fighters use, the whole mission would be a failure. Within a few hours the whole squadron was equipped with the very best and most efficient telephony sets in the whole of the Royal Air Force.

Next night we carried out another dress rehearsal and it was a success.

By now it was obvious that we should have to carry out the raid within the next few days. The weather was good, the moon was full, and we were ready.

On May 16, reconnaissance aircraft reported that the water level was just right for the attack. It was a great moment when the public address system on the station said: "All crews of No. 617 Squadron report to the Briefing Room immediately."

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The boys came in hushed, having waited two and a half months to hear what it was that they were going to attack. There were about 175 young men in that room, rather tousled and a little scuffy and perhaps a little old-looking in spite of their youth. But they were experts, beautifully trained, and each one of them knew his job as well as any man had ever known any job which he was to do. I let the scientist tell them all about it.

In his gentle, benign way he repeated almost exactly the things which he had told me two and a half months before. He told them how the dam had been built and of what it was made. He told them how thick it was and how difficult it would be to crack, and he told them of the principle upon which we were going to work. Then he told them that it would not be easy, and everyone understood what he was trying to say.

Then I got up and explained the type of attack which we were to use, although by now they knew it backwards because they had practiced it so much.

Naturally a lot of special preparation had to be made. Special ammunition was fitted to the guns. Special armor plating was fitted to the aircraft. But all this had been prepared beforehand and the whole thing ran like clockwork.

Standing around an hour and a half before the take-off, everyone was tense and no one said very much. The long practice and the waiting and the business of being kept in the dark had keyed them up to a point where one could feel that it would be better if they had stood on their toes and danced and shouted out loud. But they stood there with their hands in their pockets, smoking cigarettes and saying little.

I said to Hoppy, — Hoppy who had been with me a year and a half, who had flown in 40 raids with my squadron, — "Hoppy, tonight's the night. Tomorrow we will get drunk." I did not know then that I should never see Hoppy again.

Soon it was time to take off, and we rumbled out onto the flare path in one great formation, and soon all nineteen of us were en route to Germany at zero altitude.

It was a wonderful sight. There was a full moon, and on either side of me stretched the two long arms of Lancasters forming a V, flying in perfect formation, each man knowing the plan, each one knowing his job.

Soon, low and squat on the horizon, appeared the Dutch coast, unfriendly and evil, a long, flat, bleak expanse squirting up flak in many directions. But there were ways and means of getting through that barrage, and we knew all about that. Like a ship threading its way through a mine field, we skirted around defenses and flew on towards the heart of Germany. We were flying low. We were flying so low that more than once I had to pull the stick back quickly in order to hop over a high-tension wire or a tall tree.

We didn't all get through. One aircraft had already hit the sea, bounced up, lost both its outboard engines and flown back on the inboard two. Two other aircraft were hit by light flak a little later on, and I had to order them to return to base. I imagined the feelings of the crews of these aircraft, who, after many weeks of intense practice and looking forward to this thing, now at the last moment had merely to hobble home and land with nothing accomplished. I felt very sorry for them.

That left 16 aircraft going on; 112 men.

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The journey into the Ruhr Valley was not without excitement. They did not like our coming. And they knew we were coming. We were the only aircraft operating that night, and down in their deep plotting rooms the Huns stayed awake to watch us as we moved steadily on.

When we crossed the Rhine there were barges on the river equipped with quick-firing guns and they shot at us as we flew over, but we pressed on towards the Ruhr. Time and again searchlights would pick us up, but we were flying very low, and although it may sound foolish and untrue when I say so, we avoided a great number of them by dodging behind the trees.

One of the pilots, a grand Englishman from Buckinghamshire, was unlucky. He was flying on my right. He got blinded in a searchlight and his aircraft reared up like a stricken horse and plunged into the deck and burst into flames.

We fought our way past Hamm, the well-known Hamm which used to be bombed so many times, and then as we came over the hill we saw the Möhne Lake. And then we saw the dam itself, and in the early light of the morning it looked squat and heavy and unconquerable. A structure like a battleship was shooting up flak all along its length. It was light flak mostly, green, yellow, and red, and the colors of the tracer reflected upon the face of the water in the lake; it reflected upon the dead calm of black water, so that it seemed to us that there was twice as much as there really was.

I spoke to my squadron: "O.K., chaps. Come in to attack when I tell you. I'll attack first."

Then I began my approach. As we came in over the tall fir trees, Spam, my Australian bomb aimer,

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said, "You're going to hit them. You're going to hit these trees."

"That's all right, Spam. I'm just getting my height."

I was looking at the special sight on my windshield. Spam had his eyes glued to the bombsight in front, his hand on the button. The bomb doors were open. Terry, the navigator, was checking the height. The flight engineer was keeping the speed constant.

The gunners saw us coming. It was not exactly an inferno. I have been through far worse flak fire than that; but we were very low. There was something sinister and slightly unnerving about the whole operation.

My aircraft was so small and the dam was so large; it was so thick and solid, and now it was angry. My aircraft was very small.

We skimmed along the surface of the lake, and as we went my gunner was firing into the defenses, and the defenses saw us coming and fired back. Their shells whistled past us but for some reason we were not being hit. Spam said, "Left . . . little more left . . . steady . . . steady . . . steady . . . bombs gone!"

Then it was all over.

Trevor, the rear gunner, said, "I'll get those devils." And he began to spray the dam with bullets until at last we were out of range.

As we circled round I saw that we had not broken the dam, and so far as I could see there was not much damage, but the explosion of my mines had caused a great disturbance upon the surface of the lake and the water had become broken and furious, as though it were being lashed by a gale. I had to wait for this to calm down and it took quite a long time.

"Hello, M Mother. Hello, M Mother. You may attack now. Good luck."

Hoppy began his attack. Hoppy the Englishman, casual, keen now only on one thing, which was war. I saw him approach. I saw him drop his mines. I saw him shot down.

Many minutes later I told No. 3 to attack. He was all right; he got through. It was then that I saw that the dam wall had moved. It had moved back on its axis and I knew then that if we could only go on pushing, in the end it must collapse. Then one after the other, No. 4, No. 5, and No. 6 went in to attack. Each one of them dropped his missiles exactly in the right place. I was flying up and down watching them. My rear gunner was all the time shooting at the defenses and trying to take some of the flak away from those who were attacking.

Now we had been over the dam for more than an hour, and all the while I was in contact with my aerodrome at home. I was in contact with my Commander in Chief and with the scientist, the man who was witnessing the last great experiment in the science of damology. I am told that he sat in the Operations Room with his head in his hands, listening to my report as one by one I announced that aircraft had attacked but that the wall had not broken.

But I knew that the structure was shifting and then suddenly, as the last aircraft attacked and as I watched the mines drop in exactly the right place, a great column of whiteness rose up a thousand feet into the air and the dam wall collapsed. I saw it go, but I could not believe that it had happened. I heard someone shout, "I think she's gone! I think she's gone!" And other voices picked up the call and quickly I said, "Stand by until I make a recco."

Now there was no doubt about it. There was a breach 100 yards across and the water was gushing out and rolling down into the Ruhr Valley towards the industrial centers of Germany's Third Reich.

I passed the message home to my station, and I am told that when the news came through, there was great excitement in the Operations Room. I am told that the scientist leaped up and danced around the room and shouted the news.

Then I looked again at the dam and at the water. It was a sight such as no man will ever see again. Down in the valley we saw cars speeding along the roads in front of this great wave of water which was chasing them and going faster than they could ever hope to go. I saw their headlights burning and I saw the water overtake them one by one, and then the color of the headlights underneath the water changed from light blue to green, from green to dark purple, until quietly and rather quickly there was no longer anything except the water.

The floods raced on, carrying with them as they went viaducts, railways, bridges, and everything that stood in their path.

Then I felt a little remote and unreal sitting up there in the warm cockpit of my Lancaster, watching this mighty power which we had unleashed; and then I felt glad because I knew that this was the heart of Germany and the heart of her industries, the place which itself had unleashed so much misery upon the whole world.

It was the success of an ambition. The success of achievement, made possible by the work of ordinary boys flying ordinary aeroplanes, but boys who had guts.

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» Now is the time for Americans to know the restrictions that must be lifted and the responsibilities we must assume if the airplane is to become the peaceful carrier of man.

THE FUTURE OF AIR TRANSPORT

An American View

by WILLIAM A. M. BURDEN

1

THE time is not far off when the nations of the world will meet to plan the future organization of world air transportation. The British Empire Air Conference is over; the possibility of a preliminary United Nations or Anglo-American conference has been rumored for many months. The results of such a meeting will depend on the attitude that the participants bring to the conference table.

The United States, as the world's greatest air power and the operator of by far the largest air transport system in existence, and Great Britain, with her aeronautical skill, her far-flung territorial and trade interest, and her historic position as carrier to the world, are equally concerned that their national interests be safeguarded and that the framework of post-war organization be soundly constructed.

As a result, American and British citizens have been bombarded for the last ten months — Congresswoman Luce's "globaloney" speech opened the floodgates — with a hail of speeches, articles, and books on the structure, organization, and future possibilities of international air transport. In England, Parliament has devoted days of debate to the subject without arriving at any more precise conclusions than has our own Congress in its preliminary investigations. Other members of the United Nations may have been less vocal, but one can be sure that at least in government circles they are giving the matter the most serious consideration.

The average American or Briton approaches the age of international air transport with complete confidence that its development will be competently carried out from the technical standpoint, but with no clear idea of what is possible or desirable from the political, the organizational, or the legal standpoint. It is hoped that this article may cast a little light on these various points.

Any constructive policy must be based on the realization that air transportation is a good thing, and that the more we have of it the better for the human race. An Aladdin's lamp has now shrunk the earth to the point where every nation will be less than two days' travel from every other. We must gear our intellects to this new tempo. The human mind must not become the slowest thing on earth.

Once international aviation reaches maturity, the government officials, businessmen, and pleasure travelers of the world will be in almost constant contact with each other to a degree never before possible in world history. Mutual understanding will make war something to be fought off. In fact, if air transport is allowed to develop naturally, it will be a boon to mankind. Let us recognize it for the miraculous gift that it is.

Our plans for the future must begin with these three premises: —

1. International air transport has been transformed by the war from a government-subsidized experiment into an economically sound transportation industry.
2. The growth of air transport does not constitute a military menace. Nor does the passage of foreign commercial airplanes over a country's territory constitute a threat to its security.
3. If, therefore, restrictions are imposed on international air transport, it must be for reasons of trade policy — not because the airplane is an airplane.

The moment you accept the truth of that sequence, the regulation of international air transportation can be approached in much the same way that one approaches the regulation of any other form of international trade. Obviously, if air transport is to expand so as to serve the world public,

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it must be freed to a large degree from existing restrictions.

The most serious of these restrictions has been that the established principle of sovereignty over national air space has been used in a very narrow fashion. In contrast to the freedom granted to steamships, it has been impossible for transport aircraft even to fly nonstop over a nation's territory or land for emergency purposes, much less to pick up or discharge traffic, without obtaining special permission from the government of the country involved. In order to relax these restrictions it has been suggested that various degrees of freedom be granted to commercial airlines as a "natural right."

The phrases used to describe these degrees of freedom must be carefully defined at the outset, for they have been loosely used and have given rise to a great deal of confusion.

"Freedom of the air," that much abused term, would give any commercial aircraft the right to fly anywhere in the world and pick up and discharge traffic, much as merchant vessels have done. It would mean unlimited and probably uncontrolled competition.

"Freedom of innocent passage," or "Freedom of commercial transit" as it is sometimes called, would give commercial aircraft the right to cross foreign countries and land for refueling or emergency purposes without obtaining special authority. If they wished to do business in a foreign country, they would have to obtain special permission as they do now. This is a *sine qua non* of the intelligent development of international air transport. It can be achieved without any threat to the commercial position of the subscribing countries, and it is to be hoped that the major nations of the world will so accept it. Public opinion in both Great Britain and the United States appears to be favorable to it.

With these fundamental principles as a base and with these few definitions clearly in mind, we can explore the present problems and probable future of international air transport.

2

Air Transport Before 1939

Air transport operations between countries began immediately after World War I, and they began in Europe, where the distances were short and the geographical obstacles few. By the outbreak of World War II some 108,000 miles of intercontinental air routes were in operation and practically every independent state or major colonial possession had regular air connections with its neighbors. The United States was the leader in the field; ours was the only country with lines that reached all the five continents.

TABLE 1

INTERCONTINENTAL TRUNK ROUTE OPERATION — 1938

Country	*Miles of Route*
United States	30,800
Great Britain	23,000
France	18,500
Germany	11,800
Netherlands	12,700
Belgium	6,600
Italy	4,600
TOTAL	108,000

The British services did not reach either North America or South America. The Germans provided only mail service to South America and did not reach Asia directly at all. The French services, though very extensive, failed in many instances to provide passenger accommodations. The Dutch were the leaders among the smaller European nations. Japan was just beginning to enter the field with a service to Indo-China. No Latin American country had yet begun international services on an extensive scale.

But despite the very extensive network of routes in operation, international air transport was still a comparatively small business. Fewer than 1000 persons flew between the United States and the Orient in 1939, and no more than 2000 flew between the United States and Europe. Only between the United States and Latin America was traffic really heavy; on these routes nearly 40,000 passengers went by air. Pan American Airways, by far the largest of the international air transport companies, flew only one-seventh as many passenger-miles as did the United States domestic lines. In 1939 there were only eight transport airplanes *in the entire world* capable of making a 2000-mile nonstop trip with significant pay load. Every international airline had to be heavily subsidized by its government.

Air Transport and Government

The business organization of international air transport was about what might be expected in an infant industry which was not only heavily dependent on state support but of acute interest to the military and diplomatic branches of government. Most European countries had already established the principle of state ownership of transportation facilities; and as Table 2 indicates, most of their international airlines were government-owned monopolies or at least had a substantial percentage of government stock ownership and government representation on the board.

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TABLE 2

GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP AND REPRESENTATION

Country	*Company*	*Per Cent Government-Owned*	*Percentage of Government Representation*
United States	Pan American	0	0
Britain	B.O.A.C.	100	100
Germany	Lufthansa	100	100
France	Air France	25	25
Italy	Ala Littoria *	100	100
Japan	Japan Airways Company	37	100
Sweden	S.I.L.A. **	0	20
Belgium	Sabena	100	33

* The Italian transatlantic company, L.A.T.I., was also 100 per cent government-owned.

** The older Swedish international air transport company, A. B. Aerotransport, which in the future will be confined to European services, is 80 per cent government-owned.

United States international operations, on the other hand, were in effect carried out by a single privately owned company, Pan American Airways.[1] Pan American was operated more nearly as a commercial enterprise and less under government control than any other international air transport company in the world.

The Acceleration of War

The war has already greatly accelerated the development of commercial air transportation. High-speed transportation between continents has become a military necessity regardless of cost. The United States and, to a lesser extent, Great Britain have organized military air transport services on an unprecedented scale. A vast amount of operating experience is being acquired in a very short time. Long-range transport airplanes have been built by the thousand, and — of more permanent importance — the strategic routes traversing countries under United Nations control have been provided with landing fields suitable for large aircraft — a development which has cost hundreds of millions and which could not have been justified for commercial reasons for years to come.

By the end of 1943 the operations of the United States Army Air Transport Command and the commercial airlines working under contract to it alone will be ten times larger than those of all the airlines of the world in 1939, and the total volume of airplane traffic across the North Atlantic will be over a hundred times what it was in 1939. The final contribution of the war will be the development of new, larger transport types of planes, capable of carrying far heavier pay loads over long nonstop distances at a considerably lower ton-mile cost than present models.

The commercial services operating to Latin America and Europe are naturally limited in volume because of lack of equipment, but they are filled to capacity. Despite the fact that they are perforce operated with aircraft which were designed ten years ago, they are not only highly profitable but are for the first time completely independent of subsidy.[2] Moreover, a ready-made travel market is being developed without cost to the airlines. Hundreds of thousands of soldiers and civilians are making long-distance flights on military or commercial services, which in peacetime they could have been persuaded to take only by expensive advertising campaigns backed by a long record of safe and efficient trans-oceanic air transport operation.

Even conservative economists are now convinced that with the improved aircraft which will be available after the war, international airlines on heavy traffic routes will require practically no subsidy unless the operating country has an unusually high cost level or unless more companies attempt to operate on each route than the traffic warrants. (Light traffic routes, some of which must be operated for strategic or other reasons, will need government help until traffic develops, but they will be exceptions.) This is a landmark in the history of international air transport. It means that, for the first time, the industry is capable of standing on its own feet.

3

How Free Is the Air?

There is a natural tendency to compare air transport, as the international travel medium of the future, with ocean transport, the present backbone of international trade. This has led to a comparison of the existing "freedom of the seas" with a hypothetical "freedom of the air."

Since the early part of the nineteenth century the civilized nations of the world have generally removed all restrictions covering the entrance of commercial vessels into their ports. This has made it possible for a shipowner to start a steamship line to any port in the world, operating as many trips a year as the traffic and his own ingenuity in getting business permit.

This does not mean, of course, that the shipping nations of the world have competed on an equal basis. Prior to 1850 the British limited or prohibited

[1] Pan American-Grace Airways, which operated the route down the west coast of South America from Panama to Argentina via Chile, was 50 per cent owned by Pan American and 50 per cent by W. R. Grace and Company.

[2] That is, revenues from the sale of air mail stamps on the letters carried are higher than the amount paid by the government for the service.

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the use of non-British vessels in trade between their colonies or between the colonies and the mother country. Since that time the British government's assistance to shipping has been confined to limited operating or construction subsidies granted after 1929. The United States on its part has subsidized its shipping industry to meet the lower operating costs and labor standards of foreign ships and has forbidden foreign vessels to engage in our coastwise traffic (cabotage). But generally speaking, shipping companies have enjoyed a substantial degree of freedom of operation and world trade has profited thereby.

In contrast, the international arrangements in air transport before 1939 were characterized by their extreme restrictions. The air over the oceans has remained free, but the sovereignty of nations over their air space is an accepted principle,[3] and their right to exclude foreign commercial aircraft from the air above their territory has been unquestioned. This right of exclusion has been exercised to a degree which has seriously obstructed the development of international air commerce. All nations have refused to allow commercial airplanes en route to other countries to pass over their territories or to land for refueling or emergency purposes without first obtaining special governmental permission. The right to conduct business in foreign countries, — that is, to pick up and discharge traffic, — which steamship lines enjoy without securing any special permission, could only be obtained after complicated government negotiations.

Air transport companies were completely at the mercy of governments. The rights which they requested might be denied if bad feeling existed, or they might be refused — and this was a more common cause — if the government from which the rights were asked feared that its own airlines would suffer competitively from the new service.

When operating rights were granted, it was customary to hedge them around with restrictive conditions. The granting government might refuse to let the foreign service start until its own airline was ready to fly a return service. At the very least, it might demand reciprocal rights to fly as many schedules to the country requesting permission as it granted itself. The possibilities of delay and restriction inherent in this method of controlling international air transport came to their full flower in Europe, where national animosities were acute and where air transport companies were to a large degree instruments of national policy. To quote a standard work, *International Air Transport and National Policy*, by Oliver J. Lissitzyn: —

> The necessity to bargain for landing rights has exercised a retarding effect upon the development of world air commerce. Routes which are technically feasible and commercially promising have remained unopened. . . . Italy, at a time when Italian air transport was weak and highly unprofitable, refused to grant landing rights to the British Imperial Airways on their way to the east, unless the British company's receipts on a certain run were divided equally with the Italian company, which had much less traffic. Iran compelled Imperial to shift its route to the southern shore of the Persian Gulf by insisting that in flying over Iran the company's planes follow an inland route over mountains and deserts that was found to be too difficult and dangerous for utilization. Turkey barred all foreign air lines from passing over it in an east-west direction, primarily for military reasons, and as a result European services to southern Asia were deprived of the use of the shortest route. Turkey's attitude redounded to the advantage of Greece, which, it was reported, required all foreign air liners passing over its territory to land at Athens and to coördinate their schedules with those of the internal Greek air services. Similar illustrations could be multiplied indefinitely.

The Possibilities for Obstruction

The experience of the United States in developing a world-wide air transport network clearly emphasizes how the pre-war system often operated to retard the growth of air transport. In the Latin American services which were inaugurated in 1929–1932, our government permitted Pan American Airways, with State Department assistance, to obtain the necessary operating rights. Most of the Latin American countries were eager to obtain air service at what in effect was no cost to themselves (the service was heavily subsidized by the United States and no subsidy was asked from the countries served) and at that time their air transport companies had not developed to the point where they could operate their own services to the United States. It was therefore not to their interest to delay the opening of the service or to restrict its volume; and Pan American Airways, as a private company, obtained unilateral concessions in every instance.

At present Pan American or its subsidiary, Pan American-Grace, holds operating rights in every Latin American country. The terms of these agreements are not publicly available, but they are not believed to contain any limits on volume of operation. Partly as a result of this liberal approach,

[3] The basis of present international air law is the International Convention of Air Navigation (commonly known as the Paris Convention) of 1919, to which twenty-six nations, including the United States, are signatories. It provides: "The High Contracting Parties recognize that every Power has complete and exclusive sovereignty over its air space," and further, "Every contracting state may make conditional on its prior authorization, the establishment of international airways and the creation and operation of regular international air navigation lines, with or without landing, on its territories."

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Latin America has enjoyed perhaps the best air service of any of the less densely populated continents.

Once air transport began to stretch out across the oceans on the major trade routes of the world, Americans became aware of the possibilities for obstruction inherent in the system. Negotiations for rights in the Pacific area were carried out by Pan American as a company, but the transpacific service operated to Manila for nearly two years before landing rights could be obtained in Hong Kong. During that period the people of China were denied the benefit of direct air connection with the United States. Australia refused to allow the Pan American service to New Zealand to proceed to an Australian terminus, presumably because the United States refused to grant an Australian company reciprocal rights. Japan refused to permit an American line to land in its territory.

In the North Atlantic the United States government carried out the necessary negotiations — and they were particularly protracted. Discussions between the United States, the United Kingdom, Ireland, and Canada were begun in 1935, but it was two years before permits for a reciprocal transatlantic service were issued. These permits authorized only two round trips per week each by an American and a British company, and required that the service be inaugurated simultaneously by the American and the British line. Pan American was ready to start before the British service, but it was not until May 29, 1939, immediately after the United States had obtained temporary landing rights in France, that Great Britain waived this requirement and permitted the American service to begin.

We on our part were almost equally restrictive in our attitude toward the European nations. In 1937 the application of the Dutch K.L.M. (Koninklijke Luchtvaart Maatschappij) for landing privileges in Miami was refused. This application was rumored to be the first step in an ultimate transatlantic service. Similarly, in 1938, applications of British and Dutch companies to land in Hawaii were denied "for military reasons." Deutsche Lufthansa, which conducted over fifty experimental mail flights across the North Atlantic before October, 1938, claimed that it was ready to begin regular service but could not obtain the necessary rights from the United States.

Regardless of the rights and wrongs of these complicated international wrangles, it is apparent that the atmosphere in which international air transport was endeavoring to develop at the outbreak of the war was incredibly restrictive. It was restrictive largely because of certain fears and phobias which were the inheritance of World War I. These fears have increased during the present war, and other vague apprehensions have been added to them.

4

Air Transport Is No Threat

Such fears can only be dispelled by common sense firmly applied. We must begin by recognizing that the airplane is no longer a mysterious device fraught with unfathomable possibilities; on the contrary, it is a commonplace and accepted part of our daily life, like the automobile, the steamship, or any other transport vehicle.

The most commonly expressed fear is that future aggressor nations may build up huge air transport fleets which will in fact be military air forces in disguise or at least the basis for a large aircraft manufacturing industry which can easily be converted to building military airplanes. Such anxieties ignore the fact that civil and military design have sharply diverged and that the transport aircraft of the future will be no more useful as a bomber than the *Queen Mary* would be as a battleship. They also overlook the fact that the largest air transport industry that can be foreseen in the next decade or two will be very small in terms of military aircraft requirements.

In future wars, transport aviation will not be used for fighting purposes any more than it has been in this war. It will bear the same relation to the combat air forces that the merchant marine does to the navy. Civil transport types can be modified for military transport use, trained civilian personnel will provide a valuable nucleus for the expansion of military transport services, and, most important, the airports and ground facilities developed by civil aviation will be of great value to military aircraft in the same manner that civil ports and harbors are useful to naval vessels.

For these reasons the great air powers of the world will desire strong and flourishing air transport industries, but they cannot expect them to be of sufficient size to satisfy even wartime air transport needs, much less needs for combat aircraft. The Pan American Airways system, the largest international airline in the world, was operating a total of only 100 airplanes at the outbreak of the present war and employed but 350 pilots.

A great growth can be expected above this level, but as long as high operating costs restrict airlines to passenger and mail traffic, the industry cannot be of significant size in terms of military requirements.

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One airline president has estimated that 43 hundred-passenger airplanes could carry 400,000 passengers annually across the North Atlantic (80 per cent of the very heavy 1930 steamship traffic). Another authoritative forecast has it that the entire international air traffic of the world in the first decade after the war could be flown in the equivalent of 500 to 1000 forty-passenger aircraft. In contrast, the American aircraft industry is currently producing transport airplanes for the Army and Navy at the rate of 15,000 per year, and our total annual production of military aircraft will soon reach 100,000.

Those who fear that air transport may become a wolf in sheep's clothing should note the German experience. If ever a country had the desire and the technical ability to use its air transport activities for military purposes, Germany was that country. Yet, contrary to popular belief, Deutsche Lufthansa, the German government airline, was not in any sense a military air force in disguise. At no time did it operate more than 400 airplanes in both domestic and foreign service. Yet the German aircraft industry was producing military airplanes at the rate of 1000 a month long before the invasion of Poland.

Although there was undoubtedly a certain amount of secret military aeronautical activity in Germany prior to 1935, the real building up of the German air force which took place subsequent to that date was done openly, American and British engineers being invited to observe the results. It is literally impossible to develop a large aircraft manufacturing industry without having other nations aware of what is going on (our own wartime aircraft industry is five times as large as our automobile industry was in 1929), and no international air transport development that can be foreseen in the next generation will be sufficient to support manufacturing facilities large enough to be of real military importance.

Future aggressor nations may attempt to build up their aircraft industries with hostile purposes in mind, but they can be prevented from doing so by direct control of factory construction, not by restricting air transport. The will to act in time against a potential aggressor even at the risk of war is the key to the problem, not the strangling of legitimate industry for fear that it may have remote military implications.

Fear of Espionage

It has also been suggested that commercial airlines offer unusual opportunities for espionage and that therefore every country must for its own safety exert strict control over the right of foreigners to operate commercial airlines across its territory. Here again the risk appears to be greatly exaggerated. Under present arrangements all countries are free to establish prohibited zones over strategic defense areas, through which all commercial aircraft, including their own, are forbidden to fly. As for non-prohibited areas, there was nothing under pre-war arrangements to prevent foreign private flyers, once they had obtained an entry permit, from flying anywhere at will. Surely such pilots have better opportunities for espionage than an airline crew or passengers. It should also be remembered that foreigners are free to ride on our airlines and that the Japanese, who were never allowed to operate an airline to Hawaii, succeeded in obtaining fantastically accurate knowledge as to the defense installations of that island fortress by other means.

Even in the political sphere, airlines during the last twenty years do not seem to have been substantially more effective instruments of national propaganda than other forms of infiltration. Much has been written of the German-Italian air penetration of Latin America — a penetration which it was my task to liquidate. Yet the ideological threat of the Axis airlines in South America was only one facet of a very broad campaign. By itself it was no more serious than the Axis trade campaign, the Axis campaign for influencing newspapers, or a dozen other different aspects of the same movement.

So much for the phobia that international air transport is likely to constitute a military menace. It is clear that security cannot be advanced as a valid excuse for restricting the growth of international airlines or forbidding foreign aircraft to pass over one's country. The absurdity becomes apparent if we apply the same standards to shipping. Would the United States government dare to suggest that only two British ships a week could land in the United States because some of those merchant vessels might be giving training to naval personnel? Or would the British government dream of excluding American ships from Southampton for fear that they might spy on defense installations?

5

Economic Rivalry in the Air

What of that other major fear: that unless international air transport is controlled with the utmost care it may lead to "ruthless competition" and thence to an ultimate "economic war" between the United Nations?

It is hard to conceive of an argument which could be more specious. In a sense, of course, all international trade leads to friction. Even foodstuffs are in

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a way munitions of war. Yet the logical conclusion of this line of thought is that each nation should surround itself with a Chinese wall through which no commerce should pass. Complete lack of friction can only be found in a cemetery. Neither Great Britain nor the United States can be asked to call back its merchant fleets from the seven seas because their presence in foreign ports might conceivably lead to international antagonisms.

Those who foresee a serious commercial contest in the air are alarmed lest the major powers of the world develop huge government-owned or government-controlled air transport companies backed by unlimited subsidies and operated primarily for national prestige regardless of the economic justification for the services they render. Since it is likely that the Axis powers will not be permitted to engage in international air transport until they have proved themselves capable of rejoining the society of civilized nations, such fears must apply principally to the United States, Great Britain, and Russia.

These fears, strangely enough, are entertained most actively in England, where some persons feel that the United States with its immense financial power might conceivably engage in an imperialistic race for the control of international air transport, cost what it may. As far as I can judge, a very different view is held in the United States. Here our air transport operators think it quite possible that postwar Congresses, overwhelmed by a wave of economy, may not provide even the minimum support which will be necessary to keep an adequate international air transport operation in being. The fear is also expressed that our foreign competitors, because of lower wage levels, will enjoy much lower operating costs, and that American lines may find it difficult to continue without substantial financial aid. These apprehensions on both sides of the Atlantic are undoubtedly sincere though not, it seems to me, particularly well founded.

It is true, of course, that international air transport has been carried out in most countries by government-owned or government-controlled companies, and that in varying degrees, depending on the philosophy of the country in question, these companies have been sensitive to national policy, the degree of sensitivity varying from the German Lufthansa, which was in effect an agency of the government, to our own Pan American Airways, which operated as an almost completely independent private company.

But as air transportation grows and begins to carry a really important portion of the world's passenger and mail traffic, I believe it will be operated along business lines. The industry will have become too important to the national economy to have its policies controlled solely by considerations of national prestige. Again an analogy can be found in the shipping industry. Although there was government ownership of a number of foreign steamship lines, or government participation in them; and although competitive prestige services were operated across the North Atlantic with such luxury liners as the *Bremen*, *Normandie*, and *Queen Mary*, shipping policy as a whole was determined by commercial interests. It was a secondary consideration that a merchant marine would be useful in time of war. Uneconomic services run merely to add luster to a nation's position in the world were the exception.

A large part of the success of American air transport, both domestic and international, has been due to the fact that our airlines have been operated by businessmen, with a minimum of interference or control by government. To date, the performance of European companies, most of which operated under direct control of government departments, has been far from outstanding. High costs, an unnecessarily large number of different types of equipment, and average safety records have been the rule rather than the exception — a showing which can be attributed in part, at least, to the fact that essential commercial problems were approached from a bureaucratic or military rather than the business point of view.

The Alternatives to Competition

The devices which have been proposed to eliminate competition range all the way from the creation of an international World Air Transport Company to operate all international routes, to dividing the world into "spheres of influence," each one of which would be served by the air transport company of a single nation or group of nations.

A truly international airline employing a mixed group of nationals of various countries seems clearly out of the question in the present climate of United Nations opinion. It has aroused no interest in the United States. Only in England has it been given serious consideration — and there only by a few specialized groups.

The second and less drastic proposal of dividing the world into "spheres of influence" or "zones" seems likely to create more difficulties than it will solve. Not only does it run contrary to the essentially world-wide nature of air transport, but it appears certain to invite trouble by dividing the world into watertight compartments. The idea of dividing traffic among the airlines of the various nations on a fixed percentage basis, regardless of the

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excellence of their service (as was done in Europe under the "pooling" system), will completely remove all incentive for improving the quality of air transportation.

To sum up, there seems no more reason to expect that competition in air transport will cause "economic wars" than that competition in shipping or other forms of trade will produce the same result. A substantial degree of competition between companies of different nationalities is not only inevitable in any international business but is necessary if air services are to develop in a healthy fashion, to improve their technique, and to serve the world public efficiently.

6

American Policy in the Making

In the United States, air transport is a concern of the average citizen to a much greater degree than in any other country in the world. Americans think in terms of what an expanding air transport industry will mean to the millions of our trained airmen who will be seeking occupations after the war. The effect of airline development on international trade is secondary in their minds.

The United States is in a unique position in that it alone had a large, privately managed air transport industry in operation for at least ten years before the war. In operating techniques, excellence of aircraft design, and soundness of government organization dealing with air transport matters our position is outstanding. Moreover, our air forces have made far greater use of air transport than have those of any other country. Important from the standpoint of our future policy is the fact that several of our larger domestic lines are operating outside the country for the first time, flying important transoceanic services under contract to the Army and Navy.

To supply planes for all these military operations, including the contract services, we are producing transport aircraft at the rate of 15,000 a year. Although most of these airplanes are not ideal for post-war international service, they are satisfactory stop-gaps until new types can be put in production. Finally, the United States has constructed large, modern airports along strategic air routes throughout the world. Over 2,000,000 Americans are serving in our air forces, and many of them hope to make peacetime careers in aviation after the war.

Air transportation is thus an established and accepted business in the United States, and we naturally believe that Americans will operate a very extensive international airline system after the war, and operate it along business lines. The air transport issues about which Americans are exercised at the moment involve both our relations with other countries and the internal organization of our own air transport structure.

We are vitally interested in the ultimate disposition of the important airfields which have been built on foreign territory during the war either by Americans or with American funds. This issue has been somewhat obscured by the common practice of referring to all these airports as bases, perhaps because the first that were constructed were built under the 1940 agreement with Great Britain for the construction of defense bases in the Caribbean. Although some of the airfields in question are located at such strategic points that they may eventually be developed into military strongpoints comparable with the Gibraltars and Singapores of the days of sea power, the vast majority of them will always remain primarily commercial airports.

Concern has been expressed as to whether we shall be able to use these airports for commercial purposes in the post-war period, and it has been suggested that we should retain sovereignty over them. Actually, it is the right to utilize these facilities, not *ownership* of them, which is important. We do not talk about owning the foreign harbors which are ports of call for our merchant ships. Similarly, we ourselves should certainly not welcome other countries' holding sovereign rights over airports in the United States even if they had been built by our allies with their own funds. It is probable that the working out of international agreements for the use of these fields, or even actual international ownership, may prove a more practical solution. If the principle of innocent passage is accepted by the leading nations of the world, our aircraft will be able to use all airports in the countries subscribing to such an agreement, for stopping or refueling points, without further special agreements.

A further fundamental problem affecting America's position in international air transport is the question of whether foreign operating costs, because of lower wage levels, will be so much lower than our own as to force us to subsidize our air transport industry as heavily as we have subsidized shipping. Conclusive evidence is not available, but the consensus of experts is that this will not be the case and that, because of the large home market provided by our domestic industry, and because of our superior operating techniques, we shall be able to hold our own in open competition, with a minimum of assistance.

On the home front there have been two burning questions: the possibility of government ownership

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or government control and the question of private monopoly. President Roosevelt reiterated his position in favor of private ownership as recently as October, 1943, and Congress, although it has not expressed itself formally, has never been sympathetic to government control of our air transport system.

Monopoly versus competition in United States owned international operation is still being vigorously debated. Competition in the foreign field as well as the domestic field is specifically recognized in the Civil Aeronautics Act, and the Civil Aeronautics Board is required to authorize competition if it finds that the sound development of an air transport system requires it. At present Pan American Airways and its subsidiary, Pan American-Grace, are the only companies holding permanent certificates of public convenience and necessity for foreign service to countries not contiguous to the United States. But the Board spoke definitely in favor of competition when in 1940 it granted American Export Airlines a temporary certificate to operate from New York to Lisbon.

There is at present a vigorous move on the part of our domestic airlines to enter the foreign field. The question of a United States terminus for Pan American-Grace (the present service from Buenos Aires terminates in the Canal Zone) is pending in a proceeding instituted by the Civil Aeronautics Board. A committee of sixteen domestic airlines has stated that "no rule or policy should be predetermined that foreign air transportation be developed through one company, through regional companies, or through any other chosen instrumentality." Reports have appeared in the press that the Interdepartmental Committee on International Aviation Policy has similarly recommended that there be no monopoly in the foreign field.

Monopoly or Competition

The proponents of monopoly argue that the United States will weaken its position in world aviation by allowing more than one company to operate abroad. They oppose the idea of a very large number of American companies entering the foreign field, on the basis that the individual units would be too small to compete effectively with foreign monopolies — a quite logical assumption. However, they argue equally forcefully against a few American lines being permitted to operate internationally even if they were not allowed to compete directly with each other except on very heavy traffic routes. To support this position they cite the fact that Britain, France, Germany, and Japan operated under a similar system for some years, only to abandon it in favor of a single government company. They neglect to mention, however, that these single government companies were far less efficient in operating technique than our American domestic and international lines.

The believers in monopoly do not suggest that the present arrangement of one private company owned by a single interest continue, but advocate the formation of a single "community company" in which all American transportation interests capable of contributing will be allowed to participate.

Even such a company seems likely to suffer from the fundamental defects of monopoly. The arguments in favor of competition are many and compelling. Those who argue in its favor do not envision an unlimited number of American lines being permitted to enter the foreign field, nor do they propose that American companies parallel each other's operations except perhaps on extremely heavy traffic routes such as the North Atlantic. It is argued that one American line might operate in the Pacific, another in Latin America, and so forth.

Technical advance, the lifeblood of air transport progress, is bound to come more rapidly if more than one operator is allowed to put his ideas as to equipment and operating technique into practice. Finally, it is difficult to see how a private monopoly could continue to conduct a public service business the size of our international air transport system without coming under direct government control and ultimately under government ownership. As a corollary issue the American steamship companies are eager to enter the air transport field, as are the British steamship companies, but the present Civil Aeronautics Act is very restrictive as far as such relationships are concerned.

The American policy in regard to freedom of innocent passage, the desirability of creating an international judicial body to control the economic aspects of international aviation, and other such matters, has not yet been made clear. However, the sixteen domestic airlines have endorsed the principle of innocent passage, and President Roosevelt in a recent press conference not only approved the idea but indicated that it had the informal acquiescence of Mr. Churchill.

It is for Congress to decide the final regulation of these issues and to determine the principles which will guide the international air transport policy of the United States. The President is of course especially concerned, and among the executive agencies the Civil Aeronautics Board is charged with the economic aspects and the Department of State with the diplomatic aspects of the problem. A special

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Interdepartmental Committee on International Aviation Policy, consisting of representatives of the State, War, Navy, and Commerce Departments as well as the Civil Aeronautics Board, has been studying the subject since January, 1943, and recently made its recommendations. The raw material on which policy can be formulated is available and it is hoped that it will not be long before a definite policy emerges.

7

Great Britain Decides

In Great Britain the approach toward air transport problems is in many respects quite different from ours. Until recently the public has taken much less interest in air transportation than has been shown in the United States. In the case of the officials, members of Parliament, and businessmen who determine air transport policy, non-aeronautical considerations often carry very great weight. The British are keenly aware of the importance of air transport development to Empire communications and Empire unity. Moreover, looking to the far distant future, they foresee a day when air transport may develop to the point where it will provide an important source of foreign exchange or "invisible imports." In the long run, no country has more to lose from international restrictions in all spheres than Great Britain, the only one among the major powers dependent for her well-being on a large volume of international trade.

As in the United States, there are many different points of view. For instance, there is almost unanimous agreement, except in government circles, that civil aviation should be removed from military control by transferring it from the Air Ministry either to the Ministry of Transport or to a new Ministry of Civil Aviation. There is doubt as to whether this can be accomplished before the end of the war, but the assignment of civil aviation problems to Lord Beaverbrook is an indication that air transport is to have more autonomy in the future. As far as corporate organization is concerned, official policy endorses the existing single government-owned company (B.O.A.C.), or "chosen instrument" as it is commonly called in England.

This policy, however, is opposed by a number of important groups, including the leading steamship lines, the Society of British Aircraft Constructors, and a few sincere and vocal Conservative members of Parliament. These interests feel that the development of British air transport will be seriously handicapped if a policy of government monopoly is continued. On the whole, strong forces for the "commercialization" of the industry seem to be at work, and over the long term they may have some effect.

To the extreme left of these proposals is the position of certain Labor Party groups which favor a single internationally owned and operated air transport company for the whole world, if possible — and if not for the whole world, at least for Europe. But the proposal is opposed by all those with practical experience in air transport problems and has lost much ground in recent months. It is generally accepted that American opposition would make it impossible of achievement.

The anxieties of the British as they face their air transport future are twofold. Their most immediate worry is that Britain will have no modern transport aircraft available in the immediate post-war period. This alarm is comparable in urgency to the American fear that the airfields which we have constructed in foreign lands will not be available to our commercial aircraft. Partly because of a joint policy that fighter production should be concentrated in England and multi-engined bomber production in the United States,[4] no transport-type aircraft have been built in England since the war. In contrast, the United States is continuing a large production of multi-engined transports which, though obsolescent in design, are still more suitable for post-war commercial operation than are converted bombers.

The British are naturally alarmed that, unless they are permitted to purchase American transport aircraft, they may have to carry out their air transport operations with unsuitable machines. A move to rectify this situation was begun in June, 1943, when the British government authorized the development of four new transport types ranging from a 260,000-pound 150-passenger transoceanic airplane to a 10,000-pound model for local services. However, the development of large transport aircraft is a slow process, requiring at least three to four years from the time the design is conceived to the actual placing of production examples in service.

A second and far more fundamental problem which the British face is the fact that because of the small size of the British Isles they have no important "home market" for air transportation, on which to build a domestic industry comparable to that possessed by the United States and Russia with their huge territories and large populations. Many Britons would therefore like to reserve as much as possible of the Empire traffic for British lines, possibly by classifying such travel as "cabotage" traffic,

[4] Multi-engined aircraft could be flown across the Atlantic while fighter aircraft had to be shipped by boat, a costly procedure when the submarine war was at its height.

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which would be automatically reserved for British companies.[5] Such action would be at variance with the conception of the Dominions as sovereign states, and might not meet with the approval of the Commonwealth as a whole.

The problem of coördinating British air transport policy with that of the Dominions is not a simple one. Each independent member of the Commonwealth has one or more airlines of its own, though none of these lines has yet engaged in international operations on any considerable scale. Canada, because of her strategic geographical position, has perhaps the most important stake in the international field and also possesses the largest and technically most advanced of the Dominion companies. An Empire Air Conference was held in London in October, 1943, and once the results of this meeting have been digested, British policy will presumably take more concrete form.

Russia

The position of the other great world power — Russia — on air transport problems is far less clear. Russians are not given to widespread discussion of their policies in the public press. The large population and great continental reaches of the Soviet Republics offer magnificent opportunities for air transport expansion — opportunities comparable only to those of the United States. It would not be surprising, however, if the Russians concentrated for some years on developing their huge domestic market and confined their international operations to short-range services — say to London, to China, and perhaps across the Pole to Midwestern United States.

Though the Russian government has not expressed itself publicly, its past policy toward foreign visitors does not suggest that the Russians would welcome the idea of "freedom of innocent passage," which would permit foreign commercial aircraft to cross Russian territory. Fortunately Russia's position in relation to the world's future air routes is not so strategic that her failure to adhere to such a doctrine at this time would seriously impede the development of world airways.

8

For International Control

International aviation can be operated on an increasingly commercial basis. We can liberalize the pre-war attitude toward the establishment of new air services without relaxing the principle of national sovereignty over air space. All that is necessary is for the nations of the world to make mutual concessions to their common advantage, in the same manner that they permit merchant steamships to pass through their territorial waters. Once these general principles are defined, they can best be formalized by embodying them in a new world convention on air navigation.

Naturally we cannot expect to achieve at one leap the degree of freedom which it has taken merchant vessels four hundred years to attain. Complete "freedom of the air" in the present state of world affairs might result in commercial anarchy. Again, it might not be in our own national interest if American air transport operating costs should prove to be higher than those of foreign nations. For us as for others, complete freedom will be approached by stages. The first stage must be the acceptance of the principle of "freedom of innocent passage," a principle on which there is every reason to expect that the majority of nations will be able to agree. This acceptance will be a most important step toward freeing air transport operations from unnecessary restrictions.

Despite any agreement that may be reached on innocent passage, it seems probable that arrangements for the picking up and discharge of traffic will continue to be negotiated between governments or between companies and governments. However, the principle must be established that nations should not prevent new international services from starting merely because they are not themselves prepared to run reciprocal services. In the same way it is to be hoped that future international agreements will not place fixed ceilings on the number of schedules that can be flown per week or per year.

It should further be recognized that the majority of countries with well-organized air transport industries of their own will wish to reserve their "cabotage," or internal traffic, exclusively for their own airlines. The United States has followed this principle both in shipping, where coastwise traffic is restricted to United States vessels, and in air transport.

Assuming basic international arrangements of the type described, and further assuming that some international air transport operations will be carried out by government-owned airlines and others by privately owned airlines, we are then faced with the question of what type of international controls should be adopted to reduce the danger of competitive friction to a minimum.

As I said earlier, the dangers of such friction are

[5] The term "cabotage," in shipping parlance, refers to coastwise traffic. As applied to air transport operations, it refers to internal traffic originating and terminating within a country.

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much less serious than they appear to be at first glance. They are most likely to occur as a result of a major power's adopting an excessively liberal subsidy policy or indulging in unfair competitive practices. There is no simple solution to the problem. It would not only be unsound to attempt to eliminate subsidies, but it would probably be impossible. They have played an important part in the past in supporting light traffic routes until such routes can become self-sustaining, and they will do so again. Moreover, as in the case of the merchant marine, high-cost countries may have to subsidize if they are to maintain their airlines in competition with low-cost countries. Finally, since subsidies can assume a multitude of forms, direct and indirect, it will be very difficult to control them by international agreement. Fortunately, however, the deleterious effects of subsidies are subject to control. It should be possible to develop a system whereby heavily subsidized lines can be restrained from offering ordinary service at rates far below cost, offering luxurious accommodations at normal rates, or flying much more service than the available traffic justifies.

In the shipping industry such problems are handled by regular meetings of the representatives of the various shipping companies — the so-called conference system. Heavy fines or dismissal from the conference (which places a dismissed line at a serious competitive disadvantage) are the penalties for unfair practices. In Europe air transport companies have handled such matters through a trade association, I.A.T.A. (International Air Traffic Association[6]). In the United States a quasi-judicial government body, the Civil Aeronautics Board, has controlled tariffs, competitive practices, and similar matters since 1938 as far as domestic airlines are concerned, but has not had similar control over our foreign operations. If international air transport is to develop along commercial lines, such matters may be controlled by a new international commission or by a modification of the shipping "conference system" of self-regulation with the provision that government observers attend the meetings of the conferences. Such observers would be in a position to exert governmental pressure if the pure self-regulation proved ineffective.

If the climate of world opinion appears favorable to a bolder experiment in international regulation, the soundest step might be the creation of an international Civil Aeronautics Commission with powers over rates and competitive practices. The powers of such a Commission would be delegated to it by the subscribing states on a basis which they consider fair and reasonable. The Commission would have to act in a neutral and judicial fashion. Its individual members could not represent the interests of particular countries any more than the members of our own Civil Aeronautics Board represent the states in which they were born. To achieve this end, the international Commissioners might be selected in a manner similar to that in which the judges of the World Court were chosen — a manner designed to ensure that they represented the interest of the world public rather than their own countries.

A body of this sort could perform very valuable services without infringing on the sovereignty of the states which subscribed to the basic agreement creating it. The Commission could not as a practical matter override a will of any major signatory power on a matter of vital importance, at least until such time as full confidence in its fairness and a habit of accepting its decisions developed. This initial caution would not prevent it from doing useful work. Despite the competitive nature of air transport, there are large areas in most transport problems where substantial international agreement already exists.

The Road Ahead

The way ahead is clear, once we rid ourselves of nameless fears and recognize that air transport is a business — not a weapon — and must be treated as such. If we are to have sense in transportation, we must relax the pointless restrictions which slowed the development of international airlines before the war, and accept the fact that there will be competition in air transport as there is in all forms of international business. We Americans have no need to fear such competition, either from the standpoint of our own world position or from that of the international friction which it may create.

In particular, we need not fear that the American air transport industry will be overwhelmed by foreign government airlines. History is not replete with instances of forceful administration or of rapid technical progress where government monopolies have existed; and those countries which place prestige above efficiency may suffer competitively as a result. If we throw our weight in the international scale for the organization of air transport along commercial lines, we can have confidence that the young Americans who make air transport their lifework will have the greatest possible opportunity to carve out careers for themselves and to build up a new industry for the United States which will be of tremendous world significance.

[6] There were no government representatives in I.A.T.A., but it should be remembered that most of the European airlines were government-owned.

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WONDERINGS

by JOHN MASEFIELD

(The first half of Mr. Masefield's long poem appeared in the Atlantic for November.)

Indeed, I sadly gathered as I grew
That human life was odder than I knew,
How odd a measure, to how sad a tune,
I knew not then, but was to gather soon.
But still, already, in those earliest days
Seeing the unfed children in the ways
I longed to help, and to my misery heard
That help meant money, more than will and word,
And, yet more awful, texts from iron mind
Forbade to change what Providence designed.
And wicked children sinned, to think they knew
Better than age, what would or wouldn't do.

Two different races trod the English turf,
The (so-called) Norman, and the (not called) serf.
I saw the rich, like tree-twigs in the light,
The poor, like tree-roots buried in the night.
Uncouthly, uncomplainingly, they mined
To send up sap until the twigs had dined.
The twigs in comfort in the sun and air
Proclaimed that things were perfect as they were
That if the roots were muddy, that must be. . . .
Roots must be under mud to grow the tree;
Let roots be muddy and in darkness dig
Let singing-birds and sunlight come to twig.
The present practice was too good to alter
And those who spoke of change deserved a halter.
Though but a little boy, I argued, then,
That roots and twigs alike were mortal men,
And how shall mortal man in comfort dwell
Seeing his brother mortal shut in hell?

Old Customs and delights

The land retained some ancient pageants still.
Mothers still taught the now forgotten way
To fasten flowers in pyramids of skill
On sticks, for maypoles on the First of May.

With golden burberry and moonlit broom,
The fragrant cowslip that the still-maid knows,
Tulips and hyacinths and apple-bloom,
And button-balls, they made the bravest shows.
With these, the maypole-bearers went in pride,
And people mixed them rich milk-possets sweet,
(The sillabubs) for maypole band and bride,
And gave them pence, and plummy cakes to eat.

And Mummers went at Christmas, with their play,
With Mrs. Vinney who revived the dead;
Men danced a sword-dance still, not far away,
At ploughings still, a mouse's blood was shed.

Once in the year, the Foresters, in green,
Marched through the town with banners and a band.
Or circuses paraded, with their Queen,
Drawn by pied horses on a golden stand.

The Fair

But best of all, was the October Fair
When in the market-place the beasts were cooped,
And horses whirled to the steam-organ's blare,
And many coloured swing-boats hove and swooped;

And shiny stalls were there of painted toys,
Fairyland stalls, all brightly gardened round
With life of man and beast, exciting noise,
And paper zinnias stuck into the ground.

Ah, the October Fair, the hiring-day,
The sunny day, when it could never rain,
When bells were rung for sorrows put away,
And men rejoiced for life begun again.

Barbara

Abundant water sprang below the hills,
Many clear wells with cresses on their sills,
Yet many cottagers were forced to bring
Water a half-mile daily from the spring.
I well remember Barbara the maiden
Going that weary journey, water-laden,
Bent under yoke and buckets, stepping small,
Lest the bright, precious, lipping drink should fall.
She was a stalwart girl, not yet fifteen
Bearing her household's honour, to keep clean.
Twice daily she bore buckets to and fro
From her hill-cottage to the well below,
Then back, along the lane, across a clay

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In plough or crop, at best a trodden way,
Then up a pathless, steep, short slippery hill
Each step perplexed with effort not to spill,
And so to cottage in the tiny copse
Of crab and hazel under fir-tree-tops.

Long afterwards, remembering her load,
I climbed the hillock by the self-same road,
It was so steep, that footholds had been made
Cut in the pale hill smalmer by the spade,
And climbing up by these, I thought the more
Of Barbara and all the loads she bore.

Often, the moment's hero is acclaimed,
A nation's noblest spirit never named.
Spirits there are, who keep a sense of style
Where one least lapse would finally defile,
Who bear, like Barbara, a daily weight
To keep their living bright and make it great,
Who face the uphill drag, whose curse will lie
As steep on every morrow till they die,
Yet lift the load and climb, not knowing ease;
Man in his midnight has his stars in these.

Often, I marvel at those folk of old,
Those upright English poor, those hearts of gold,
Who, through the hardship between birth and dying
Held a true course and kept their colours flying.
In all their work, so honest and so good,
So full of kindness, thought, and hardihood,
So seldom praised, and yet so often glad,
So proud, to keep their children clean and clad,
And somehow fed, for England still to be.
Below, lay hell, above, stupidity,
And in their hearts a star of the divine,
That no cloud dims, that cannot cease to shine.
Not shipping, cotton, iron, wools and coals
Can make a nation's wealth, but splendid souls.

The Periwinkles

Under a hedgerow among elm-tree-roots
And fallen branch and green cow-parsley shoots,
A high red bank came sloping to the way
All tangled green with periwinkle spray.
Each living leaf like polished metal shone,
Wetness and light were its caparison,
And spangled in the jungle of the grove
The long, five-petalled trumpets blossomed mauve,
Mauve, for the winter, yet the blossoms knew
That each sun's shining made them liker blue;
Colour was coming back and summer winning
The blackbird was in voice for spring beginning,
And joy like sunlight through my being clove
That spring was blackbird-wet-and-green-and-mauve.

The lonely country school

While driving once, in some September dead,
By thinning trees with apples gold and red,
Crossing a bridge, we slowly climbed a hill
A broad-wayed village exquisitely still,
Still, as its breath of smoke whose impulse rose,
Drowsed, as its dog with paw-supported nose,
Tranced, by the peace and wealth that summer brings
Into the quiet at the heart of things.
Into a sleep so balmed from any ache
That even the lifting swallow seemed mistake;
Then, suddenly, with bang of bench and shout,
With squeal of joy, the village school came out,
And down the hill towards us rushed the troops
Chasing with shrieks already leaping hoops,
The boys in passing tugging at the hair
(As at a bell-rope) in the pigtails there;

Ere freedom's ecstasy had ceased to shrill,
Our two, slow, climbing horses topped the hill,
Resumed their trot and left the scene behind;
There memory failed, and I could never find
That broad-wayed hamlet later when I sought.
Those barns had been with many a harvest fraught,
Those shouting children grown into old men
When, by odd chance, I found the place agen,
The bridge, the sunlit hill, the sunburnt scene,
Fruit growing gold in leaves no longer green,
Some trees the same beginning to be bare
The self-same place's same enchanted air
Quiet unstirred by voice or dog or tool,
Sleep in the home and holiday at school.

The high June day

The mountain-turf was slippery with heat
The wind on which the hawks were poising, came
Fragrant with summer, thyme-and-bracken-sweet.

Cheery, the grass, with rockets of delight,
Green people, prone, forever taking aim,
And with a crackle shooting out of sight.

Gladly, they chirred, the heaven droned above,
Blue, empty, save for hawks, yet ever thrilled
By unseen Summer crooning like the dove.

Within the trench, the rampart and the sky
Suddenly darkened on me, the air chilled
Into a warning moaning going by.

Warning, it seemed, that someone not a friend
Some wolf of wickedness that place had killed,
Might suddenly come on me, round the bend.

But, ah, beyond, the giant foxgloves grew,
With white and purple bells expressly set
For black-haired bumble-bees to fumble through

Bells, that the foxes, when the moonlight shone,
When all the grasses glistened with the wet,
Would slip their musky pads in, to try on.

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In multitude they grew, purple and white
Out-topping the sun-scented tender fern,
And all the mountain's heave with brooks was
bright;

Little, bright brooks, each twinkling from a cup
Or rushy dip, in which I could discern
A wrinkling clearness ever trembling up.

The summer now is ghost of summer then.
I had possession in that afternoon
Of all Earth, Sun and Water give to men.
A summer now is echo of the tune.
I cannot smell a sunburnt grass, nor hear
The air's unnumbered, lifting, droning din,
Now dying into distance and now near,
A hill-sheep's cry or tinkled drinking-tin,
Without a startling, that the past returns
The hill, the brooks, the foxgloves and the ferns.

The Gleaners' Bread

Though the new binders swept the cornfields clean,
The farmers still gave gleaners leave to glean;
The gleaners' stooks were husked and coarsely
ground,
Kneaded to cakes, and with hot embers browned.
(Glowing wood-embers on the hearth-stones white
Chirrupped about by crickets all the night.)
These little loaves held all the red earth's good,
Earth's very life and marrow for man's food.
Four things man needs, (the Spanish proverb tells)
Good air, good bread, good water and good bells.
However dark my growing dusk may fall
Is night's affair, not mine; I've had them all.

And so an end of Childhood

Sometimes, when days are happy, there is fear
Lest the great joy should bring the sorrow near,
And many men upon some peak of bliss
Know that the next step leads to the abyss.
Perhaps, upon the day of my delight
The finger moved some fraction from the right.
Somewhere, perhaps, a workman moved a weight
From age-long quiet to the world of fate;
And feet began to move, and feeling stirred,
That might be destine-working, on the word.
Out in the greenwood's dimness there began
Life, in wild blood, that might afflict a man,
Far out at sea, in gulfs of tropic mood
Some certain phials of the poison brewed.
And yet, already, in man's flesh and bone
His wrist, his intellect, the seeds were sown,
And work existed, reckoned of the best,
Which met the living, not the dying test,
That was to meet the dying test, and fail.
From many a secret spring and hidden trail
Come the unnumbered causes of man's woe,
The daily tide of man, at come and go,
The life of beasts, that stray and sniff and pass,
The is of water, stone and earth and grass,
The setting of the weather and the light
Are instruments of action infinite.
Six may exist together, hundreds may.

Then a clock strikes upon a destined day
The straying feet converge, the things agree,
There is a tide upon the unseen sea,
Then to the trit-trot of the quiet pace
Come sudden jangle, wrenching and displace,
Irrupted order, and the instant pang
The bite of death with poison in the fang
Which will be spreading in the blood thenceforth
Cold, probing venom coming from the north.
Touching the heart and those who may be near.
Somebody longed for is no longer here.
Then, having dealt the ending to the doomed
The feet diverge, the quiet is resumed,
The evening rain wipes out the little mark,
Some little gossip passes after dark,
Then on the morrow work begins again.
Know in all joy your certainty of pain.
Know that in pain the spirit is alone
As feeling fastened under grinding stone,

The stone may cease; it cannot always grind,
But, ceasing, it leaves numbness on the mind;
Darkness to hope, and apathy to fears,
And spectres, after visionary years
When everlasting skylarks skyward winging
Made man and sky and skylark one with singing.

The Later Time

The senses and the earthly things remain
But magical delight comes not again
Only a shadow of the glory shows
That once went with the water and the rose:
Custom has commoned the unproven strange:
Age calls it wisdom to discredit change.
Bread is no more a star upon the tongue.

The Stars, our Fellow Passengers

Only the stars in heaven still seem young.
Time has not dimmed the seaman-guiding North,
The Guards at watch, Orion striding forth.
Over the sky the burning points deploy
Lanced from their source ere Greeks had taken Troy
Points where the eyes (if eyes there be) behold
On Earth, the day when Helen's hair was gold.
In ecstasy of energy they burn,
No fickle Fortune guides the wheel they turn
Always, in light and energy they go,
And we, who weigh them, pass like leaves and snow.
Unleaflike, dull; unsnowlike, dark with sin,
We who are one with stars when we begin.

What happens to the star in us?

In ecstasy we start, in starry weather,
In beauty and in joy we sing together,
In bright delight of happiness we go,
One with the flowers and the winds that blow,

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Thoughtless, and often cruel, always frail,
But glad as Maytime with the nightingale,
Gladness like sunlight blesses all our being,
Friendship and folly, touching, tasting, seeing.
Then, shutters are pulled down, and chains are linked
By energies defunct and lights extinct,
Apothecaries, owl-like, but less wise
Give (from the spikenard) skimmings of dead flies;

The shining spirit, brother to the stars,
Moves, (if he live) in chain, in prison-bars,
She, whom delight made sister to the sun,
Hears un-delight forbid what should be done,
Not living water, not undying bread,
Portions the spirit seeking to be fed,
But mould and puddle of the chosen kind
To keep the question gagged, the vision blind.
I marvel at Man's power to destroy
The ecstasy of life in girl and boy.
Whether his rollers press or coulter reives
Imagine what he takes, see what he leaves.

A summing-up

Thus I delighted, this beheld,
At that adventured or rebelled,
It is alive in heart and brain.
I would not live that time again,
Though every little scene is bright
With sunlight and with soul-delight.
The harvest of that time is home
The honey in the honeycomb. . . .

The Gleaners' Sheaf

I loved the light; the colour, scent and sound
Of all the lovely creatures daily found;
The silver leap of fish, the pride and grace
Of red stags running in a grassy place;
I loved the skill of men with bull and horse,
Or blasting rock, or keeping ship to course,
I loved the world I entered all alone
The world of tiny beings all my own;
I loved to give; joy greater, even then,
To me, a child, than any joy of men.
Such were my harvestings, and one joy more
Beautiful water changing evermore.

What it seemed to be

All these delights were near, and yet, today,
That long dead England seems a land astray.
Backward and blind, and proud of being both,
Toiling to death in fundamental sloth,
Governed by cackle-shops, whose fatal fun
Pretended that scheme cackled was thing done.
Muddled, yet meddling in affairs not ours
With vestry morals and a eunuch's powers;
Vain of a chaos of mean cities filled
With any squalor any cared to build;
Vain of a drunken untaught multitude
Who breathed not, ate not, drank not, one thing good.

Such seems the England of that distant past:—
Prepared for war, (the war before the last);
Prepared for peace, that should create a race
Of cringing starvelings haggard in the face;
Unlettered, unimpassioned and unled
Want in the heart and clap-trap in the head;
Working at games, despising art and thought,
Its over-toiling millions making naught,
Naught, for their lives' exhaustions put in pay,
That thinking man would wish to see today.
Such the life's fruit of many millions, most
Born with life's gifts, blithe body and glad ghost.

And yet, what lay behind the thing seen

Mark . . . I say SEEMS, for goodness fruited still,
Despite slack mind and apathetic will;
Much work was truly done, if little worth.
Much energy went from us over earth.
Blight lay on England, but a hope allured
To distant lands with fortunes more assured.
From every station then our men of hope
Put forth abroad in quest of wider scope,
To make new lands of freedom overseas,
In Canada and the Antipodes,
And made them there, new nations who have wrought
Brave generosities, past thank and thought.

Of the new lands overseas

Much meanness mars the tale of selfish man,
Think what those lands have done since they began,
Done what no other lands have ever done
To help their suffering brothers under sun.
These, all unasked, unforced, as friends indeed,
Put by their lives to help us in our need,
Put by their all, their country's hope put by,
To help to save this nation or to die.
Twice in one generation they have given
Their very all for us, like folk of Heaven.

Their gifts to us, past telling royal

From Africa, from far Australia,
New Zealand and the vasts of Canada,
Men whom no word of man can fitly praise,
Have, of their own will, died by bitter ways,
For this land's sake, their mother-country's cause.
Leonidas obeyed the Spartan laws;
These only felt that kinsmen were in need.
If Earth arraign us, these dominions plead;
They were the fruitings of this people freed.

Some protested

Even in blackest England, some there were
Whose quiet rightness strove to make her fair.
As always with us, some denounced abuse,
Or mocked at customs palsied out of use;
Or toiled for mercy, decency and sense,
From hope of all these things, not recompense.
If blindness supervised and night controlled
The stupid darkness had a heart of gold,

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Small wonder, though, if nations set apart
Seeing the darkness, doubted of the heart.

On the heart of England

And yet, how true, how dauntless the heart is,
However much the head may be amiss;
Whatever may be wanting in the state
In patience we endure, in quiet wait;
Others may carve the stone or paint the wall
Or fill the summer day with festival,
Or build some city sought by foreign men
As model home to mortal citizen,
We offer decency and courtesy,
And hope that things may better by and by,
And if they do not, well, instead of cure
Life being lived by courage, we endure.

Might we not do more with the genius always in our people?

And yet, an old man caring for the arts
Wishes that these might bless such noble hearts,
Wishes, that on our miles of public walls
Whose whitewash sickens and whose blank appals,
One Council, (for a start) might have the grace
To let our painters play upon the space,
To let their power, fettered now, be freed,
To paint for public joy the English deed,
Our ships, our mariners, our good deeds done
In every land and ocean under sun,
Our English stories, in themselves a joy
Deep and undying as the tale of Troy,
But not yet consecrated to our use.

One question and another

Then, since enlightened nations chose, and choose
To keep endowed the graces that delight,
Music that links us with the infinite,
Dancing, her sister, and the Tragic Scene
Leading all Arts in chorus as the Queen,
Why should we lag these centuries behind?
Banish delight and what remains of mind?

Yet we have seen to what a pass neglect of intellect may bring us

These questions have been asked for fifty years,
By better mouths to long, unchanging ears.
Times were to come to shock the land awake.
Danger of death displayed us our mistake.
When death came striding, England let men see
Patience and courage changing destiny.
When death is winning and disaster shews,
Then England lightens and her sign's the rose.

When the apathy is knocked from us . . . then . . .

We, who have seen this England left alone
And felt the nations count us overthrown,
And seen the greedy vultures stretching neck
And gaping beak, for pieces of the wreck,
And heard the exultation of the cur
Yap the hyaenas on to finish her,
We know the nature of the sign we bear
A deathless rose that winter makes more fair.

When our survivors stand among their dead,
At some path's end where lunacy has led,
When courage learns, it cannot alter fate
Unweaponed, unsupported and too late;
When allies fall, and friends account it wise
To do the biddings of our enemies,
Then our hope shines; within ourselves a star
Gives light and strength, the only helps that are.

The child's view may be enlightened

Most children born are healthy, glad and wise,
The day too short for all their ecstasies,
Poetry's self too tedious for their song,
Justice, too, partial, to their sense of wrong.
What night of evil had been forced to go
Had children ruled us sixty years ago?
What skull-like faces tempted to unharden?
What reeking slummage changed to flower-garden?

The New England will begin as a child begins

Peace will bring morning to this night of pain,
A dim new world, with people born again,
Having, like children, little of their own,
Saving the rapture piercing to the bone,
And with the rapture all the bright ado
Of hope alive of England to make new.

What will they do?

What will they do, what will they make
Those betterers of our mistake?
Nothing so devilish to man
As slaughter, torment, smash and ache.
Something more beautiful, I trust,
Than universal money-lust
Such as has blackened brook and brae
And ground our very life to dust.
Something more green with bud and leaf,
With healing for the hour of grief,
With outlet for the hour of glory
And brotherhood for a belief.
Something, from someone who has heard
The new cry of the spirit-bird
The wisdom uttered to the one
Who cannot live among the herd.
Word that denies that man is meat
For hell-begotten war to eat
But cries that man is of the stars
Beauty of light, power of heat.

Man brings the revelation Help Man

Men watch, and sometimes pray, for the divine
To come again as living man, to bring
Light, colour, music and the running Spring,
Hope as a daybreak not a planet alone,
A day to live in, not a wandering sign.
At every birth of man a spirit takes
Flesh for a pilgrimage across our night;

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He comes with beauty, wisdom and delight
And gathers sorrow, folly and misuse,
And if not murdered, dies of our mistakes.

Might not the birth of every man be hailed
As a divine appearance come to lead
Men to the living brotherhood they need?
Each brings a person hitherto unknown,
For want of whom man travails and has ailed.
Might not this reverence for life prepare
A state more worth, wherein each citizen
Should have, for faith, the world of fellow men,
For charity, a paradise on earth,
For hope, the beauty of the singing there?

Where the mind of power wrought

Once, long ago, I looked upon a wall
Not wholly blank, for markings on it showed
Perished designs, where once the colour glowed
In painted joy of happy festival.
A dull red lattice with a darker scrawl
Still lingered for Time's acid to corrode;
The wood-louse in the plaster ran his lode,
I saw the coloured dust of pigment fall.
It bore five centuries of Time's disgrace,
Yet majesty of man was on the place,
Spirit had triumphed there, as I could see.
Wisdom had put a virtue in the plaster
That still declared "Upon this wall, a Master
Showed forth his power and made beauty be".

Where no mind triumphed

I walked a chaos which the bombing left,
Street after street of doorless, glassless shells,
Paving in splinters, belfries without bells,
Walling split open, rafters flung awry.
No human noises stirred, of foot or cry;
The wind that made a mutter in the cleft,
The dropping of the plaster from a reft,
These only broke the silence, nothing else.
Not even death could give it dignity;
The ruined slum was meaner than the worm.
Here, apathy of mind had reached a term,
A lust for night unequalled by the bat,
Thoughtlessness utter as in summer fly
Five miles from where collective wisdom sat.

The Cocks are crowing

Wake, for the darkness is at point to pass;
The midnight on the saltings holds its breath,
The drenching dew is dropping from the grass
An unseen field-mouse nibbles at a stem.
Not yet the morning, but the night is breaking,
The blackness weakens, England is awaking
To life set free, to capitals made fair
And joy a jewel in her diadem.

Wake, for the light already sends a word
Before his flying feet: — "O men, arise".
A whispered message, but the cock has heard: —
Over the perch he cackles out his gird,
"Awake, bewildered sleepers; up and do,
To it, and do"; and now, on graying skies
The hills take outline that before were blurred.

Awake and do, before the visions fade,
And this thing first observe, that children bring
Each one, an aptitude for some good thing,
Which, being tended and encouraged, bears
Virtue or art, the powers that rebuild.
By England's children England is remade;
Watch and encourage, then, those skills of theirs
That spires to men's joy may lift in airs
Topped by the golden wind-vanes never stilled.

And never think, that poets want the moon;
They want an England better than the last,
An England using to the full its skills,
Not the dead England of our discontent
Where life-long weariness just paid the rent
And long dead custom set the dreary tune
Forever thwarting the heroic wills
And rivetting each daybreak to the past.

Wake, for it sometimes happens that the change
Must be profound as waking out of sleep
At cockcrow from some rafter in the grange,
When Spirit is unshackled and set free.
Life is not milling dust in penny trade,
But art to fashion or to be re-made,
Such, that in every village there shall be
Something that future men shall love to see;
When mortals call, immortal thoughts invade.

(*The End*)

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THE MAKING OF YESTERDAY

The Diary of Raoul de Roussy de Sales

OCTOBER 12, 1942. — *Life* has published an editorial in the form of a letter to the British, by far the most offensive piece of boorishness on this subject that I have read. We have come to your help, says *Life*, forgetting your debts from the first war, giving you Lend-Lease, and so on. Now you can help us. How? By giving up your empire. America isn't fighting to safeguard the British Empire, and she will abandon England (*sic*) if the latter doesn't renounce her empire. The article admits that America's war aims are not very clear, but says that they certainly don't include the preservation of the British Empire.

The following questions may well be asked: (1) What does the author of this article mean by the British Empire? What does he intend to substitute for the voluntary Commonwealth? (2) If he is thinking only of India, what solution does he propose?

People want to abolish empires, yet have no idea what they mean by this. They want to emancipate all men economically and, especially, politically. They want the Burmese and the Congo natives to be organized democratically, to elect a Senate and a House of Representatives, to have a Republican Party and a Democratic Party, to become decent, respectable, and moderately progressive countries like the United States. They are laboring under the delusion that the British are still governed by George III, that they tyrannize their subjects, and that yellow, brown, black, or café-au-lait George Washingtons are going to rise up everywhere.

American Messianism in this vague but pretentious form is a formidable thing. It will stimulate anti-American feelings in Europe that are already embittered. America will only make herself look ridiculous and will lose out in the end.

In my opinion, the object of this war-revolution is primarily and perhaps solely to save and to "restore" Western civilization, which concerns the peoples of Europe and their cousins in America. The task is hard enough in itself. To complicate and confuse it still further by introducing a vague universal sentimentality — based on the assumption that the Africans and Asiatics are *a priori* in agreement on the objective to be attained — results merely in making that objective inaccessible. It would be folly to extend to the Japanese or the Malagasy the principles of a civilization whose pillars are men like Plato, Pascal, Shakespeare, Bacon, and Descartes.

October 17. — Yesterday my dentist spent an hour and a half, not working on my teeth, but discussing England's crimes. Being a Jew, "intellectual," young, and leftist, he is pro-Russian, pro-Chinese, pro-Hindu, but anti-British. What obviously worries him most is the problem of India. He has studied the whole theory of British imperialism. We shall not win the war if the British persist in keeping the Indians in bondage. All peoples must be liberated, and so forth.

"Certainly Gandhi is a saint," he told me. I asked him why. "Because he's absolutely against war."

I wore myself out trying to explain that pacifism in time of war is not a virtue. He couldn't understand. American pacifism, its horror of war as a sin, has gone over to Gandhi, the pacifist saint. My dentist believes that only Roosevelt can clear up the mess in India. Every argument I bring up

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As the American representative of *Paris-Soir* and Havas, RAOUL DE ROUSSY DE SALES had a unique opportunity to survey our American scene, our thoughts, and our emotions in the crucial years before the war. With the collapse of France his works as a correspondent ceased, but he continued to set down in his journals the observations and the philosophy which mark him as one of the most discerning analysts of our time. This is the last of five installments.

The entire *Diary*, which has been translated from the French by Theodore R. Jaeckel, will appear in book form under the imprint of Reynal and Hitchcock, Inc. *Atlantic* readers will remember Mr. de Sales's brilliant volume, *The Making of Tomorrow*, which was published shortly before his death.

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to show him that, after all, India is still a matter that concerns the British falls on deaf ears.

Meanwhile the editors of *Life* (that new world power) are annoyed at having let loose a storm with their letter to the British. Harry Luce tries to explain that he never intended to criticize the British Commonwealth, but only to widen the scope of the war aims. In an advertisement appearing in a great many publications, *Life* announces a series of articles on England, evidently intended by the editors to repair the damage already done.

But the title of the proposed articles is "How good are the British as allies?" — which is adding insult to injury. What would be the reaction over here if the British started a discussion on "How good are the Americans as allies?" In the same advertisement, the editors of *Life* courageously declare, "We are neither pro-British nor anti-British," which leads the reader to conclude that, despite the war, the editors of *Life*, as a sovereign power, have remained neutral.

October 21. — It has never been so clear that we do not know the reasons for this war. Nor has it ever seemed so clear that we are unable to stop it — which could be a disaster a hundred times worse than the present state of affairs. A few days ago, Goebbels said that Germany was no longer fighting for political aims. She is no longer interested in the triumph of Nazism, or in German honor, or in any other nonsense, but merely in the conquest of lands and their organization. That Goebbels can revive these primitive conceptions — classic if one wishes — of the war of conquest must prove that everything has died in Germany — everything but hunger, fear, and a few other elementary instincts.

October 23. — *Prohibition.* In the Senate, the law on drafting eighteen-year-olds was delayed by an amendment forbidding the sale of liquor in Army camps or neighboring zones. For a while it was thought that this amendment would be passed. It was not, but the mere fact that it seemed possible is interesting. Fanatical puritanism, the need for annoying one's neighbor, is a tremendous force in this country. I shouldn't like to bet that prohibition is really a dead issue.

October 25. — In the Senate, during a debate on drafting men of eighteen, Senator Tydings had the nerve to say: "Certainly the countries which have been under attack have been damn glad to get the United States as an ally. Make no mistake about that. This is not altogether our war. If Great Britain, New Zealand, and Canada are not going to let their young men go into battle before they are nineteen years of age, the United States should not bear the unequal burden. We are already financing the whole outfit. We are lending them everything we can. I do not approve of keeping books on our Allies, but there is a rough yardstick of justice and equal distribution which should not be abandoned. I do not want Uncle Sam, when it is all over, to be called Uncle Simple."

There's an example of the generosity and courtesy that exist between the Allies. I shall never understand why national egoism is considered a virtue, under cover of which all sorts of insults can be exchanged, while on the surface fine speeches are made about a future brotherhood of nations that will regenerate mankind, establish forever equality and confidence among peoples, and set up a reign of international good will on earth. As far as I know, Tydings is no Borah, but he has an obsession about America's becoming the dupe of her allies. The main idea is not to do any more than the others are doing, and especially to avoid being played for a sucker.

A Nazi, whose name I can't remember, said that the gentleman type should disappear from the face of the earth. I think it may truthfully be said that this aim has already been accomplished. Never have the governments and so-called educated classes of the Allied nations treated each other with such downright rottenness. And it's hard to know whether to give the palm to the Americans or the Russians in this respect. The British are struggling desperately against all odds to maintain some sort of decency in their comments on their allies, and even on their enemies. Perhaps that's why they're hated. Perhaps Wallace believes that the Age of the Common Man means the triumph of simplicity, of candor, and of humility. But in the meantime it is rudeness that has really triumphed. Certain words like *loyalty*, *courtesy*, and *honor* have become a joke. The new attitude is represented by the editors of *Life*. It's not a pleasant thought.

October 27. — Last night Willkie was on the air with the long-expected report of his round-the-world trip. The speech seemed badly written and was delivered in the deep, raucous voice characteristic of Willkie. His argument, in so far as he had one, ran as follows: The peoples visited by this twentieth-century Marco Polo (Near East, Russia, Far East) are tired of imperialism. They wish to be free. There must be no more colonies or anything else that indicates a racial or even a cultural hierarchy. All these peoples are looking to America, which thus possesses a reservoir of international good will.

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Willkie also declared that the world was small, and uttered some remarkable banalities on the theme of the brotherhood existing between a Chinese coolie, a veiled woman in Baghdad, a Russian worker, and Mrs. Smith of Sioux City. All of them are brought closer and united by the airplane, the radio, and American movies. According to Willkie, Hollywood plays a part similar to that of Rome in the Middle Ages (he didn't say so, but that's the general idea). A solution must be found for the problem of India, and America should take a hand in the matter. He didn't say how. In fact, America should intervene everywhere to free enslaved peoples and destroy the monster of imperialism.

Throughout the speech Willkie spoke of the Japanese, Hitler, and the imperialists on the Allied side as though they were in the same category. He played right into the hands of Goebbels. Consciously or not, his speech was bluntly anti-British, altogether in the style of the editorial in *Life*. He didn't have a word to say about the civilizing work the British have done in India or elsewhere — indeed, not a word about Western civilization, which is at stake in this war.

The sad part about it is that Willkie is right when he says the whole world has its eyes turned toward America; but if all that's to come out of this vast "reservoir of good will" is vanity and ignorance, then there's no hope anywhere.

I'm not at all surprised that his meeting with de Gaulle went off badly. It appears that he advised the General to withdraw his troops from Syria and give up all claim to the French Empire.

October 28. — Willkie's speech, though not exactly producing a storm of enthusiasm, was well received even by the British, who probably preferred to pretend they didn't understand the attacks made on them. A few papers here discreetly remark that Willkie is rather naïve and that his radical solutions for the problems of the entire world, based on a forty-day trip by airplane, are not very sound; but the attitude of most of the press is quite different: Willkie's very simplification of the problem is appealing to a nation which prefers ready-made solutions. Freedom for all is an attractive slogan. Willkie is compared to Marco Polo. He caught only brief glimpses of everything, yet people are willing to listen to him as though he really were the discoverer of Russia and the Orient.

Willkie is the Average Man in the role of explorer. Nobody seems to have been struck by the fact that even if he were a genius he could have seen very little on a trip like that. Quite the contrary. People trust him precisely because his observations are superficial and simplified, and because they provide a key to everything. A strange country this, with a blind belief in "experts" on the one hand, and on the other a readiness to trust the judgment of the first person who comes along, on the most complex problems, provided he thinks and talks in general terms.

November 2. — *Elections.* Tomorrow the elections take place for the House, a third of the Senate, and many of the governors. The papers are amazed at the apathy shown by the public. The voters will go to the polls tomorrow just as, on Sunday, the Catholics go to church and the Protestants go to chapel. Everything has been done to dig up "issues" for the elections. But there aren't any. The Republicans will gain some seats, it appears, because people are dissatisfied with the conduct of the war, with the way news is released, and with a number of other little things. But neither the Democrats nor the Republicans have a program. The Democrats possess one advantage in that they have an objective to win the war. The Republicans have nothing, except Willkie.

The real reason for the public's indifference to the elections is quite simple if only people would acknowledge it. In wartime, and especially in a war like this, democracy is suspended *de facto*, and no change in the situation will result from the gesture of going to vote tomorrow. It might be another story if the war should go really badly in '44; but even so, the Republicans would have to alter their platform from a collection of meaningless clichés to something worth while. The truth is that their party died in 1932 and may never again come to life.

November 8. — Last night American troops landed at several points along the coast of North Africa. This is one of the most important and striking pieces of news to come out of the war. The secret had been well guarded, though for several weeks it had been known that an expedition to Africa was in preparation. Last night at nine o'clock, Roosevelt made the announcement over the radio. He spoke to the French in their own language. He said the landings were directed against the Axis, and were designed to prevent a German invasion of North Africa and to prepare for the liberation of France.

So far as can be ascertained, the expedition is large and well-equipped. The landing points have not been named, and there is no word of what is happening. The Vichy troops are offering resistance, but no one knows how much. Pétain has cabled a protest to F.D.R., but there have been no other manifestations.

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If the expedition has been well planned, it should meet with success and the consequences will be incalculable. Fear must be expressed over the inexperience of the American troops, the likelihood of blunders, too great a confidence in American prestige. The Vichy men are in a strange, pugnacious state of mind. They have built up a conception of honor that has enslaved them. They are obsessed by the great mistake of June, 1940.

And de Gaulle? There is no mention of his taking part in the expedition. That would have been fatal. There is a rumor that General Giraud is in Algiers and that he has asked the French troops to rally to the Allies. Assuming that Giraud or Noguès or someone else is able to bring North Africa into the Allied camp, but without accepting the leadership of de Gaulle, what will become of the latter?

Meanwhile the British advance in Libya; the synchronization of the two operations is magnificent.

Where is Willkie now, with his accusations about the lack of plans and the inaction of the government? Where is the Republican victory of November 3, with its implication of a rebuke to Roosevelt? Once again events have proved him right.

Will France, in her appalling dereliction, neglect still another opportunity to vindicate herself? It's strange that I have so little faith in France now. But it's a fact.

November 9. — In answer to a final appeal by F.D.R., asking him not to resist, Pétain said yesterday that he was "stupefied and saddened" by what Roosevelt had told him; that he did not believe his explanations; that North Africa was not threatened by the Germans; and that he, Pétain, had always kept his word (forgetting Indo-China, Syria, and a few other small items). Under the circumstances, Pétain declared, he had given the order to resist. Whereupon Laval informed Tuck that Vichy was breaking off diplomatic relations with the United States.

And so what could just as well have happened two years ago has finally taken place. Hull said he didn't care what Vichy did. He justified his policy by saying that, among other advantages, the maintenance of relations with Vichy had enabled the North African expedition to be prepared. I don't find this explanation very agreeable, smacking of Kurusu. In short, the honest Hull means that by keeping on good terms with Vichy he was able to put one over on Pétain and Company.

It's impossible to predict how some people will react. Pauline —— telephoned me last night in a state of panic, to say that she couldn't believe the rupture with Vichy was real. Though she's always been anti-Vichy, this news has overcome her. She can't stand the thought of any "rupture" between France and the United States.

Undoubtedly, it's not pleasant to think that Frenchmen and Americans are killing each other for the first time in history, more especially since nothing could be more futile than the resistance ordered by Pétain; but there is no place for sentiment in war.

November 13. — Still a great many rumors and few facts that can be confirmed.

The Germans have achieved the occupation of France with the exception of Toulon. Contradictory rumors about the navy are constantly circulating. Some say that a number of the ships have left. Others say that the whole fleet is still at anchor. The reason the Germans have stayed out of Toulon appears to be that they are afraid the navy will resist. They say that the officers have given their word to repel any attack. This navy is in a very peculiar position. It has no commanders except those on board. As for Darlan, it seems that he is doing everything he can to get in the good graces of the Allies. He issued an appeal for the navy to come to Africa and join the Allies. But in spite of what people have said about Darlan's prestige in the navy, he doesn't seem to be getting very enthusiastic obedience. Perhaps the officers feel there is a limit to opportunism.

November 14. — The merry-go-round in Africa is still whirling madly. Yesterday Darlan, who is in Algiers, issued a proclamation saying that, on November 10, Pétain, thinking Darlan had been deprived of his liberty, had turned over the responsibility for the command in North Africa to Noguès, but that Darlan was in fact perfectly free and that, in accord with Noguès and Yves Chatel, Governor of Algeria, he not only ordered the fleet to come over to the Allies but also commanded the authorities in Africa to collaborate with the Americans. All this, according to Darlan and Noguès, in the name of the Marshal.

I don't know to what extent the State Department has really thought to make serious use of Darlan, but this morning it was announced that Pétain himself has repudiated him, which makes the Admiral a kind of super-traitor.

Saw David Cohn yesterday. Very gloomy. He's convinced that this country has no interest in the war and is looking forward to only one thing: a speedy peace so that plastic Fords can be obtained on the market. He predicted an irresistible wave of isolationism.

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The African business has caused another surge of optimism. There is talk of the war's coming to an end by Christmas or June at the latest. The frightful thing is that this isn't altogether impossible. If Hitler were really brilliant, he would lay down his arms tomorrow and say to the Allies: "I leave it all up to you. Make whatever peace you want." Through sentimentality, stupidity, laziness, and indifference, the Allies would give Germany whatever she wanted.

All this business about France (Darlan, Noguès, Pétain) reveals how deeply rottenness has penetrated the country, or at any rate its leaders. There is only one country I believe in now: England.

November 16. — The situation is absurd. In so far as it can be reconstructed, here it is: —

Darlan has reaffirmed his loyalty to Pétain and has said that the latter, being a prisoner of the Germans, had been obliged to disown him — which did not prevent him from speaking in the name of the Marshal. He has proclaimed himself protector of French interests in Africa. General Giraud, working under his orders, is in command of the French troops now fighting the Germans and Italians in Tunisia. All this has been done with the approval of the local American authorities, who have expressed their satisfaction at seeing Darlan assume control of the administration in Africa. The Morocco radio, controlled by the Americans, concludes its broadcasts with "*Vive le Maréchal.*"

Thus, the first result obtained by the arrival of American troops in French territory has been to confirm a traitor's authority and a fascist regime. The more or less official explanation is that military advantages will be obtained with a minimum of risk. Darlan has something to offer, though just what isn't very clear since the navy no longer seems to obey him. Vichy laws are still functioning in North Africa, protected by the American flag.

It is understandable that such a situation can meet with the approval of Frenchmen in North Africa. The colonials are inclined to be reactionary and are very likely favorable to Darlan. But what effect will it have on France? The advantages gained by the Americans will have to be very great to compensate for the loss in moral prestige involved in this approval of Darlan. The effect on England is no less disastrous. People just don't understand. And then there are the other nations. What can the Russians think?

The papers here don't dare say a word about this Darlan business. It brings up such tremendous issues and appears to be so dishonorable that they prefer to say that the government must have something up its sleeve and that everything will come out all right.

For my part, I am now certain that nothing good can come out of this war. It is rotten through and through.

November 17. — Yesterday General Marshall, Chief of Staff, called a few of the more notable reporters, including Walter Lippmann, into his office and explained the situation in North Africa. It appears that the Americans had counted on Giraud as a rallying point for all Frenchmen, but at the last moment it was discovered that he was completely useless in this respect. Just then, Darlan offered his services, and Eisenhower, who was at a loss, accepted them. Having Tunisia ahead of him to conquer, Eisenhower didn't want chaos in Algeria and Morocco. Apparently, only Darlan could guarantee that things would be calm, more especially since he claimed to speak for Pétain. Marshall thus explained that it was purely a military question which had not the slightest bearing on the future. The State Department, then, has taken refuge behind the Army.

If this explanation is correct, which is quite possible, it merely proves that the famous political preparation so bragged about did not exist. Murphy and his agents were completely mistaken, which doesn't surprise me at all.

In France, Weygand has been arrested by the Germans. Pétain has issued a proclamation depriving Darlan of all military and civil authority, but people aren't certain that Pétain really wrote this himself. They think it might have been forced on him by Laval and the Germans. But that's beside the point. Pétain is finished — unless Roosevelt and Leahy have any more schemes on foot regarding him.

American papers are exhibiting a rather unusual lack of courage. A few timid editorials are beginning to come out, but there is an obvious reluctance to take a clear stand, except for Dorothy Thompson, who, as always, is courageous in such moments. However, her article was censored for England, which is an alarming sign.

I feel that de Gaulle will gain a great deal by all this, for the simple reason that he is the only one to have followed a more or less straight line.

As for Washington, explanations will have to be forthcoming, whether they like it or not. If Flandin, Pucheu, and others of that breed have not been invited, then it would be better to say so. The public might get confused and end up by believing that the French must all be fascist and that therefore they are the ones to treat with. Unfortunately,

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in North Africa the colonials are indeed fascist and they like Darlan. When I think of what Frenchmen in France must be thinking today, my head starts reeling.

November 20. — The day before yesterday, Pétain abdicated. He remains Chief of State and "the incarnation of France," but he has transferred all practical powers to Laval, who in fact becomes dictator. Laval can now make decisions by himself.

And so ends the unfortunate Pétain venture. Not being German, I don't pretend that the French aren't responsible for the Vichy regime, the armistice, the meek acceptance of collaboration, and all the rest. If they didn't exactly want what happened to them, they nevertheless accepted it. Pétain represented a very real state of mind. Pétain was truly the symbol of a defeated France willing to try anything, provided she was not called upon to make the slightest effort — the symbol of a strangely masochistic France which had denied her own history, her allies, and all that was honorable in her.

Pétain was an anachronism that suited a middle-class and peasant France and a working class with bourgeois ideals, hopelessly trying to escape from reality into the past. Pétain was the France of priests and generals; of selfish peasants and penny-pinching clerks; of bankers who, like the unfortunate Demachy, used to say that "the real blood of France is her gold." He was the France of discouraged intellectuals, of gloomy academicians, and of disreputable journalists. Pétain was a France which no longer believed in anything but money and the dead. Pétain was truly France.

November 24. — In spite of F.D.R.'s statement the other day that Darlan was a temporary expedient, there's no way of telling what "temporary" means. The public, baffled, has accepted the situation, sees Darlan as a reformed traitor, believes the official thesis that the State Department has pursued a Machiavellian policy which resulted in the present position, and consequently thinks everything is going all right and that the French are a strange lot.

November 27. — Yesterday, de Gaulle wanted to make a broadcast which, I am told, was entirely devoted to denouncing Darlan. The British persuaded him to give up the idea. In a fit of pique, the Fighting French radio station in London interrupted its broadcasts. This won't hurt anybody but the Fighting French. Today, it is said that de Gaulle is going to make a direct appeal to F.D.R. to liquidate Darlan.

In the House of Commons, an accounting of the Darlan business was requested, but Eden asked that the debate be postponed because operations in North Africa were too critical for a discussion to be held at that time. The British press is extremely critical of America's part in the Darlan affair.

People talk about the resistance inside France, and I believe it does exist; but there are no visible signs of it. Everything about France that one can see, every gesture made by Frenchmen, whoever they may be, proves just one thing: the decay that set in ten or twenty years ago has not been checked, the defeat has not produced any serious reaction.

Even a man like André Philip, a Socialist deputy, tells me: "Obviously, what must be avoided in France at all cost after the war is chaos, revolution." In short, what everyone wants is for France to pass gently and smoothly from her present slavery to some peaceful and orderly state — Fourth Republic, mild dictatorship, no matter what, so long as it is not very different from what people are used to.

November 28. — Yesterday the greater part of the French navy, about sixty vessels, was scuttled in the harbor of Toulon. The meager accounts given out by Vichy and by the Germans do not agree on details but are dramatic enough. At dawn yesterday, the Germans and Italians began to occupy the city. At the same time ships began to blow up. In some cases, it is said, the crews fired on each other because there was no time to open the cocks. The Germans claim they will be able to salvage some ships. Vichy says that all were sunk. A great many sailors and most of the commanders seem to have stayed on board and been drowned.

Such is the logical conclusion of Pétain's policy. Paralysis is followed by death. For two years, this navy could have gone over to the Allies, but the petrified atmosphere induced by the Pétain regime deadened all intelligence if not courage. Suicide was the inevitable outcome.

November 30. — The Russian offensive is gaining ground and intensifying, and it may be that Germany will collapse on this front. The Germans have never suffered losses like this since the start of the war. Discounting Russian exaggerations, one is reminded of the summer of 1918.

Churchill delivered a speech yesterday which contained a direct appeal to the Italians to get rid of Mussolini and make a separate peace. In general, these maneuvers are bound to fail, but one never knows with the Italians.

(The End)

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HOTELS AND REHEARSALS

by GRETCHEN FINLETTER

1

BEFORE I went to school, I thought — if I thought about it at all — that all fathers lunched at home and that all houses were filled with the sounds of the rehearsals of singers or wind instruments. Front halls quite naturally had a couple of cellos standing in them, dressed in neat brown overcoats which under no conditions must be touched. I thought most homes had at least three pianos.

Pianos followed us everywhere. They came up trunk elevators in hotels, they were hauled by ropes through apartment house windows, and in the country they were drawn by farm horses in great wagons. They were usually the largest grands that Steinway's could furnish. It never seemed possible when they were delivered, with the legs off and their strings exposed, that they could be fitted together, and my sisters and I would watch anxiously to see if they would really turn into complete instruments again. The men apparently knew what they were about, but the grands always looked ruined.

Finally, my father would sit down and strike some great chords. "Beautiful tone. Boys, tell Mr. Steinway that is the finest piano I have had yet."

He continued to play, and it always seemed to me that the improvisations to try out the new piano were a little lovelier, a little more noble, than the music of ordinary days. The men would stand about listening, and suddenly my father would spring up and give them each a cigar, while one of them would tell him the latest story of what had happened to some artist on tour when his piano in the baggage car had gone on the wrong siding.

Performances became a reality to me when I was very small. We were spending the winter at the Cambridge Hotel, a small hotel on Fifth Avenue across from the old Waldorf. My father was conducting at the Metropolitan Opera House. To live in a hotel was deeply exciting to my sisters and me. Polly was a very little girl and shared a room with our nurse Minnie, and Alice and I had a room together.

The room had folding beds. In the daytime they looked like two tall highboys with small desks fitted into the sides, but at night they unhooked, the desks seemed mysteriously to disappear, and the highboys became beds. Alice immediately learned the trick and would rush in in the evening and fold them up again to see if our little desks were still there and why the ink did not spill. She would never let me see how she did it, — it was her secret, — but she often hinted that if I did not do what she wanted she might fold me up at night. This made going to bed an adventure, because I was never sure if I, or a completely flattened I, would be there in the morning.

Children love hotels. In the first place, the food is so interesting. Try as a mother or nurse will to reproduce the wholesomeness of home, a waiter, desiring to be popular, will always sneak in some gay novelty of his own. We had an Italian waiter called Roberto, and we found him both handsome and resourceful. He began by teaching us how to fold napkins in the beautiful way he did, to resemble cabbages or swans. Then he rolled the butter like a setting hen, with the butter balls as eggs. With the aid of the chef, who liked opera and admired my father, he brought us pastries iced very brightly to resemble the flags of the nations. We were told the blue icing was poison and to eat very carefully around it.

The Cambridge had long red-carpeted halls. If one slid one's feet along them, one could give electric shocks to the people one touched. There came up through the shafts a permanent and delicious smell of hot bread. My mother and father did not enjoy

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GRETCHEN FINLETTER is the daughter of Walter Damrosch. She and her three sisters grew up in New York City in a home dominated by pianos, rehearsals, and arias. With her paper, "The Always Ready Club," which appeared in the *Atlantic* for October, she began her irresistible descriptions of New York in the early 1900's.

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this smell, but to us it seemed that the hotel was perpetually getting ready for a party.

New guests came and went, and it was interesting to watch them, study the labels on their luggage, and see if there might be other children. Roberto had very sharply defined opinions of the newcomers and he confided in us as if we were old stand-bys. It was flattering to be treated as his understanding equals, and at breakfast he would tell us who had come and what significant clues there were to their characters.

We shook our heads sympathetically with him as he told of the first dinner given the night before by a new arrival: "There are five of them and he orders the dinner. Then I show him the wine card. He orders *one* bottle — one bottle for five! I fool him. I open another bottle. I shame him into behaving like a gentleman!"

"Good for you, Roberto," we congratulated.

Thus there became fixed in my mind forever the impression that no gentleman ever tries to serve five people from one bottle. I was six years old.

Minnie, our nurse, never quite knew how to treat Roberto. She was Swedish and had a natural contempt for Latins. She also loved horror stories. She did not encourage Roberto and she wore a haughty look while he talked, but sometimes she lingered after we had left the dining room, to hear some further details of the new guests that Roberto seemed to think we should be spared. Then she would ejaculate to herself in the elevator, "Akee-kock!" All her life, this was her expression for anything that disgusted her, and it was used equally for the sins of the flesh and the carelessness of a child who did not wear her rubbers.

The event of the week was the day when a performance was given. My father seemed to change completely. He would appear in a full dress suit while the sun was still shining through the windows, and instead of eating a real dinner downstairs, he would take some tea and toast in our little sitting room while he looked frequently at his watch. Then with a pale face he would go off in the twilight in his high silk hat, carrying the score under his arm.

The next event was to hook my mother up. First she put on a beautiful satin evening dress while Minnie stood by as official hooker-upper. There seemed to be hundreds of hooks, and if they went first from right to left, they recrossed from left to right with tinier eyes. Even if little Polly called from her room, nothing could interrupt this moment. We would stand about, urging my mother to wear this pin or that necklace, and spreading our suggestions in alluring combinations.

Next my mother would take from the glove box a long pair of French kid gloves. They had eight little buttons which had to be buttoned with a special glove hook. Finally she put on a wonderful evening wrap which one of us had been trying on in front of the mirror; then she too went out into the evening, took a cab, and drove to the opera.

Minnie carefully locked up the jewel box, and the rooms became silent. Alice and I went to our folding beds and to sleep. But we were wakened several hours later by a roar of noise. The performance was over and late supper was in progress. There were guests and there floated in to us the sound of clinking glasses. Everyone was gay and relaxed, and my father's voice sounded louder and happier than anyone else's.

"Where is the champagne?" Pop went a cork. "Let us drink to Lillian Nordica. To the finest performance of Elsa that I believe has ever been heard!"

Applause, the scrape of chairs, and the voice of Madame Nordica: "Thank you, my dear, dear friends. And now, Walter, let me drink to you."

But I was anxiously doing some arithmetic. There were eight people, and so far only one cork had popped. Bing, a second one. Good. Was two for eight better than one for five? Bang, and a third bottle was opened. I lay back greatly relieved, and relaxed. I must tell Roberto at breakfast. Nothing wrong with my father!

2

It was decided that I should attend a performance of *Siegfried*. I had never been to the opera and I had a confused idea of what it was. Staying at the Cambridge was Madame Johanna Gadski, who was singing many of the Wagnerian roles. Her daughter Lotte was a friend of Alice's. Lotte, who could not have been more than eleven years old, was general costume mistress for her mother. She was very quick with her needle and could tell at a glance what spangle or ornament was missing. She adored her mother, and at every performance was waiting in the dressing room with her faithful little thimble on her finger.

One afternoon she invited us up to have hot chocolate in their apartment. First she showed us all her mother's evening dresses. Then the costumes that were home for adjustments. Flattered by our delight, she placed Brünnhilde's helmet on Alice's head and hung Elizabeth's necklace from *Tannhäuser* about my neck. We were dazzled. But when it came time to leave I found I had to give back the

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necklace. I had thought it was a real party and that the necklace was a present for keeps. I felt so badly that when we went downstairs I could not even give the elevator man a surprise electric shock.

Many of the singers had special rehearsals with my father in our sitting room. Minnie liked the Rhine maidens and always left the door open so that we could hear them. One day when Polly and I came back from Gramercy Park with her, we saw eight very large ladies gathered about my father at the piano.

Minnie gave a snort. "They have come!"

"Who are they?" I asked.

"Wait," answered Minnie in a voice of foreboding. "You'll hear it."

"Are they bad?"

"You'll see."

The piano crashed and eight Valkyries let out a wild *Hoyo-to-ho*.

Minnie gave a great groan. "How is Polly going to get her nap with that going on? Akee-kock!"

But Polly gave a wide and happy smile. This was like nothing she had ever heard before. My father joined his voice with the Valkyries'. Alternately he was Wotan and Brünnhilde. The Valkyries sang in twos, in fours, in sevens. Then, when we were afraid it was finished, they began all over again, and again and again. Minnie retired into the farthest bathroom. What the rest of the hotel and the Waldorf felt, no one cared.

The next day it was raining hard. My father told my mother at lunch that he was worried about the bird.

"She is too prosaic. She doesn't give it color. I'm going over it with her upstairs at three."

"Couldn't you rehearse her at the Opera House?" begged my mother.

"No, she's frightened in front of the company. I must encourage her."

I waited around the sitting room. I wanted to see this bird and why it was so frightened.

A very stout little lady appeared, hung up a dripping raincoat, took off her hat, and stood beside the piano. My father sat down and began to play perhaps the most beautiful part of *Siegfried*, the sounds of the forest. Then he sang softly: —

"Noch einmal, liebes Vöglein,
da wir so lang' lästig gestört,
lauscht' ich gerne deinem Sange. . . ."

The door was opened into Polly's room and we all listened. The bird now answered in a silvery voice: —

"Hei! Siegfried erschlug nun den schlimmen Zwerg!
Jetzt wüsst' ich ihm noch das herrlichste Weib —"

"No, no!" cried my father. "You are not announcing that dinner is served. You are bringing glorious tidings to Siegfried! For God's sake, be joyous!"

The bird gave an apologetic smile.

"One, two," said my father, conducting with his right hand.

"Auf hohem Felsen sie schläft,
Feuer umbrennt ihren Saal —"

"You're high up in the air!" exclaimed my father. "Fräulein Schnee, I beg you, don't be so pedestrian!"

The bird now looked stubborn. The heavenly music began again.

"Durchschritt' er die Brunst,
weckt er die Braut,
Brünnhilde wäre dann sein!"

We listened, agonizing for the bird. She sang and my father sang with her, making two birds. They continued together.

"Lustig im Leid sing' ich von Liebe."

"One, two," said my father. The bird jumped in alone.

"Wonnig aus Weh' web ich mein Lied:
nur Sehnende kennen den Sinn!"

"Watch my beat!"

My mother appeared in the hall and hissed at me.

"Tell your father I have gone for a long, long walk!"

"Again!" ordered my father, and they sang together.

"Die Braut gewinnt,
Brünnhild' erweckt
ein Feiger nie —"

Then the bird burst into tears.

"My dear child," screamed my father, "I am only trying to give you *confidence!*"

"nur wer das Fürchten nicht kennt!"

It was over. They shook hands and we helped her on with her raincoat. I told my father my mother had gone for a long, long walk.

"In this weather?" said my father, surprised. "Why?"

3

IT WAS a great question with me what I should wear to *Siegfried*. Alice and I each had Roman sashes of beautiful striped silk with long fringes, which my father had brought us from Italy. We wore them on white dresses and they were so heavy that the bows behind looked like big bustles. But I had another sash that I wanted to wear. Whenever

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my father received a wreath or basket of flowers to celebrate some occasion, there was always attached to it a great satin ribbon with gold lettering. These were given to us, and we cut them up for sashes. Polly and I had equally divided the last trophy. It happened to be purple, and across my stomach was printed in gold letters, "To Commemorate Beet," while around Polly's waist appeared, "hoven's Ninth Symphony." In the end I agreed to wear the Roman sash.

Minnie took us to the Metropolitan. She wore a white silk blouse with yellow embroidery, and this was to be her best blouse for many, many years. She brought with her her opera glasses, which my mother had given her and which remained in her possession unbroken for the rest of her life. She allowed me to look through them, and of course I preferred peering into the large end to see how small everyone looked. I examined the people in the box next to us. I made Alice stare with me at the lady who was sitting only two feet away. Why, she was tiny! Didn't she look funny! The glasses were taken away from me.

The lights were lowered, the orchestra stopped tuning, there was applause, and suddenly my father appeared. It was too much for me. He must be made to realize I was there too. I stood up.

"Parp! Here I am!" I screamed as loud as I could.

A hand snatched me to the back of the box. A little later, feeling deeply humiliated, I was allowed to move to the front again and was once more given the opera glasses. This time I looked through the small end and studied my father. I was horrified. He was making such terrible faces, first at the orchestra and then at the singers. He would point his stick at one of them and give a frightful scowl. How could they perform? He never seemed to let them alone, but was always menacing them. I could not look at him. I turned to watch Mime scramble an egg.

The story of Siegfried had been told to me, but as part of the Ring. It is a complicated tale, and as I watched I was not sure which story I was seeing. Where were the gold in the river and my friends, the Rhine maidens? What had happened to the Valkyries? I started to question Alice in a penetrating whisper. There were loud "shush-shs" from the neighboring boxes.

Suddenly I felt on familiar ground. Siegfried lay under a tree with bits of sunlight sifting through the leaves. Then began the soft and yearning sounds of the forest — the *Waldweben*. And I was in a panic. I knew the bird was coming. Already I had learned that opera is not a fairy tale: it is a professional performance, and I was aware, at the age of six, of the anxiety and nerves that go into a production. Siegfried was not just a hero: he was a singer with one eye on my father's beat. I believed the story as I saw it, I was relieved and happy when the sword was welded, but I knew that there was a great deal more to opera than just the story. The bird was coming, and she and my father had had words.

Then to my surprise she did not come. A queer little bunch of feathers was pulled across the stage, wobbling on a wire — and I could see the wire! I was triumphant and pointed it out loudly and delightedly to everyone who was sitting within five boxes. I did not hear the singing. I wanted everyone to know that I saw that wire, and with my naked eye. Again I was pulled to the back of the box.

Lotte appeared in the next intermission to take Alice to see her mother in her dressing room. I was not invited, but I did not mind until Alice returned. She had on her head Isolde's crown, which Madame Gadski had lent her until the end of the performance. There she sat, with a silver crown on her head. I hardly looked at the fire burning around Brünnhilde. I only watched Alice's head. I wanted so terribly to have a crown too.

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NOTES ON RUSSIAN LITERATURE

Pushkin

by EDMUND WILSON

1

WE HAVE long entertained in the West certain notions about Russian literature — which have been shared by such critics as Virginia Woolf with the ordinary literary journalists. These assumptions may be formulated somewhat as follows: —

(1) That the Russians are formless and unkempt;
(2) That they are gloomy;
(3) That they are crudely realistic;
(4) That they are morbid and hysterical;
(5) That they are mystical.

These ideas are all very misleading. They are not susceptible of being applied as generalizations even to the three or four novelists who are usually read by the West. They are obviously not true of Turgenev, but the Westerners get around this by asserting that Turgenev is exceptional: that he acquired a European refinement and became virtually a French writer — though Turgenev's graceful form and lightness of touch are typical of one Russian tradition. Chekhov also has form, of course, but then he is unquestionably gloomy. Tolstoy is not hysterical till he gets to *The Kreutzer Sonata*, which comes late in his literary career. Dostoevsky, when one looks into the matter, turns out to be the figure who, *par excellence*, represents the Westerner's ideal of what a Russian writer ought to be; but, even in the case of Dostoevsky, our preconceived ideas about Russians partly prevent us from seeing in him the qualities that are really there.

Now the great fountainhead of Russian literature is Pushkin. From him all these other Russian writers in more or less degree derive; and the qualities of Pushkin are the opposites of the qualities usually attributed to the Russians by French and English readers.

The Russians are in the habit of comparing Pushkin with Mozart, and this is perhaps the nearest one can come to a simple comparison. Pushkin does, through both his career and his qualities, somewhat recall Mozart: he is able to express through an art that is felicitous and formal a feeling that is passionate and exquisite; he has a wide range of moods and emotions, yet he handles them all with precision; and — what is hard to make Westerners believe — he achieved in the poetry of his time a similar preëminence to Mozart's in music.

Mozart's career itself was in some ways characteristic of the generation that followed his rather than of the eighteenth century. The poets that overlapped the century or were born in the early eighteen hundreds, who lived in the stimulating disturbing time between the old world and the new, tend, in the very disorder of their lives, to repeat the same evolution. They are precocious, they soon make themselves masters of their art; they do personal and original work, and they are likely to try their hands at several genres; they die before their time, of disease or dissipation or the results of reckless living, leaving productions that make the later nineteenth century look rather banal and soggy and that yet constitute a fragmentary lifework. Byron, Keats, Heine, Shelley, Poe, Musset — here the earliest date (Byron's birth) is 1788 and the latest (Musset's death) 1857, with all these writers except the tough Heine dying in their twenties or thirties or forties (as Mozart died at thirty-five). If one adds from another department the work of Jane Austen (1775–1817), also consummate and also uncompleted, and of Stendhal (1783–1842), similarly original, non-official and squeezed out, as it were, by the stresses of the age, you get a distinct picture of this brilliant intermediate generation.

EDMUND WILSON, the American critic and novelist, first began studying Russian on his trip to the U.S.S.R. in 1935, and has been working at it ever since. In a new series of *Atlantic* essays to be published through the new year, he will give us his appraisal of the Russian classics.

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Now, though Goethe is of course the figure who dominates the perilous swing out of the past into the modern world, Pushkin, born in 1799, exiled in his youth, censored in his maturity, and shot in a duel in 1837, is the great figure of this short-lived group. Unlikely though it may seem, he had something in common with every one of the writers named above. He is the universal poet of that moment. Pushkin's cultural roots and branches reach out about him in every direction; he studied Latin and Greek, and he made a beginning with Hebrew; he digested the age of Voltaire and derived from it all that he needed; he tried his hand at translating Wordsworth, exploited Barry Cornwall by borrowing the form of the Englishman's *Dramatic Scenes*, and he achieved a perspective on Byron which few of the European romantics had, by a careful reading of Shakespeare, from whom he learned what he required for his chronicle play, *Boris Godunov;* he established with the Polish poet Mickiewicz one of those intimate literary relationships, half competitive, half coöperative, that are likely to be so profitable to both parties, and he exchanged, for Prosper Mérimée's pioneer work in learning Russian and translating him and Gogol into French, translations which improved the originals, of Mérimée's forged Slavic folk-songs; and in the field of Russian culture itself, he retold the Russian fairy stories as perhaps the fairy stories of no other nation have ever been retold, acted as literary godfather to Gogol, giving him the cues to his artistic development and supplying him with the themes of *Dead Souls* and *The Inspector General*, bequeathed to the Russian composers enough subjects for ballets and operas to last all the rest of the century, and sowed the seeds of a Russian realism united with a fine sensibility that has been flourishing ever since. Pushkin had a mastery of language as remarkable certainly as that of any other nineteenth century poet; and, with this, a kind of genius which none of the other poets had, and few of the novelists to the same degree: the genius for dramatic projection.

In this rare combination of qualities, it seems to me that Pushkin is the only modern poet in the class of Shakespeare and Dante. It may seem unbelievable that Pushkin's achievement in his bare thirty-eight years can be comparable to Shakespeare's or Dante's; yet, after all, Shakespeare at thirty-eight had written *Julius Caesar* and *Hamlet*, and Dante had had his vision and is thought to have composed at least the first seven cantos of the *Divina Commedia*. If Pushkin's latest poems and plays and the final version of *Evgeni Onegin* do not precisely correspond to these, it is only because *Hamlet* and the opening of the *Inferno* are each the beginning of an immense mature work which the poet feels the assurance that he will be able to live to finish. With Pushkin, it is as if his impending death were anticipated by him all along, as if he knew from the first that he must find the way to put into the work of his thirties all his intensity and all his variety. The scale of Pushkin's work is different because his life-span is different. Just as the subject of Shakespeare is the full experience of a man who is young and passes through middle age and finally grows old, and as Dante's whole project depends for its force on an organization of experience through self-discipline and an ultimate aloof contemplation hardly attainable before late middle age (Dante died at fifty-six, as soon as his poem was finished); so Pushkin, incongruously situated in the Russia of the Decembrist uprising, where he had felt all his life at the back of his neck the pressure of a remorseless paw, found a way to make his fate itself both the measure and the theme of his work, with a dignity, an objectivity, a clear and pure vision of the human play which remove him completely from the category of the self-dramatizing romantic poets.

2

To WRITE properly of Pushkin is so large a task that such hints as I here have space for may imply their excuse by their obvious lameness.

First of all, Pushkin's mastery of form. He is one of the few writers who never seem to fall — from the point where he has outgrown his early models — into formulas of expression. He finds a special shape and a special style for every successive subject; and, even without looking for the moment at his dramatic and narrative poems, one is amazed at the variety of his range. You have lyrics in regular quatrains that are as pointed and spare as Greek epigrams or as forceful and repercussive as the *Concord Hymn*, and you have lyrics in broken accents: soliloquies that rise out of sleep or trail off in unspoken longings — where the modulated meter follows the thought; you have the balladry and jingling of folk-songs, and you have set-pieces like *To a Noble* (in the meter and rhyme-scheme of Boileau's epistles) of a rhetorical solidity and brilliance that equals anything in Pope or the Romans; you have airy little ribaldries like the *Tsar Nikita*, informal discursive poems like *Autumn* that are like going to visit Pushkin for a week-end in the country, and forgings of fierce energetic language, now metallic and unmalleable, now molten and flowing, like *The Upas Tree* and *The Prophet*. You have, finally,

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dramatic lyrics like *The Fiends* and *Winter Evening*, for which it is hard to find phrases or comparisons because they are as purely and intensely Pushkin as *Furi et Aureli, comites Catulli* — is purely and intensely Catullus or *Sweeney among the Nightingales* Eliot.

As for the texture of Pushkin's language and its marvelous adaptation to whatever it describes, one is helpless to give any idea of it without direct quotation from his poetry; but a passage or two may be mentioned in which the patterns and motifs must be obvious even to readers who do not know Russian. *Count Nulin* is a little tale in verse which Pushkin said he wrote to show that the history of Rome might have taken quite a different turn if Lucretia had slapped Tarquin's face instead of submitting to him. The poem is relatively light, yet artistically it is perfect; a genre picture of country life as accurately and vividly sketched as any episode in a Russian novel. Here is the passage in which the slap occurs. The Lucretia is a landowner's lady, and the Tarquin a fashionable traveler returning to Russia from France.

No tut opomnilas' ona,
I chestnoy gordosti polna,
A vprochem, mozhet byt', i strakha,
Ona Tarkviniyu s razmakha
Daet poshchechinu, da, da!
Poshchechinu, da ved' kakuyu!

Sgorel graf Nulin ot styda,
Obidu proglotiv takuyu;
Ne znayu, chem by konchil on,
Dosadoy strashnoyu pylaya,
No spitz kosmatyi vdrug zalaya,
Prerval Parashi krepkii son.

But here she recovered herself, and, spurred by chaste pride, and perhaps by fear as well, she gives Tarquin a swinging slap — Yes, yes! — And what a slap!

Count Nulin burned with shame to swallow such an insult; I don't know what he might have done, consumed with dire chagrin, if the woolly Spitz had not begun to bark and waked Parasha from her heavy slumber.

The word for *slap* here is *poshchechina*, but the actual impact of the slap is conveyed by the first syllable of *daet*, and the *da, da!, yes, yes!* at the end of the line, and reinforced by *da ved'* in the next line. Then it goes on stinging in the lines that follow, the *da* cropping up again in the last syllable of *styda, shame*, and fading somewhat but still clearly perceptible in *obidu* and *dosadoy, insult* and *chagrin*, all these words thus referring by their meaning to Nulin's injured feelings and by their sound to his tingling cheek. In the last two lines the lap dog begins to yap in the alternating *p*'s and *k*'s, which have already been prepared for by the consonants in the description of the earlier shock. Another charming example is in *The Tale of the Tsar Saltan*, when the brave little prince, adrift with his mother, begins his appeal to the sea: —

"Ty, volna moya, volna!
Ty, gul'liva i vol'na" . . .

"O thou, my sea, my sea!
So indolent and free" . . .

Here the *v*'s alternate with *l*'s, and the soft *l*'s alternate with hard *l*'s. The rhyme words — *sea* and *free* — are identical except for this difference in the *l*'s. Pushkin here uses metonymically the word for *wave* for *sea;* and the whole effect is smooth and undulating like the movement of a gentle swell. It is curious to note that Pushkin has here hit upon the same combination both of consonants and of vowels that Pope, in *Windsor Forest*, has used for his line on the eel: —

The silver eel, in shining volumes rolled . . .

and that these same combinations occur in the Seventh Book of the *Aeneid* where Virgil describes the serpent gliding about on the body of Amata: —

Ille, inter vestis et levia pectora lapsus,
Volvitur attactu nullo, fallitque furentem,
Vipeream inspirans animam; fit tortile collo
Aurum ingens coluber, fit longae taenia vittae,
Innectitque comas, et membris lubricus errat.

It is characteristic of Pushkin that both these passages should owe their vividness primarily to the representation of *movement*. Movement is a specialty of Pushkin's. He can do sounds, landscapes, personalities, and all the other things, too; but there is probably no other poet since Virgil, with his serpents, his limping Cyclops, his wheel of Ixion, and his armies moving off, who has this sense so completely developed as Pushkin; and the control of the consistency and pace of the hexameter can never give the freedom for such effects that Pushkin finds in his rapider meters. The flood in *The Bronze Horseman*, the ballet-girl in *Evgeni Onegin*, the hawk that drops on the chicken-yard in *Ruslan and Lyudmila*, the cat in *Count Nulin* creeping up and pouncing on a mouse — Pushkin is full of such pictures of actions that seem as we read to take place right before our eyes without the intervention of language.

And this natural instinct for movement is shown in another way in the poet's command of the movement of his verse and the movement of his play or his story. I have spoken in an earlier article of the timing of Russian fiction. The timing in Pushkin is perfect. He never for a moment bores you, yet

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— touching on nothing, however briefly, without some telling descriptive stroke — he covers an immense amount of ground. The one hundred and seventy pages of *Onegin* take us through as much of life as many Victorian novels, and give us the feeling of having lived it more intimately. A Russian lady once told me that when she had looked up *The Gypsies* after not having read it for many years, she was surprised to find how short it was: the impression left in her memory by this succession of ten little scenes had been that of having gone, like the hero, to wander a long time with a caravan. In the case of a writer like Flaubert, for example, we *see* a story take place: it is a panorama reeled off before us, and its pace is the pace of the showman. With Pushkin, we *live* the vicissitudes of Aleko as we live the campaigns of *War and Peace*.

3

But what of Pushkin's larger themes? I should have neither the space nor the confidence to deal with his creations and their meanings. But a foreigner who reads Pushkin for the first time in his forties may derive from his very inexperience one advantage that balances a little the handicaps he suffers from the inadequacy of his Russian. It would be interesting to come upon Shakespeare and to read him all through for his intrinsic interest without ever having studied him at school; and the Russian who has memorized *Poltava* at the same age when English-speaking children are learning *The quality of mercy* . . . may never be able to rid himself of preconceptions about Pushkin as national poet that actually obscure his understanding of Pushkin as critic of life. Having got out of *Evgeni Onegin* what he was capable of getting in his school-days, he will continue to remember it all his life as a simple and improving story for well brought-up young men and women. One even finds reactionary Russians writing about *The Bronze Horseman* as if it were simply a glorification of the ruthless authority of Peter the Great, to which the lives of Evgeni and his sweetheart are quite properly sacrificed; yet this is a great deal more obtuse than it would be for an Englishman to see only the patriotism in *Henry V* and not realize that the frustrated Falstaff is more interesting to Shakespeare than Henry. I heard recently at a Russian meeting in celebration of the defense of Leningrad a speaker quote Evgeni's defiance of the statue: "Where dost thou gallop, haughty steed? — And where wilt thou plant thy foot?" — as if it were a battle-cry, and as if it had never occurred to him that the whole point of Pushkin's poem is that the hoof of Peter's charger has crushed the Russians as well as their enemies.

That hoof was hanging over Pushkin all through his later work. It was one of the elements of the complex doom which closed in on him and cut him down — though this doom, like the doom of Aleko in *The Gypsies*, depended upon Pushkin's personality, too. The events that resulted in Pushkin's death make one of the queerest and most disquieting stories in the whole of literary history — a story perhaps more dramatic than anything Pushkin ever invented;[1] and it would provide one of the most fascinating problems for which literature offers the opportunity, to try to explain Pushkin's writing and these happenings in terms of one another. I am by no means prepared to undertake the explanation, but I am certain that, as Pushkin perfects his art, as he sharpens the profile of his style and intensifies his concentration on human personalities and relations, he is reflecting ever more clearly the internal and external conflicts in which he finds his spirit involved. Aleko, who flees to the gypsies from the organized social world, but finds himself eventually driven to commit among them the same kind of crime that has originally made him an outlaw, and so becomes outlawed by the gypsies themselves; the clerk of *The Bronze Horseman*, who loses all he has in the flood and yet pays for his rebellion with madness; the young guardsman in *The Cottage in Kolomna* who dresses as a woman and works as a cook; *The Nigger of Peter the Great* who can never make up for his blackness; the young mountaineer in *Tazit* who refuses to avenge his brother and allows himself to be made a pariah; the prince in *Rusalka* who marries a princess only to be alienated from her by the enchantments of his earlier love, a miller's daughter turned water-nymph; the merchant's son of *Scenes from the Age of Chivalry* who is persuaded by the knights to take service with them and then finds that he has become their menial — all are the images of Pushkin's false position between the old nobility and the new, between the life of society and the life of art, between the tsardom and the instincts of modern thought, between marriage and the man for himself.

Yet in these dramas the whole situation is usually seen so much in the round, the presentation of opposing forces is so little obscured by animus, that it becomes almost impossible to say that the poet is on either side. In *Onegin* the clever but sterile Evgeni envies the stupid Lensky for his idealism, his poetry, and his capacity for love, and man-

[1] It has been interestingly told by Mr. Ernest J. Simmons in his biography of Pushkin.

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ages to kill him in a duel; in *Mozart and Salieri* the academic composer envies the genius and poisons him. Both themes are obviously the reflections of something that has been deeply experienced by Pushkin and on which he might have brooded with bitterness; yet he handles them in such a way that there is never any melodrama involved: Lensky is extremely sincere, but foolish and perhaps a bad poet; Salieri is a villain, but he states his point of view with so much conviction and dignity that we almost come to respect him. The emotion that we get from reading Pushkin is something outside the picture: it is an emotion, half comic, half poignant, at contemplating the nature of things. He gives us the picture created by art — and this is to a considerable extent true even of his personal poetry — and refrains from other comment (his digressions in such stories as *Evgeni Onegin* and *The Cottage in Kolomna* always have an artistic value that is different from their ostensible purpose).

We always feel, thus, in reading Pushkin, that there is something behind and beyond, something we can only guess at; and this makes his peculiar fascination — a fascination which has something in common with the inexhaustible interest of Shakespeare, who seems to be giving us his sonnets and *Hamlet* and *Lear* and the rest as the moods and dreams of some drama the actuality of which we never touch.

> Others abide our question. Thou art free.
> We ask and ask: Thou smilest and art still . . .

Pushkin smiles, but he is never free in the sense that Shakespeare in the end is free, and he has always in relation to his art a seriousness and an anxiety of one who knows the night is coming. As his mind grows in clarity and power, the prison of the world grips him tighter; and his final involvement and defiance and defeat are themselves a projection of the drama which is still always behind and beyond.

THE EDUCATION OF A QUEEN

by WILSON HARRIS

1

THE people of Britain are beginning to take a growing interest in the personality of their future Queen — only beginning, because so far Princess Elizabeth's life has most rightly been spent in her home rather than in the public eye, and her future subjects know relatively little of her, apart from the admirable broadcast talk she gave some three years ago to the children of the Empire, at home and overseas, when she was only fourteen. Now that the Princess stands on the threshold of public life, both they and persons in other lands who watch the fortunes of the British Royal House may feel some natural desire to know how she is being prepared for the high office that will one day be hers; and the Queen has shown a gracious readiness to make available such information as is requisite for that purpose.

Princess Elizabeth will be eighteen on her next birthday. How does her education compare with that of an American girl of the same age? And how does it compare with that of Victoria, who was also educated to be a queen? For an answer we turn to WILSON HARRIS, the editor of the *Spectator*.

It is more than a century, though not much more, since a girl of seventeen stood first in succession to the Throne, and some comparison between the heir-presumptive of that day and the heir-presumptive of this is not only inevitable but instructive. What part Princess Victoria's native qualities, and what part the training she received, played respectively in fitting her for the great responsibilities she so greatly sustained is not to be precisely estimated. What is certain is that, with one arguable exception, she was the greatest Queen Britain has known, and one of its greatest sovereigns.

Yet in all but one respect — a childhood shadowed by a war which has cut off the opportunity of foreign travel at an age when its educational value would be great — the advantage is with the Princess of today. First and foremost, she is far more fortunate in her parentage and early surroundings. The Duke of Kent, Princess Victoria's father, had his qualities, but all his associations were German, and his wholly German wife was a well-meaning but limited woman. The secluded household at Kens-

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ington, then well outside London, was permeated by the influence of the German Fräulein Lehzen, the German Prince Leopold (the Duchess of Kent's brother), and the half-German Baron Stockmar — not the happiest atmosphere for the nurture of a Queen.

Princess Elizabeth was born in a house in a London street, and spent most of the first ten years of her life in a house in another London street, Piccadilly, with cars and buses and taxis — all that makes up the swift and shifting life of London — speeding ceaselessly past its windows day and night. It was the comfort of an English home like a thousand others, rather than the luxury, or imagined luxury, of a palace. There the Princess was taught to read by her mother. Till she was seven her education was confined to reading and writing (Princess Victoria was tutored in the latter by the writing-master of Westminster School), French, the piano, and dancing. Then Miss Crawford, Scottish, an Edinburgh graduate, well-traveled, a lover of fresh air and exercise, was brought south to institute a very different tutelage from that exercised over the Princess of the 1820's by Fräulein Lehzen.

But King George's two daughters — for Princess Elizabeth is happily not, like Princess Victoria, an only child — are well-provided also with teachers of special subjects, such as French, German, and music. Princess Elizabeth today reads history with the Vice-Provost of Eton, on the basis of such works as Trevelyan's *History of England*, which could not be improved on, and Muzzey's *History of the United States* (how many English girls of seventeen read any American history at all?), together with European history in outline. In Biblical history Canon Crawley, of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, has been her guide. A natural linguist, she speaks French and German fluently and with an excellent accent. She has read some Molière, some Corneille, some Daudet, and she knows many of "Les Cent Meilleurs Poèmes Français" by heart.

The Princess's explorations in the field of English literature are of greater interest and perhaps of greater significance. Time for reading at large is limited, for the formal educational regimen is treated seriously. But in or out of "school hours" she has read most of Shakespeare; *The Canterbury Tales;* a good deal of Coleridge, Keats, Browning, and Tennyson; some of Scott, Dickens, Jane Austen, Trollope, and Robert Louis Stevenson; while in lighter moments she turns to Conan Doyle (I hope *The White Company* as well as *Sherlock Holmes*), John Buchan (I hope *Montrose* as well as *Greenmantle*), and, before he brought dishonor on his name, P. G. Wodehouse (whose hold was as potent over a Prime Minister of seventy as over a Princess not seventeen).

That is a wide and wholesome range that would provide a sound basis of literary knowledge and taste for any girl in her last year of school. Compare Princess Victoria writing (when on the verge of seventeen) to Uncle Leopold about Sully's *Memoirs*, in which she finds "a great deal that applies to the present times," and, a little earlier, about Russell's *Modern Europe* and Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*. The advantage again is with our Princess of today.

But life has more sides than the literary, and no picture of the Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret would be just if it neglected the delight they take in riding and swimming, in music and singing, in holidays on the moors round Balmoral and — at the spot in the country to which they moved from London early in the war — the production of a pantomime, an enterprise which has been both achieved and repeated. Here in some respects heredity can be traced; Princess Victoria was a skillful horsewoman, a good musician, and a singularly keen dancer. But there is no reason to suppose that she was a swimmer, and much reason to suppose that she was not. Princess Elizabeth was professionally taught, passed her life-saving tests and gained her badges at the Bath Club, and finds water — with pennies to dive for and the crawl stroke to practice — a hardly less natural element than air.

As is generally known, she was a Guide (the girls' equivalent of Boy Scouts) for years — till the war as member of a company composed mainly of children living in the Royal Mews at Buckingham Palace, and since then in the country, where local children, and others from an evacuated school, form the nucleus. Now the Princess is a Sea Ranger — most Guides become Rangers when they are about sixteen — and gets manifest interest and enjoyment from the weekly meetings. The scope of the Rangers is wide. A system of war training has been developed, known as the Home Emergency Service, which includes First Aid and Home Nursing, Child Welfare, and various forms of Civil Defense. Princess Elizabeth is concerning herself particularly with the last, and acquiring incidentally a good all-round knowledge of electricity.

She listens regularly to the radio and follows the war news closely. In that connection another parallel suggests itself. "Strong sympathy with the Army is a main characteristic of her career," wrote Sir Sidney Lee of the Princess Victoria. "Another trait in the Princess's character," writes one who knows Princess Elizabeth well, "which certainly

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comes down through generations on the King's side, is her love of the Army and its tradition" — in particular, naturally, of the Grenadier Guards, of which she is Colonel.

2

Such has been and is the childhood of Britain's future sovereign. As has been said, it is right that her future subjects and others should know something of it, enough to assure them that the Princess is being fitted in body and mind against the day — still, it may be hoped, far distant — when the vast responsibilities that attach to the headship of the British Commonwealth will rest on her. A constitutional sovereign's office is no sinecure. There are always State papers to master. Decisions of great moment may be called for. Resignations of Ministries have to be accepted, involving an invitation to someone, not always plainly indicated by circumstance, to form a new Cabinet. King George V, the moment he succeeded, had to grapple with an acute political controversy.

These are not contingencies for which a girl of seventeen can or ought to be specifically prepared. It is enough that she should acquire a working knowledge of the history and constitutional practice of her country, and that her character should develop a quiet strength that can be drawn on as need arises. But that belongs to the Princess's inner life, about which it would be an impertinence to say a word.

Of her outer life we know something — as, for example, that she was confirmed at Windsor in March of last year — and we shall know more as the moment approaches when she will be appearing more often with her parents, or even without them, on public occasions. If it be asked, as it well may be, how the Princess's official coming-of-age when she is eighteen, next April, will be commemorated, the answer is, I believe, that no decision at all about that has yet been taken.

A great deal will depend on whether Britain is still at war in Europe. Precedent does not help much in any case. On the like occasion in the Princess Victoria's life the celebrations took place in the village of Kensington, where she spent her childhood. The Corporation of the City of London presented an address to her, and the King gave her a grand piano and a State ball (which he did not attend himself). He also offered her an independent household, but her mother promptly vetoed the idea. It may be taken as certain that no question of that will arise in Princess Elizabeth's case. Family ties are strong in the British Royal House, and she is not likely to separate herself from her parents while they both live, except in one eventuality, of which there is no sign or suggestion yet — a marriage which in the unfolding of time will give Britain a Prince Consort again.

Legislation under process of being enacted provides that the Princess may, as soon as she reaches the age of eighteen, sit on a Council of State such as is appointed to discharge the King's functions whenever the sovereign himself is absent from the Kingdom.

That relatively little has been known of the Princess hitherto is matter for satisfaction rather than regret, for it means that her childhood has been wisely guarded and sheltered, and her personality allowed to develop as it would, unstrained by any undue consciousness of status. The "fierce light which beats upon a throne" probably oppresses King George, and oppressed his father, little; but youth should be spared that white illumination so far as may be. The Princess may have years of service as heir-presumptive before her. She may at any moment by the caprice of fate be summoned to the most exalted position in the greatest Commonwealth in the world. Enough is known of her upbringing to show how well the preparation for either lot has been achieved by a training that has never threatened to dim the freshness or mar the simplicity of her girlhood.

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» Where does the American farmer fit in our industrial society of tomorrow? Will only "big" farmers survive?

TOMORROW'S FARMER

by ARTHUR MOORE

1

THE farmer would not be human if he did not get a wry satisfaction from the way people ask about the state of his crops and the health of his cows. He has a feeling that war conditions pretty much prove the importance of farmers. Actually, they only prove the importance of food.

If there were a better way of getting food, the American farmer as we know him would disappear. Quotations from the eighteenth century about the farmer's being the bulwark of democracy, and arguments that on the side they rear healthy children, would not hold long in a country where food must be rationed in war and where, over the years, millions have suffered from malnutrition. The farmer's claim to a place in an industrial economy rests on his skill as a food producer. But through an error heavy with potential harm for the whole country, his spokesmen are conducting themselves as though his claim were based on political power.

With the cry, "Union labor is your great enemy," the farmer is being led to factional government and factional economics. His leaders fan the farmer's suspicions of an industrial society. They play on his fear that there is no place for farming on a basis of natural economic equality. His only defense, they tell him, is a more powerful political lobby, a more intensive class struggle. But if the farmer is committed to a contest with labor, using pressure politics as a weapon, he will eventually find himself outvoted, out-pressured, and reduced to the status of a conquered foe.

For a time his lobby would continue to dominate a large bloc of Senators and Representatives just as it has in the Seventy-eighth Congress. But the population trend is against him. Between the census of 1930 and that of 1940, four states left the rural column. An estimate based on ration book distribution indicates that war industries have taken 5,600,000 persons from rural and small-town areas — a hint of what a post-war industrial boom would do to the farmer's voting strength. Even now a rigid anti-farmer vote would defeat him in every state but four.

The farmer would not be the only loser in such a contest. It could hardly take place without lasting harm to the soil and its fertility. A wise, far-seeing food policy is not likely to be formulated in the midst of a class struggle, particularly by a nation whose history has been one of waste and extravagance. Statesmanship is needed if we merely are to preserve our food resources. If they are wasted in internal strife, the cost will be irreparable.

Great as this price would be, sheer indifference to the farmer's troubles might be just as expensive. Like the rest of the country, when the farmer thinks of hard times he thinks of the 1930's. The depression he should never forget was that of the 1920's. Then he stood alone against falling farm prices and rising costs. The rest of the country looked in the garage and saw a car, into the pot and saw a chicken. With the signs of industrial prosperity everywhere, the farmer was brushed off as a habitual complainer. He had to take everything which the soil could be made to give, and had nothing to put back to preserve its fertility.

It is not a catastrophe like the 1930's, but the long, grinding decline of agriculture under an unwise food policy, that holds the greater danger to the farmer. A period of industrial prosperity after the war might well breed another decade of indifference. So long as the farmer depends on his fading political power as his chief prop in an urban society, he must risk this, just as he invites certain defeat if he challenges labor to a finish fight.

Yet he need not follow his political leaders to indifference or defeat. The same economic forces which reduce his purely political strength increase

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Working from a vantage point in the corn belt, ARTHUR MOORE is well situated to make these pithy findings on what the farmers are thinking and why. He is editor of the *Daily Pantagraph* of Bloomington, Illinois. Readers will remember his article in the August *Atlantic*, "Why Farmers Fear the Peace."

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his economic usefulness. The longer the assembly line, the more essential is the man who feeds it.

Then why do not the farmer's spokesmen state the case for agriculture in this way and rest upon the good sense of the country? They do not, it seems to me, because they are not certain how to put it or what the answer would be. They are imbued with outworn concepts of farming, holdovers from frontier agrarianism. Many of them apparently do not comprehend the changing status of agriculture. They seem to think it means ruin because, by nineteenth-century percentages, agriculture occupies a smaller place in the nation. They strive for restoration of frontier statistics when the farmer's welfare lies in the industrial future. They think like frontier agrarians when the farmer must live with men who wear union badges and Kiwanis buttons.

No nation with our skill in government would embark deliberately on a food policy which some day would curtail industrial output and begin our decline as a great power. To make the wiser policy clear, we have need of a new agrarianism which will state agriculture's case in terms of an industrial food policy.

Like the old, the new agrarianism would not constitute any particular legislative program, marketing device, or price-control scheme. It would be a cluster of attitudes and deep convictions. If it should come it would be as folk-beliefs come, from a thousand little springs. It would not come as a constitutional amendment, or as a resolution before some convention, or because country newspaper editors write about it.

I only suggest here some of the attitudes it might include, the influence it might have on our political and economic future, and the instrument by which it might be advanced.

2

An agrarianism for our time would put food ahead of farmers. Food accepted casually in peace becomes of absorbing interest when war flavors it with rationing, shortages, and high prices. Worry lest supplies fail altogether becomes acute and leads to the most extravagant predictions of disaster. But if the people understood the true relation of food to an industrial economy, their concern about it during war would differ only in degree from their concern about it during peace.

There is nothing paradoxical in the idea of an industrial agrarianism. It would be a farm policy to assure a continuous supply of nutritious food raised by a relatively few specialists so that the rest of the working force could be in factories.

The idea of continuous industrial progress is a delusion unless it is combined with a permanent, high-production world agriculture. If agriculture were allowed to decline, the operators of drill presses and cranes some day would have to leave their machines to grub turnips from some gullied hillside. Food for workers is the first and most important raw material, whether it be for steel in Pittsburgh, textiles in Tennessee, or bombers in San Diego.

A realization of this fact would allay the fears of an industrial society which the old agrarianism fosters. It would make the indispensability of food production so clear that the farmer no longer would doubt himself. He would no longer suspect that an industrial world was plotting to do without him. He would know that, so long as he was the most efficient means of producing nutritious food and the most effective guardian of the nation's soil, his usefulness could not be denied.

That is why the farmer should foster the idea that food is more important than he is himself. Let him direct the spotlight away from the backward-looking, factional remnants of the old agrarianism, and he will find his cause in more tender hands.

The point of view which puts food first is in no way degrading to the dignity or worth of farming. It is no reflection on the medical profession to say that human life comes before doctors. And Samuel Butler meant no reflection on the hen when he said, "A hen is only an egg's way of making another egg." What if some outraged elder agrarian does protest, "Then a farmer is only a bushel of corn's way of producing another bushel of corn." The man who bases his claim for a livelihood on this skill is more valuable and is more to be respected than one who demands a living because he has a "right" to it under the standard of an outworn philosophy.

An agrarianism for our time would treat the soil as a national trust. There already has been progress toward this attitude as a result of the evangelism of Dr. H. H. Bennett and his aides in the Soil Conservation Service. The unlimited-land complex is fast disappearing. Farmers readily join conservation districts, and more each year plow on the contour. In Ohio, soil conservation already has reached the status of a public conviction, with industry joining farmers to protect the interests of both.

The work of soil scientists is revealing that horses grazing on mineral-starved lands suffer from bone diseases and uncertain reproductive powers. They

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are waiting for a careless nation to realize that men who live on the products of these soils must expect crooked bones, poor teeth, and a falling birth rate. They want us to look on the soil as something living and destructible. In its own setting of geological time, a handful of fertile earth squirms with life and boils with the chemistry of growth.

To keep it that way requires a sense of guardianship. The farmer who cannot pay his debts or taxes, who repairs the tractor with baling wire, who sees his family go without the niceties of town life and who cannot afford a Sunday suit himself, is not a man to treat the soil as a trust. If pushed too far, he would impoverish the national reserve of fertility. To treat the soil as it should be treated, the skilled food producer must be granted the good things of an industrial economy on a basis of full equality with other skilled producers. There cannot be one standard of living for the town and a lower one for the country.

In the new agrarianism these soil attitudes would work their way into the national consciousness. They would inspire a deepening respect for the land and for the men who stand guard over it. They would bring agriculture to a new worth in the eyes of millions who otherwise would see it as half a dozen pork chops and an argument in Congress.

An agrarianism for our time would accept guidance from the science of nutrition. This guidance would influence the choice of crops and efforts to improve nutrition by maintaining the mineral content of the soil. It would broaden the farmer's interest to include the whole food process.

The farmer would not stand idly by while the products of his skill lost their nutritive value by careless handling on the way to market, or were restricted to relatively few consumers by high costs of distribution. He would come to see himself as the originator of the nation's food supply, but not the only contributor to it, just as he would come to regard food as the basic but not the only contribution to industrial prosperity.

By such steps, the indivisibility of an industrial economy gradually would become one of the tenets of the new agrarianism. It would some day discourage the irresponsible bloc politician who now says, "This looks good for our boys; we'll sneak it over when the city Congressmen are out."

Because of this broad, inclusive characteristic, the means of advancing the new agrarianism must be a leadership equipped to see society as a whole, not as patchwork, and as it is, not as it used to be. Such an instrument is at hand. The wonder is that it has been left unused so long.

3

The farmer's relations to labor unions are as important as his relations to chinch bugs. Under the new agrarianism, the educational system which serves the farmer would put social science on a plane with pest control.

The land-grant colleges and the Extension Service of the Department of Agriculture have served the farmer well in regard to fertilizers, tillage, weeds, and insects. They have failed him when it comes to people. They have allowed the pressure organizations to pre-empt the task of explaining the farmer's relations to the other groups which are part of an industrial economy.

Since the peak of the last war, "annual non-farm income has increased more than $59,000,000,000," according to an article in the national publication of the American Farm Bureau Federation. "It is no secret who is getting the bulk of this multi-billion increase. Organized labor is getting it, aided and abetted by government." In this picture of labor gouging billions from the nation there is no hint that the nation gets anything in return — automobiles, refrigerators, and electric milking machines in peace; ships, tanks, and bombers in war. It is made to appear as a wage increase, not at all as a production increase.

As an interpretation of the national income it deserves a shrug or a laugh. That it could be solemnly propounded in a publication from which thousands of farmers get their impression of national affairs is an indictment of the educational system created to serve agriculture.

Even in a field as close to their specialties as inflation, the social scientists have allowed the dominant farm organizations to hold the stage. While leaders of the chief farm groups have been careful to pay lip service to stabilization, they have sought price increases for one type of agriculture at a time, — corn, cotton, beef, dairy, then corn again, — encouraging the idea that in small groups farmers can obtain inflationary advantage without causing inflation. They appeal to the inflationist who is in all of us so long as it is ourselves against the nation or cotton growers against the nation.

The new agrarianism would have made it easy for the economists to defend the broad view which makes stabilization more to be desired than the inflation spiral. The graphs, the logic, and the farmer's deepest wishes were on their side. They did call a series of anti-inflation meetings last year, but they failed to create the wall of opinion needed to check the price-conscious lobby. Their failure must

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be judged by the farm bloc in the Seventy-eighth Congress. It has been an inflation bloc.

A researcher at Iowa State College wrote last summer that oleomargarine compares favorably with butter in nutritive value and is a more efficient source of fat than butter. A hundred dairymen invaded the campus, demanding the dismissal of the author and five economists associated with him. A committee of dairymen and college officials unanimously recommended that the pamphlet be retracted — and this in a land-grant college whose social science staff was far above the average in courage as well as in ability. Two of the economists have since resigned in protest against this restriction of academic freedom. The new agrarianism would raise social science to a position where a proved fact about nutrition and manpower would be defended with the same vigor as a proved fact about hog cholera.

The purpose of the Extension Service, according to the law which established it, is to "aid in diffusing among the people of the United States useful and practical information on subjects relating to agriculture." A correct understanding of the national income, the dangers of runaway inflation, and the status of butter in a war food program certainly come within the scope of these words. So does giving the correct answer to such catch phrases as "the American market for the American farmer" and "protect the farmer from coolie labor." So does exposing the trick of casually interfering with the law of supply and demand when prices are in danger of going down, but citing it as an irrevocable process of nature whenever prices might go up.

If social science takes up these battles on behalf of the new agrarianism, its struggle will be uphill. College professors and "Harvard farmers" are in disrepute. There is a feeling that before a man can qualify as an expert in agricultural economics he should be able to make a calf drink out of a bucket. The campaign against social science is similar to the anger and ridicule once heaped on the "book farmers" of the physical sciences. Farmers who a generation ago objected to the inbreeding of livestock, on the ground that it was incestuous, were scarcely less indignant than are some farmers today when they are confronted with economic doctrine. Teaching zeal overcame the old prejudices and finally earned the respect of farmers. It can do the same for the social scientists.

An invitation to the social scientists does not mean that the new agrarianism would approve a scholarly form of statism to rule over farms and farmers. Its influence would be in the opposite direction.

"I don't need a book on scientific agriculture," said the old farmer to the salesman. "Right now I don't farm as good as I know how." The farmer would be little different for asking social scientists to his counsels. No miracle should be expected. Certainly none would be achieved. He would not start the day with a page of John Maynard Keynes, followed by family statistics. He would not become a human slide rule, one of six million rural practitioners of the managerial revolution. If nothing else occurred to spoil such an idyl among the ratio charts, his hogs would get sick.

Neither would the farmer, in an excessive zeal to be managed, dissolve his politically-minded organizations. There still would be a frontier of social dispute along which the pressure groups would skirmish. The new agrarianism would not hope to dissolve the frontier, but only to move it in the direction of political and economic unity. When the farmer no longer has need for an organized political voice, then democracy will be silenced, too.

Nor would the rise of the social scientists to a place of leadership mean an endorsement of centralized farming, either by private corporations or by public agencies. A lively debate could be expected, with nutritionists, soil scientists, and economists in a tangle of conflicting claims. From it, the family-type livestock farm would emerge as the keystone of a permanent agriculture, more useful than its most sentimental admirer under the old agrarianism ever dreamed.

The new agrarianism could not be a set of blueprints from above even if the social scientists could agree on the details long enough to draw them. It would be a set of convictions from below. It could never deliver farmers into the hands of social engineers, for by its very nature it would be a people's movement. Its tendency would be away from a planned economy, not toward it. It would push back the realm of the bureaucrat, not increase it. It would regenerate rural life, not manipulate it. It would rescue the social values of farming from a pale and bloodless existence in books and directives. It would make them living ideals in the minds of farmers, beacons of an agrarian philosophy in which the mechanic and the clerk would share.

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CAMP FOLLOWER

We Girls; Sometimes Life Was Wonderful

by BARBARA KLAW

10

When I first came to Gladwyn, the USO club — open for only three months at that time — already had a program planned for Army wives. Three months later, this program had mushroomed into a round-the-clock schedule of events.

This multiplication was due, it was generally conceded, to the appointment of two new Y.W.C.A. workers to the club. One of the women, Miss Gretchen Stoakes, was a small, energetic brunette, who quickly learned not to allow the Salvation Army Major in charge to badger her plans out of existence. With Miss Stoakes leading them, the Camp Hickory wives were soon as much the business of the club as the soldiers themselves.

Never very excited about organized women's activities, I didn't attend any of the USO's clubs and classes for my first few weeks in Gladwyn. Finally I was dragged to Wives' Club, the central event of the wives' week, by a friend, Pat Jacobs.

Pat was older than most of the Army wives. She was a Southern girl who had lived in New York for a long time. Delicate, slim, tall, and dark-haired, Pat was friendly, practical, and salty.

"Come on," she said. "You've got to go. The officials will decide you're living in sin if you don't."

The meeting of the Wives' Club was held in the music room, where the victrola had been turned off, the bridge game temporarily disbanded, and all the chairs pushed to the sides of the room to make a wide circle.

When the room was full, Martha Graham, a pleasant, meek girl who was the club's president, stood up and smiled apologetically while waiting for silence.

"Now, girls," she said, when the racket had subsided, "let's introduce ourselves all around for the benefit of the newcomers." The girl at her right called out her name, telling where she came from, and the self-introductions swept around the circle, the eyes of the group taking in each cotton dress or pair of slacks as the owner announced herself. Five girls in one corner of the room went through a little act of saying their names in unison.

"Brooklyn," Pat told me aside before they stated it.

Martha Graham laughed politely and started to say something, but the introductions had traveled on around the circle. The girls giggled in triumph.

"Now we'll have the business meeting, girls," Martha said. "Mrs. Brookhart has something to tell us today. Mrs. Brookhart is in charge of the handicraft class, as most of you know."

What Mrs. Brookhart had to say was that we should all come to handicraft class. "You don't have to be an artist to make lovely things," she concluded.

"Now, shall we have the hospital committee's report?" Martha said, when Mrs. Brookhart sat down. "As most of you know, a volunteer committee from the Wives' Club visits Army wives in the hospital each week." She looked around for the committee. A small, pretty Southern girl spoke timidly from one corner of the room.

"I guess I was the hospital committee last week," she drawled.

"Will you tell us about it?" Martha prompted.

"Well, I went to the hospital on Saturday," the hospital committee said, "and found that there was only one soldier's wife there. I bought her a potted plant and took it over to her Monday morning, but she had already gone when I got there." The group chortled and the hospital committee blushed. "I know it sounds funny," the girl said, embarrassed, "but what am I going to do with the plant?"

A native New Yorker, BARBARA KLAW attended schools in New York and Connecticut, and was graduated from Vassar in 1941. After graduation she worked with the Office of the Coördinator of Inter-American Affairs and the OWI. Her husband, Spencer Klaw, is now in the Signal Corps.

This is the last of three installments.

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"Why don't you just keep it?" Martha said kindly. "I'm sure it'll look very pretty in your room. Now shall we have volunteers for next week?"

Volunteering was slow; and muttering that someone had to do the jobs, Pat gave both her name and mine for two things — food committee for the weekly luncheon, and hospital committee.

"What are you signing me up for?" I asked.

"Cooking, honey," she said. "It's fun. I don't know about the hospital committee. I've never been on that, but I'd certainly like a potted plant for my room."

The business meeting dragged along, few girls paying any attention. Martha was having a difficult time, and at one point Miss Farnsworth, Miss Stoakes's assistant, stood up and held out her hand for silence.

"Now, girls," she said, including us all in a watery smile, "let's be a little quieter so that we can all hear Martha. With my great big old voice I can shout right over you, but Martha has a little voice, and we have to be quiet to hear her." (Miss Farnsworth, I learned later, had come to the Y.W.C.A. via a public school, where she had taught the first grade.) Pat shuddered visibly.

"I guess that clears up the business," Martha said finally. "And I'm going to turn the meeting over to Miss Farnsworth, who's planned the program for today." Martha sat down, obviously glad to be done with her official duties.

"Well, girls," Miss Farnsworth said, rising and wagging her head coyly at us, "we aren't going to be educational today. We're just going to have a rousing good time. The program for today is a good old-fashioned sing. We'll have to go into the ballroom, girls, to be near the piano, but first let's give Martha a nice big hand."

The clapping was thin, as girls gathered up their purses and put out their cigarettes. One of the Brooklyn girls trilled up and down the scale with elaborate operatic gestures.

Radiating enthusiasm, Miss Farnsworth bounced ahead into the ballroom; and signaling us to gather around the piano, she passed out songbooks.

"Now, girls, I know there's lots of talent in this group," she said. "So I expect some fine harmonizing."

The singing sounded weak in the vast room, many of the girls talking right through the songs.

"Let's have a nice rousing one now, girls," Miss Farnsworth said brightly. "Something that all those nice husbands at camp might be singing at this very moment."

"My nice husband is a complete monotone," Pat observed aside to me.

When we had finished "I've Been Working on the Railroad," the sing was apparently over, for Miss Farnsworth led us back into the music room, where the hard-working refreshment committee served iced tea and cookies, and the meeting broke up. Going out the door, I heard two of the clique from Brooklyn talking ahead of me.

"Tie up your pigtails, Gertie," one of them said. "Sunday school's over."

"Wives' Club!" said the other. "It's all I can do to keep from throwing spitballs in there."

I felt unaccountably depressed by the meeting, but not so scornful as the two Brooklyn girls. Those two, I decided, had had their fill of women's activities.

But to my surprise, they were on hand for the weekly wives' luncheon on Friday, well at the head of the line which formed in front of the serving table. I noticed them frankly appraising the food, and heard them discussing which of two plates had more cottage cheese on it.

11

As Pat had predicted, I enjoyed being on the food committee for the wives' luncheon. It was exciting to plan and buy food, to have a stove and a sink and an icebox to work with.

We met early Friday morning at the Safeway — the town's largest grocery store — to do the marketing for the meal. We carried our tremendous bags of groceries up the hill, and worked hard for two hours chopping eggs for the salad, washing lettuce, peeling innumerable tomatoes. We had the dainty sandwiches and substantial salad ready long before the girls arrived.

"Why, girls, you're just the most efficient bunch I've ever seen," Miss Farnsworth said, poking her head into the kitchen. "Why, everything looks just lovely."

At twelve o'clock, we set the luncheon plates on a serving table in front of the snack bar, and the wives filed past, led by the Brooklyn girls. They selected their food and wandered into the ballroom, stopping to pay their twenty-five cents at the door. We had planned for a maximum of fifty, and sixty-three girls came. We scurried around patching together extra servings, passing plates of sandwiches in the ballroom, lugging heavy pitchers of iced tea.

I didn't hear any of the program which followed the luncheon, as I was busily engaged in washing dishes. However, I had a play-by-play description from Pat as she hurried back and forth, bringing the dirty dishes to the kitchen.

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"Well, the festivities are starting," she reported, as she arrived with the first tray of glasses. "They're introducing themselves."

We heard strains of singing for a while, with occasional sectional songs, like "The Sidewalks of New York," coming out strong. There was complete silence after that, and I questioned Pat on her next trip.

"What's happening now?"

"A speech," she said. "The town librarian telling about the foundation and growth of Gladwyn." She shook her head ruefully.

Another speech followed that one, Pat reported as she dumped a load of silver into the sink.

"Is it good? Who's speaking?" I asked.

"A Mrs. Potter from the Red Cross," Pat said. "I don't know if it's good, but she calls us 'Camp Hickory wives' instead of 'girls.' It's kind of refreshing."

When we finally joined the party, the speeches were over and the girls were chatting at their tables. Miss Farnsworth beckoned us over.

"It was a lovely luncheon, girls, just lovely," she told us. She stood up and held up her hand.

"I've just been telling these hard-working girls what a lovely luncheon it was," she said, using her great big old voice to quiet the scattered audience in the ballroom. "And I know all you girls will want to tell them how much you enjoyed it, too." I felt distinctly embarrassed by the clapping.

When Miss Farnsworth had shaken hands with the speakers and called for one last round of applause to thank everyone for everything, the meeting broke up.

(This particular luncheon, I found out later while doing some volunteer typing for the club, had been "a great success." The program was reported to USO headquarters as "an outstanding example of bringing the townspeople and the Army wives into a state of closer understanding.")

Our next job was the hospital committee. Pat and I, unlike the Southern girl the week before, found several sick Army wives — four of them — and we hurried out to buy them presents before they could recover and check out of the hospital.

"All maternity cases," the nurse told us. "Three babies and a mis." (It took me a moment to figure out that the nurse meant a miscarriage and not an unmarried mother.)

We bought three pairs of baby booties and had them carefully wrapped in the appropriate colors. It was harder thinking of something for the mis.

"Nothing that will remind her of babies, now," Pat said. "Something cheerful and normal." We went to the florist to buy flowers, and settled for the only thing he had, the inevitable potted plant.

"Go and see Mrs. Markowitz last, will you, girls?" the nurse said when we got back to the hospital. "She came out of the delivery room just twenty minutes ago, and she had a hard time."

"Oh, I don't imagine we ought to bother her, should we?" I said nervously. I could think of nothing I'd want less under the same circumstances than a couple of strange women making small talk.

"Oh, you can see her all right," the nurse said casually. "They like company."

We went to see the girl who had had the miscarriage first.

"That'll be kind of grim," Pat said.

The girl, vague and pale, was trying to sit up when we found her room down at the end of a long, badly lighted corridor. There was no one there to help her, and we arranged the pillows for her, and stood uneasily in the cell-like little room, trying to chat normally. The girl's head swayed loosely from side to side as she answered our questions.

"My, what a pretty plant! I certainly appreciate it." She rolled her head toward the bare dresser where we had set it. Her thin shoulders and neck showed no muscle structure as she moved. Her breasts, showing through the bright pink rayon and lace of her nightgown, were limp and loose.

"Well, we've got some other calls to make," Pat said after a while. "We certainly hope you're up and around soon." She spoke warmly and simply.

"Oh, please stay a little," the girl said quickly. "I enjoy talking to you so much. Stay and have a cigarette." She reached for a mashed package, but Pat was quicker.

We lit cigarettes, emptied the girl's overflowing ash tray, and stayed to talk. Pat sat on the bed, and I leaned against a wall. Finally, after half an hour, the girl was obviously tired and we left.

"Lord," Pat said. "The poor kid!"

One of the three Army mothers was apparently nursing her child, for a nurse told us we couldn't come in. The second one was sitting up in bed, calmly reading a mystery story.

"Gee," she said when we had introduced ourselves. "You girls mustn't let on that I've taken a book from the club. I know they're not supposed to leave the building, but my husband brought this down last night. He was sure they wouldn't care if I returned it when I'm well."

We, too, were sure they wouldn't care, and told her so. She seemed strong and cheerful, and we didn't stay very long.

Mrs. Markowitz was lying in complete darkness, and we wouldn't have disturbed her, except that

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she heard us through the open door, and urged us to turn on the light and come in.

Her hospital nightgown was damp and mussed, and perspiration wet her forehead and cheeks. She looked quite ill, and limp with fatigue, but she was shyly happy about her experience, and pleased to see us. We noticed a large bunch of wilting peonies thrown carelessly on her bed.

"I thought it might be my husband when I heard you outside the door," she said. Pat said humbly that she wished it had been.

"Oh, no, I didn't mean that," the girl said quickly. "I think it's wonderful of you to come. But you see, when I went into the delivery room, the doctor thought I was going to have a hard time, and he called out to camp for my husband to come in. I guess his C.O. wouldn't let him, though."

Her gentleness made me squirm with anger at the Army's stupid, needless cruelties. Men could be taken away from their training schools for work details, but their time couldn't be spared to help a wife in the agony of a dangerous birth.

"My husband told me last night," Mrs. Markowitz went on, "that if I was far away he'd probably get an emergency furlough to come home while I had the baby, but being right here, he said his C.O. would figure that coming in at night as usual would be plenty."

I realized that the palms of my hands were sweating, and when I spoke I had to control my voice. It was no time to say what I thought of the Army.

"These are lovely flowers," Pat said softly, picking up the peonies. "Shall I get the nurse to put them in water for you?"

"Thank you," Mrs. Markowitz said. "The lady where I'm living brought them to me. I was still half asleep when she came, and she just put them on the bed, I guess. The nurse is so busy, I hated to bother her."

Pat found an empty pitcher in the next room, filled it with water, and untied the heavy twine that held the blossoms. The flowers looked a little top-heavy in their clumsy vase.

Mrs. Markowitz hadn't seen her child yet, and at her request we tried to get a look at him in the nursery. But the stiffly starched matron waved us away from the little peephole into the room.

Mrs. Markowitz was the last of the Army wives on our calling list, and we left her to sleep and walked out of the hospital.

"I've been in a lot of hospitals," Pat said as we walked down the street, "but never one like that."

"I know," I said. "It's gruesome."

"It's those girls," Pat said. "They're so damned alone. No husbands, no families. Except for Mrs. Markowitz, not even any flowers. It makes me sick at my stomach."

We made the regular hospital committee report to the Wives' Club the next week. We made it brief and somehow meaningless. It fitted perfectly into the whole monotonous procedure.

12

I WENT to a few more wives' events with Pat, who seemed to go doggedly to all of them. We attended exercise class one morning — "guaranteed to put weight on you if you're thin, and take it off if you're overweight." The overweights predominated, and when the class was over they flocked to the snack bar to replenish themselves with ice cream.

I attended one volunteer hostess meeting, designed to straighten out the working schedule at the reception desk, but so little was accomplished that I didn't go again. I never went to sewing class, or the "Better Halves" weekly pingpong tournament, or the bowling club, or the class where an "Arthur Murray instructor" was teaching the girls to conga, and I never joined the large handicraft class.

One day Miss Stoakes called me into her office.

"I hear you wrote that nice little piece for the paper the other day," she said. She was referring to some publicity I had done for the Travelers Aid.

"I thought it was so clever," she said. "I want to ask your advice on a short story writing class we're thinking of starting. Don't you think that would be fun?"

I felt a brief urge to question the word "fun," not only in connection with writing short stories, but in relation to all the wives' activities to which the club officials applied it. Questions tumbled into my mind. Was it to provide fun for Army wives that people donated money to the USO? Were the girls having fun at the women's activities, and did they want fun? But Miss Stoakes was smiling at me expectantly, and I didn't know how to question the good intentions of this woman who made her living planning things for us to do.

"Has there been much demand for a short story writing class?" I asked.

"No, no one's suggested it specifically," she said vaguely. "But I'm sure lots of the girls would come." I wanted to shout that we weren't potential juvenile delinquents who must be kept off the streets: that we were women intimately engaged in a war. I wanted to ask her why the club didn't offer us war work to do, why some of the energy spent entertaining us couldn't be turned toward organizing us for something useful.

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Why didn't we ourselves insist on programs that we could respect, that we needn't jeer at? Why did we encourage the childish activities by going to them? Why did I go? Why did a hundred other grown women go? Why did Pat — sophisticated, sensitive Pat — persist in attending these pointless clubs and classes? I felt suddenly and urgently that I must ask her.

"Well, think it over, Bobby," Miss Stoakes was saying. "We haven't got anything on the schedule for Monday morning, and we've got to think of something." I said that I would, and hurriedly excused myself.

"Where's Pat?" I asked the girl at the desk.

"I think she went to Newcomers' Club," the girl said. "It'll be over in a few minutes."

In a few minutes Pat came out of the music room and sat down beside me.

"What in the world were you doing at Newcomers' Club?" I asked bluntly. "I thought it was for wives who've just come to town."

"I guess it is," Pat said, stretching languidly. "But I never went when I was a newcomer, and I wanted to see if I had missed anything."

"Had you?"

"No," Pat said.

"Look, Pat," I said. "Do you like all these little affairs at the club?"

"I like the girls," Pat said.

"Sure," I persisted, "but do you like the events?"

"Not particularly," Pat said. She wasn't paying much attention to me.

"Why do you go, then?"

Pat realized I was serious. "I hadn't thought about it much," she said slowly, and considered for a moment. "Have you ever seen my room, Bobby?" she asked suddenly. I said I hadn't.

"Well, it has four walls and one window and striped yellow wallpaper." She laughed self-consciously. "I sat in there so much at first that the damn wallpaper started getting on my nerves. So now I spend my time up here instead."

Suddenly she grinned. "I wouldn't say that it was very invigorating," she said. "But it takes up a lot of time. Look at that." She pointed to a clock on the wall. "It's four o'clock. That makes it two hours since I've looked at my watch. Come on, honey," she said. "Stop brooding. Let's go for a walk."

We got up and walked across the floor, past the girls writing letters, past a pair playing checkers, past four girls sipping cokes, past the girl at the reception desk. We walked out of the club and down the hill, away from the dozens and dozens of wives waiting patiently for the daytime void to end.

13

One Friday when Spencer told me that he had drawn KP the next Monday, I was disappointed, for that Monday would be our second wedding anniversary.

"Then you won't be able to get in to town at all?" I asked glumly. I couldn't help thinking of our last anniversary. Four days in the country, and not a uniform in sight.

"Probably not," Spence said. "But what the hell, honey, we'll celebrate Saturday night."

Our Saturday nights were treasured occasions. No ten o'clock bus to catch, no reveille the next morning. We always took off our wrist watches on those nights, and refused so much as to consider what time it was.

We decided that we'd go to Itaska for our premature anniversary party, and arranged to meet on the Itaska bus to save the time it would take Spence to come to the house. He told me that I had better cash a check.

"And Bobby," he said, "wear your white dress, will you?" I laughed and mentally congratulated myself for having washed and ironed it the day before. When Spencer likes a dress he likes it completely, and with predictable consistency he wants me to wear it on every occasion. This dress had headed the request list for the past seven Saturdays.

Saturday was a day of preparation in Gladwyn. At the club and throughout the town, the wives and the townspeople girded themselves for the weekend. The town's beauty parlor was mobbed. Lines of girls waited to use the ironing board and sewing machine at the club. The shops and restaurants opened late in preparation for an all-night trade. Soldiers started trickling into town about noon, quiet and businesslike at that time, shy at having invaded before the regular evening invasion hour. Queues of them which reached out into the street waited at every cleaning establishment, trying to retrieve long-promised uniforms.

Our house, unusually enough, was empty, and I stood out on the back porch where the ironing board was set up, armed with ice water and cigarettes, and pressed uniforms according to GI regulations — pant creases running all the way up to the waistband, and the mandatory Signal Corps creases in the body of the shirt, one down through each pocket, and three down the back. Ironing shirts and pants was a skill I had acquired since coming to Gladwyn and I was proud and particular about doing them right.

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As I was stopping to sew a button on a pair of undershorts, the phone rang. It was Spencer.

"Look, honey," he said. "This is a hell of an unsatisfactory way to do this, but will you stop by the florist's on your way to the bus station and pick up your flowers. They won't deliver. You'll have to pay for them, too," he added ruefully.

Pleased that he had thought of flowers, I laughed at his embarrassment. I was used to paying for things, to doing the errands. I thanked him excitedly.

"Why aren't you at drill, Spence?" I asked.

"Well, I should be," Spence said. "And I'd better get out of this PX before someone starts checking up."

I finished the ironing, washed my hair and bathed, put on my white dress and spectator pumps — on stockingless feet. On my way to the bus station, I picked up my corsage — luscious, deep red gladioli blossoms fastened with white ribbon.

"I hope this is what your husband wanted," the florist said doubtfully. "He insisted on white ribbon, though I prefer the silver myself." I said it was lovely, and pinned it on, enormously pleased with Spencer. He had remembered that I hated silver tinsel on corsages.

It was about 6.30 when I got to the bus station, and already uneven lines of men had formed, waiting for various buses. Some were headed for Itaska, some for places as far away as Tulsa, determined to get out of camp and away from Gladwyn for the week-end. They were gay, mildly rough-tongued, and polite to the girls in the crowd.

Forming themselves into lines was just habit, and actually in this case did little good. For the buses rolling around the corner parked anywhere they could find space, and the first person aboard was usually the one who could run fastest. The soldiers didn't care whether there was room for them in the buses or not. They just wanted to get on, and only by firmly closing the doors could the drivers stop the onrush.

One small, dark, surly-looking private got angry when the door of a bus closed in his face, and he pounded on the glass, arguing with the driver that there was plenty of room. The driver paid no attention, and the men inside leaned out to taunt him.

"See your chaplain, soldier," one yelled, and the advice was taken up like a chant by others.

"See your chaplain, fella! Get a T.S. slip, soldier! Tell it to General Millikin!" The bus pulled out, leaving the angry soldier on the curb.

By this time, I was up at the head of my line, but bus after bus came in without Spencer. I searched them carefully, walking back and forth along the outside to be sure I wasn't missing him, to the amusement of the soldiers inside.

A curly-haired boy leaned out of one bus.

"Hey," he said as I passed. "Won't I do?" I grinned at him, and shook my head.

"Well," he said cheerfully, "there's no accounting for taste."

I finally spotted Spencer on a completely jammed bus — a bus that seemed to be carrying all Itaska passengers, since only one man got off at Gladwyn. I was afraid I shouldn't be able to get on it, but a soldier summed up the situation quickly and tapped the man ahead of me on the shoulder.

"Hey, soldier," he said. "This girl's meeting someone on that bus. How about it?"

"Oh, sure, sure," the soldier said cheerfully, and with a playful politeness he bowed me into the bus ahead of him. I worked my way down the aisle, disturbing soldiers who were sitting on the floor, on camp chairs, and on the arms of seats. The soldier next to Spencer rose to give me his place, paying no attention to our protests. Something about the uniform seems to make soldiers as courteous to wives as they are fresh to unattached females. A girl by herself in Gladwyn was fair game and was cheerfully and hopefully accosted on every street corner, but a girl with a soldier was definitely private property, and was given the utmost respect.

With the unconcern for crowds that we had learned from seldom being anywhere else, we kissed each other and settled down to talk. I thanked Spencer for the flowers, and we admired them together.

"I've got a surprise," Spence said. I could tell by the way he spoke that he was excited. "I was going to hold it till we got to the restaurant, but I can't do it." He paused, and then all in one breath said, "I've got permission to live off the Post."

I was so surprised I couldn't speak. After months of longing for this permission, of angling for it in every way Spence knew, it had suddenly dropped in his lap. It meant no more clock-watching in the evenings. It meant no more going to bed and waking up by myself. It meant being able to lie in bed and read together. It meant being able to smoke a good-night cigarette together in the dark privacy of our bedroom again. After months of missing these things, to me it meant being married again.

(The End)

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BRITAIN AND A MORAL REVIVAL

by LORD ELTON

1

IT IS possible to see the entire history of mankind as no more than a series of brief interludes of peace and prosperity punctuated by the appalling calamities brought about by the vices to which, during every such interlude, man has invariably succumbed.

Certainly the World War of 1914 to 1918, sequel to an era whose tranquillity and prosperity were paralleled only in the age of the Antonines, falls clearly enough into some such category. And the twenty years' armistice which followed it is an even clearer example of that moral regression to which elaborate civilizations are always liable in time of peace, and particularly during the mood of revulsion which follows a great war.

During those years of moral reaction, both in Britain and in the United States most of the speaking and writing was done by men and women who had taken but little part in the labors and sacrifices of the years of war, and for that very reason were in revolt not only against the war itself, but against the ordinary men and women who had won it, and against the simple virtues they had displayed. In both countries a sustained campaign was conducted by a small but highly vocal minority against the tough, fundamental qualities on which not only (as they doubtless remembered) resistance in war, but also (as they certainly forgot) civilization itself, depends. Courage, loyalty, discipline, and endurance, it was generally assumed in these coteries, were outmoded relics of an overexacting past, and no modern need be ashamed to profess their counterparts: bad faith, cowardice, self-indulgence, and surrender.

"Something fatal and subversive is undermining the morale of the nation," said the *New York Herald Tribune* in August, 1941, and the same uncompromising verdict would have been equally true of Britain at any time between 1920 and 1939 — with the proviso, in both cases, that this was a moral *dégringolade* among the vocal few rather than the unvocal many. In Britain, at least, there was during these years a sustained effort to "debunk" (as contemporary jargon phrased it) most of the qualities and most of the institutions which, as another world war has now reminded us, are indispensable not only to an effective war effort but to civilization itself. Thus the British Commonwealth — the only League of Nations which has as yet both organized permanent peace within its own frontiers and gone to the aid of a victim of aggression without itself being attacked — could scarcely be mentioned upon a political platform without a sneer or an apology.

For years fashionable war fiction presented the successful soldier as a butcher, a drunkard, or a Blimp. The war itself was at best "an immense crop of murders." "Punctuality, regularity, discipline, industry are a set of slave virtues," wrote one of our best-known left-wing intellectuals. The family became, for advanced persons, but one more prison house to be broken down. "I am sure," wrote Mr. Bertrand Russell, "that University life would be better, both intellectually and morally, if most University students had temporary childless marriages." "There is no such thing as a moral law," declared Professor John MacMurray in a popular series of broadcast talks.

Up-to-date art became an esoteric chatter between the studios, fatally divorced from average humanity, a sort of code-writing for a few thousand initiates. Imitations of Negro sculpture, engineering diagrams, drawings which suggested the scribbling of lunatics or children, patterns framed upon chance blots or the natural shape of stones, the escapist and inhuman cults of Abstract and Surrealist art, the deliberate unintelligibilities of Miss Gertrude Stein

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A Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, and a member of the Labor Party who was elevated to the peerage in 1934, GODFREY ELTON, 1st Baron of Headington, is one of the most popular broadcasters in Britain and the author of that widely discussed book, *St. George or the Dragon.*

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or Mr. James Joyce — all these and many other strange fashions followed each other in bewildering rapidity from artists who ignored, because they despaired of, the man in the street. Above all, religion, both personal and institutional, was manifestly on the decline.

2

It is not too much to say that we entered the war handicapped by twenty years of propaganda against the virtues needed to win it. How far can it now be said that four years of fighting have enabled us to rid ourselves of the contagion?

At first sight such a question may seem to answer itself. The victory in the Battle of Britain, the heroism of countless ordinary people in the blitzes, the year's solitary stand in defense of civilization — undoubtedly all these are evidence of stout hearts and level heads. Nonetheless, this is by no means the whole of the answer. For "the treason of the clerks" was the sudden decadence of a vocal few, which had not yet had time to infect the unvocal many when once again a mortal challenge recalled the nation to its ancient virtues. And it is conceivable that, despite the courage and vigor everywhere now discernible, the intellectual virus of the interwar years may yet linger in the body politic, ready to reinfect us with cynicism, selfishness, and cowardice when the strain of war is over — or conceivably if the strain becomes too great.

Has there been a real moral resurgence? Are current ideas and ideals of noticeably higher quality? Are the shabby old shibboleths visibly abandoned? Is war transforming us into a nation fit to shape — as, between them, the victors must — the pattern of the new age?

It is easier, of course, to assess the quality of public ideals than the standard of private conduct. Yet the standard of private conduct is integral to our estimate; indeed it would scarcely be an exaggeration to say that in the last analysis no other factor counts. For despite a fashionable illusion to the contrary, moral revival does not mean passing resolutions about a Better Britain. Whatever political nostrums it embraces, a community can never rise above the moral level of the individuals of which it is composed, and there can never be a Better Britain without better Britons. Whatever political and economic machinery be set in motion to abolish selfishness and cruelty in society, they will infallibly return in new guises unless men themselves have ceased to be cruel and selfish. It is proverbially difficult to make men virtuous by Act of Parliament, so that in the long run the public reform of the state depends upon the private reform of the citizen.

It is far from easy to estimate standards of personal conduct, but it so happens that the other day the Archbishop of Canterbury pronounced an opinion on this subject which would, I think, be endorsed by almost all qualified observers. Where patriotic sentiments and the demands of the war effort regulate men's actions, he said, their standards are very high, but in that part of men's lives which is not regulated by the war, their standards are often low. He instanced the increase in the incidence of venereal disease, and the alarming decline in personal honesty. After the last war, he said, we used to point to the fact that it was not safe to leave luggage lying about in an Italian railway station as evidence of the decadence of Italy; today it can hardly be claimed that luggage is much safer in Britain.

To all this it should, I think, in fairness be added that the heroism and neighborliness of the blitzes have been nation-wide, while lechery and dishonesty, although they have undoubtedly increased, nevertheless remain the vices of a very small minority. And there are other personal virtues not catalogued by Dr. Temple — the new simplicity of life and manners, the patience under the burdens of anxiety, toil, and taxation. In general it is inevitably a checkered picture; but especially if it be remembered that the deadliest sin, according to Christian ethics, is not dishonesty, nor yet lust, but pride, the final estimate must be favorable.

And religion, particularly non-institutional religion, has very notably revived. At the universities young men and women, who used to argue about Marx, now argue about God. I was told not long ago by an official of the Ministry of Information that any unknown person who hired the Town Hall at Birmingham and advertised a revivalist meeting could be certain of a full house. Almost every town in the country has formed an interdenominational Christian Front, and has held, or is to hold, its Religion and Life week. Publishers are unable to meet the demand for Bibles. The writings of Mr. C. S. Lewis, an extraordinarily lucid university popularizer of Christian doctrine, are conspicuous best-sellers.

The President of the Board of Education has just published a White Paper on his proposals for educational reform. The two most notable advances which he is planning have both been made possible by this wartime transformation of the moral atmosphere. One is a virtual settlement of the religious problem in the state schools. For the first time since the Act of 1870, effective Christian

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teaching will be given in every state school, and every school day will commence with a corporate act of worship. Parliament, in short, will be asked to recognize that this is a Christian country, and that the schools of a Christian country must provide Christian education.

The other reform made possible by the changed temper of wartime is less obvious but scarcely less significant. In two important respects the Minister intends to broaden the educational ladder of opportunity which leads, by way of free scholarships, from the elementary school to the university. At two important stages the leaders of the future are no longer to be selected by a mere examination in book learning — in which, it may be remarked, in early youth Shakespeare, Cromwell, and Winston Churchill himself would almost certainly have been floored. In various ways opportunities are to be provided for the candidate's school record, as well as his examination papers, to be taken into account. This means that for the first time the prize boy will earn advancement not by quick-wittedness only, but through showing signs of possessing some of the many other qualities indispensable for success in life. Such a change would have been denounced a few years back as evidence of crypto-fascism. Today, thanks to our return to the normal, it is stirring not a ripple of controversy.

3

The picture becomes much more clear-cut if we turn to the ideas and ideals now current in the nation. The tradition of Lytton Strachey, literary progenitor of so much moral defeatism; the tradition of the titter and the yawn; the theme of the once immensely influential *Eminent Victorians*, that almost all achievement is "bogus" and every hero to be debunked — this, in the rising generation at least, is stone dead. At the universities there has been a startling change since 1940 among students. Achievement is admired more than criticism. It is significant that most of the notable war literature so far produced has come from airmen. A high executive of the British Broadcasting Corporation remarked to me the other day that it was still not too easy to find a university man over thirty without some traces of what he called the Lytton Strachey complex, but that in those under twenty-five it is virtually unknown.

This is fundamental to conversion, for a nation which can believe in nothing will certainly achieve nothing. One of the most significant evidences of this change is the steady transformation in the attitude of the nation to the Empire. Before the war there was a widespread apathy, tempered by hostility and rooted in ignorance. For universities and schools ignored imperial history (the examiners for the Higher Certificate set a paper on the history of the German Empire but none on the history of the British Empire) and I have heard a teacher of history at Oxford declare in public that the English went to India to conquer — which is about as crude a factual solecism as to assert that the *Mayflower* sailed in 1783.

Protected by this massive ignorance as to simple historical events, it was possible for critics to accuse the pre-war Empire of militarism — at a time when the Dominions were more completely disarmed than any other modern state save Luxemburg, and when, in the whole of the sixty-odd Colonies, there were less than thirty thousand armed men, most of them in semi-military formations. Even the friends of the Empire defended it with an irrepressible note of apology in their voices.

All this is visibly and rapidly changing. Thus one of the minor activities of the Imperial Institute is to provide lectures on Empire subjects — mainly descriptive and factual — for state elementary schools. Lecturers only go to schools to which they are invited, and whether they are invited or not depends in effect upon the inclinations of youthful audiences. These lectures, which were once a trickle, are now a torrent. Last year the demand for them doubled, and in the first six months of this year it doubled again. These children are not interested in flag-wagging. As the reports from their headmasters and headmistresses repeatedly stress, they want to hear about exports and imports, what social services we are providing for backward peoples, or how exactly it has come about that a Dominion is as self-governing as Britain herself.

In response to a growing demand, the Y.M.C.A. and the Y.W.C.A. are beginning to organize a series of lectures on similar topics for service men and women and for women war workers. Russia and the League of Nations are no longer the chief topics discussed in popular debating societies.

Another straw in the wind is the spectacular growth during the last two years of Empire Youth Sunday. This is an annual religious observance at which young people are invited to dedicate themselves anew to the service and fellowship of the world-wide Commonwealth. Parades and services are held in cathedrals, churches, chapels, and halls, often with some moving ritual or pageantry designed by the neighborhood for the occasion. Before the war, Empire Youth Sunday had a hard struggle for existence. Last year something like 75 per cent

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of all our parishes held some sort of observance. This year the proportion was considerably higher. Here again the emphasis is on the responsibilities of citizens of the world-wide Commonwealth to God, to their fellow members, and to mankind. These young people evidently believe both in their destiny and in their duties.

It is usual in wartime for the intellectuals to retire into the wings; for an intellectual is a person mature in intelligence but immature in character and experience, and it is no use making epigrams during an earthquake. ("Intellectual" is an unsatisfactory label, but Napoleon's "ideologue" means something a little different.) That indeed was the root of the trouble after the last war; Lytton Strachey (*Eminent Victorians* was published in 1918) was voicing the pent-up resentment of an intelligentsia which for four years had been compelled to surrender the center of the stage to its traditional butt — the strong, silent man. In this war too the intellectual inevitably has quitted the center of the stage. But today there is one significant change. Plenty of intellectuals are busy designing a Better Britain, and are scrambling happily for the substantial share of the limelight which still falls upon Planners. There is an obvious advantage in the mere fact that such of the intelligentsia as is not fighting should be thus actively employed, for it is all the less likely to be in the mood to initiate a moral reaction after the war.

The danger in the present cult of the Plan is that we may be tempted to evade the intimate challenge of wartime to our own personal standards in a spate of impersonal blueprints of a Brave New World. This is a temptation to which so far, I believe, we have not yielded. The nation is too busy with the present for many pipe-dreams of the future. It has expelled the pre-war virus from its system. It has recovered its grasp of the simple, traditional virtues. Once again it believes in itself, and in the future.

THE STIRRINGS IN AMERICA

by RUFUS M. JONES

1

EVERY intelligent person in America, even now in the midst of the fighting, is deeply concerned over the type of peace that will emerge when the fighting ends. He is concerned, too, about the creation of the right social, economic, and political structure for the reorganization of the post-war world.

Stable world-orders cannot be built while men and women and children are starving, and there surely is no point in talking of nation-planning to persons who have no home, no fire, and no breakfast. There must be first of all a wise and extensive campaign of relief and reconstruction, actuated and maintained in a spirit of unselfishness, genuine sympathy, and understanding, with no ulterior aims. We need to have our imagination captured so that we see vividly the actual suffering human faces, so that we feel pathetically what hunger does to children, and are moved by the agonies and slow crucifixions of human beings like ourselves, living in the occupied areas of Europe and Asia.

But we need to realize also that there are strange stirrings of hope and expectation already moving across the world. There are unmistakable signs of awakening, and dreams of a new epoch are abroad. There is a surge for freedom and enlarged life in almost all the countries we have been accustomed to consider backward, and all these stirrings of the human heart are prophesyings of great significance. We cannot possibly return to the kind of world that existed between the wars. It is one of the evidences of man's intrinsic greatness that it is just when he seems to be at the end of his human resources that he rises above himself and does what he couldn't. It is quite possible that we may be at the frontier of a new and marvelous epoch.

If, however, these stirrings are to be realized as something more than a vague hope and yeasty dream, the crisis of our time must bring to our lives

The most magnetic of our American Friends, RUFUS M. JONES, in what he has said, in what he has written, and in what he has done, has proved himself a leader in our spiritual community.

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a profound spiritual awakening, resurrection of creative faith. The type of religion I am eager that men should have in this crisis not only brings a vision of relief and enables a person to live triumphantly, with inward peace and serenity amid the stern conditions of life: what is much more, it gives the spirit of man the fortification which is needed for taking up the task of rebuilding the world on a diviner pattern, with a new skyline.

The supreme epochs in the history of the race have for the most part been marked by a fresh discovery of the springs and sources that supply the soul of man with powers beyond himself, and by the breaking in of an Environment of Life beyond the visible skyline — the emergence of the Unseen. The reason these epochs have been unique is that in them man has not only risen beyond himself but he has discovered the sublimity of the reality of God and the spiritual world where he *belongs*. When that happens, there comes into active operation a creative faith that carries everything before it, because *living* has become a joy.

There is a moving story of the early Christian martyrs, who, in an era of imperial persecution, were taken to North Africa and put in the mines there, to toil for the remainder of their lives. With their implements of labor they cut on the walls of the mines the words, *vita*, *vita*, *vita* — "life, life, life." They did not mean life after death; they had discovered a spring and principle of life which made living a thrilling business even in the confinement of the mines.

"Faith," as William James once put it, "is the sense of the exceedingness of the possible over the actual." But it must not be a *tour de force* faith, a lifting of oneself by the bootstraps, a leap in the dark out beyond the solid ground for feet to feel and stand on. No, the faith I am eager to see revived for our crisis must be dynamic, and therefore it must spring out of the actual discovery of the eternal realities by which men live and move and have their being, and overcome the stubborn conditions of their outside world. If there does come a genuine resurgence of this dynamic faith it will be due, I am convinced, to a profounder appreciation of man's inherent possibilities as a spiritual being in direct mutual and reciprocal correspondence with a Spiritual Environment akin to us and for which we were made.

Immanuel Kant, who in spite of his blind spots is, next to Plato, my guiding philosopher, always held that man's reason demands the unconditioned — that is, the infinite and absolute — in every one of its manifold operations: in the realm of knowledge, in the realm of morals, and in the realm of values. There can, he insisted, be no *real explanation* of anything until the mind transcends the limits of what the understanding can describe. And we can go beyond those limits not by making our descriptions more exact and mathematical, but by living our way into the heart of those realities we need for creative, significant life.

Until we discover the way to expand the skyline of life, we shall have a recurrence of cynicism and a return of the sense of frustration. Even if we should succeed in securing the Four Freedoms, and, *mirabile dictu*, should have a world "free from want" and "free from fear," it would not be free from the oppression of frustration. Man cannot be confined in the nutshell of a world of describable basic material elements, and not have bad dreams of futility. We are so made, so endowed, that we yearn beyond the limits, however extended, of a world made up of the earth's crust, the sun, moon, and stars and innumerable vibratory atoms. One of the major troubles of our time, one which has led to our other troubles, has been the attempt to live in a severely "reduced" world, with insufficient scope for the soul to expand its native wings. Where vision fails and there is no sphere for transcendent faith, the people perish, as ancient prophets declared. Vitamins for the soul are as essential to life as vitamins for the body.

2

With all our planning, therefore, for a peace that will last, and for a world-order that will guarantee to all races and colors an essential political and economic freedom, we must not forget to strive and plan and work for a fresh revival of religious life and faith. It is, I believe, even now in process of gestation. I am impressed, everywhere I go, with the large number of eager "seekers" I find, particularly in college and university groups during these last unsettled years.

But they are not easily satisfied. They do not take kindly to traditional and formal types of religion. The historic churches will need to be very patient with this new crop of "seekers." More than that, they will need to undergo a profound transformation themselves before they can harvest this growing crop. But it is a vastly important opportunity. The educational institutions of all the grades could at this stage do much more than they are at present doing to foster this "seeking" aspiration among their students. Where there are teachers, or professors, who are interested in this aspect of life and who know how to speak to earnest "seekers" dissatisfied with substitutes for

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life itself, the movement is accelerated by a natural process. Where there are a wise and understanding chaplain and a warm, creative chapel service, the process is still more accelerated, and the spiritual growth of the students is as natural and normal as intellectual growth.

What is needed more than anything else now in educational circles is a sound philosophical basis for the conviction of a spiritual constitution in man's being as a person and equally in the total structure of the universe; and a sound philosophical basis for a genuinely moral order in man and in the world to which man belongs. There is no genuine scope for life in a world reduced to a "block universe" and a "puppet man" pushed and pulled into action by invisible springs.

The missionary colleges and universities in the Near East and in the Orient have given a remarkable demonstration of the transforming power that a truly creative and spiritually guided educational institution can bring to bear on the lives of its students. Robert College in Constantinople and the American University of Cairo, to mention only two, have been working miracles in the Moslem world of the Near East. The twelve Christian colleges and universities of China explain in very large degree the new atmosphere and awakened spirit of Chinese youth today.

These institutions have not been imparting formal or sectarian religion. They have been interpreting the deeper springs and the higher liberating realities by which men live a rich and significant life. And one result of this immensely important work, and of the heroic spirit of the modern missionaries, is the fact that they will be welcomed back with glowing enthusiasm in all the countries from which the fortunes of war have driven them out. I have visited these institutions, more times and for much longer periods than was possible for Wendell Willkie in one short visit, and I have been stirred with the same enthusiasm as his for their constructive work.

But there can hardly be the great religious awakening and spiritual resurrection I am calling for without the coming of a new stage of insight, sacrificial devotion, and enlargement of vision and aims in the Church, which is composed of the churches across the world. This is the hour for greatness of spiritual power and magnanimous aims in the Church, which ought to be on earth the organ of the Kingdom of God, and the Body of men and women here and now expressing in the world the mind and spirit and will of Jesus Christ.

Whatever happens to our world, we must keep the Church at its distinctive spiritual mission; and if we are ever to rebuild our broken world on right lines for a great future, we Christians must get closer together and we must work together, not as the guardians of a sect, but as vital followers of Christ. The darker the world and the deeper the virus of hate, the more glowing must be our Christianity and the more triumphant the note of our faith.

Martin Niemöller, one of the most valiant Christians in the world, and perhaps the one who has suffered most for his faith, has nobly said: "I have a consciousness that we all belong together as one great congregation of the Body of Christ and we should like to enter the spaciousness of a real Christian brotherhood, which will unite us one with the other and make us free to serve one another." And Kagawa, one of the greatest followers of Christ now on the earth, also like Niemöller in the enemy's country, has been for years working for a united Christianity and for a religion of life and power.

These two men, if they live until the war is over, will be among the foremost religious leaders of the world, working for the unity of Christianity and for a new era of spiritual religion. But we cannot wait for the war to be over. We must have Christian coöperation *now*. We want the unity of the Church *now*. We want the resurgence of a new and creative faith for our supreme tasks *now*. If the churches are not struck awake by the present crisis and the momentous tasks which confront us *now*, they will certainly not be ready for the new and unpredictable situations that will emerge when the fighting ends.

What we need most is a more vital church service, which reaches the deeps in the attenders and refreshes them with a powerful sense of reality. It ought to have the effect that the rising of the water has on a ship in a lock, which goes out for its voyage on a higher level. There ought to come, more often than usually does come, a return to the freshness of life, the joy and radiance which were a striking feature of Christ's life, even though He was consciously moving toward tragic issues. We need to recover that spell of eternity, under which His early followers lived and wrought and suffered. It brought to them, as it always does bring, a new dimension of life, a notable expansion and inner amplitude of being. Here, not in outworn formulations, is the pattern for our new time, and in breathings of the ever living Spirit is the inspiration for the birth of a dynamic faith that will bring a new epoch for religion.

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THE CALIPH OF BOOKS: A. E. N.

by CHAUNCEY B. TINKER

1

WITH the death of A. Edward Newton at Michaelmas, 1940, there passed from this troubled scene the man, who, in America at least, had become the acknowledged Caliph of the book-collecting world. The title, bestowed by Christopher Morley, amused and pleased him, and was, in truth, appropriate enough, for he was not only the inheritor of a great tradition, but a sovereign who by personal influence alone had extended the boundaries of his realm.

He had made the collecting of rare books a popular pastime. He was, moreover, a democratic ruler, who mediated between the man of fabulous wealth, whose aim was to create and leave behind him a library which should send his name down to posterity, and the humblest lover of books who prized his slender stock as a woman does her jewels, but whose expenditure must be limited to the size of a schoolboy's allowance. He bade nobody be discouraged by modest beginnings, but announced, with his sweeping enthusiasm, that he had precious books on his shelves which had cost him no more than fifteen cents, and in which he took even now the same kind of delight as in neighboring volumes worth his estate of Oak Knoll itself.

He despised nothing relating to a book or to the contents of a book, or to the making of a book. He worshiped authors and preserved every scrap relating to them. He saved programs and menus and letters in the sure confidence that some of them would one day find their place in a significant group of documents and books. He was not himself a diarist, but he loved journals and collections of correspondence, and was aware that the surest way to be remembered was not to create or to endow a library (like the millionaire referred to above) but to keep a diary, and write in it daily, tired or fresh, sick or well — doggedly, inexorably.

Newton was perpetually in search of new fuel for his burning enthusiasm. He never forgot an author who had once given him delight, but would suddenly make him a subject of study — begin collecting his works and, as it were, "Newtonizing" him. Only there must be about his career something vivid, something to gossip about, something to quote in order to keep the tide of reminiscence rolling. He recalled with gusto books which he had enjoyed in boyhood, and derived the same satisfaction from discovering the correct "first" of *The Swiss Family Robinson* as from acquiring the original *Robinson Crusoe* in contemporary calf; and, once the discovery was made, he published an essay in the *Atlantic* to prove to all and sundry that this book was a Most Desirable Item, and well worth rereading — and collecting.

The effect of all this on the reader was electric. The victim began to ask himself whether he had not once had in his own hands a book in the "original condition," greatly to be desired today. One could at least look and see. He set us all to searching for treasures up attic. We went to the dirty task — books are only less grimy than coal — of looking through the old bookcase in the cottage at the shore, in the hope of discovering some first edition to write to the Caliph about.

At the same time Newton warned the aspirant not to run about the world looking for rare books on the bookseller's bargain table. The books on the sixpenny shelf have all been sorted by professional hands, and are worth precisely sixpence. Newton warned us that no collector could go far without seeking assistance from the great dealers. He allayed suspicion and laughed at persons who shuddered over high prices. He showed that the men who handle great books must have great abilities. A good bookseller is as much concerned with bibliography

Biographer of the Young Boswell and the editor of his letters, CHAUNCEY B. TINKER is a professor of English at Yale. It was Boswell who introduced him to A. Edward Newton, the best-beloved book-collector of our times.

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and literary research as a graduate student in pursuit of a Ph.D. degree. Are not Mr. Harper and Mr. Goodspeed scholars in their own right?

2

All this excited the dealers as well as the collectors. They had never been kindly treated before, but described as though their one aim were to overreach the customer. Here at last was a writer who defended them and who loved them for the pleasure they had given him. So the names of "my friends" Tregaskis and Robinson and Wells and Drake and Rosenbach and a score of others appeared in every book he published. He made their names famous and their profession enviable. And in this too he was democratic, for he spoke with the same unction of Leary's Old Book Store in Philadelphia as of the famous and rather arrogant shop of Bernard Quaritch in Grafton Street, London, where fortunes have been knocked into a cocked hat in order that a man may boast the ownership of a Coverdale Bible or of a quarto of *Hamlet*. With two of these dealers, alas, he quarreled — for he was not by nature a man of peace — and was once foolish enough to announce to his subjects that he had "retired from the book-collecting game" because of an insult deliberately administered to him by one of the greatest of all the dealers. But it is not easy for a popular sovereign to abandon his throne, nor did any of the faithful really expect him to. It was his punishment that nobody took him seriously.

Newton was at his most picturesque in the auction rooms. There, in his loud checked suit, looking now like Mr. Churchill and now like Mr. Pickwick, he seemed to be the very *genius loci*. The atmosphere of that famous exchange has been described in a delightful sonnet by Mr. Morley, who attended a sale — I believe at the invitation of Newton himself — in the Anderson Galleries, when an autograph letter of John Keats to Fanny Brawne was knocked down to Dr. Rosenbach for eight hundred dollars. Morley gave the MS. of the sonnet to Newton, who promptly reproduced it in facsimile: —

In an Auction Room

Letter of John Keats to Fanny Brawne
Anderson Galleries, March 15, 1920

To Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach

How about this lot? said the auctioneer;
One hundred may I say, just for a start?
Between the plum-red curtains, drawn apart,
A written sheet was held . . . And strange to hear
(Dealer would I were steadfast as thou art)
The cold quick bids. (*Against you in the rear!*)
The crimson salon, in a glow more clear,
Burned bloodlike purple as the poet's heart.
Song that outgrew the singer! Bitter Love
That broke the proud hot heart it held in thrall —
Poor script, where still those tragic passions move —
Eight hundred bid: fair warning: the last call:
The soul of Adonais like a star . . .
Sold for eight hundred dollars — Doctor R.!

Now there has been something wanting at the galleries since the disappearance of the Caliph. The sales, which have of course declined in number and in glamour, have lost their terrifying thrill, and threaten to become a war casualty. Must we, then, bid this book-collecting game a long farewell?

One wonders what Mr. Newton's answer to such a query would be. He has told us that, even in the grave, he would be listening for news of the latest movement of prices in the book-collecting world. If he were here today, he would watch with fascinated interest the currents and eddies in the fluctuations of the great game, and would have pointed out their significance to us while in the very act of rallying the fainthearted and reuniting the scattered forces. He would have reaffirmed, in ringing tones, his faith in the abiding worth and the incomparable and inexhaustible entertainment of English literature. He had shown a generation of booklovers how he derived power and a kind of *vita nuova* from his association with great books. It is hardly too much to say, in the words of an author who was no favorite of his, that he cared and taught his readers to care for the "best that has been thought and said in the world." Within that best he would, to be sure, have insisted on including a large body of highly colored talk about authors — that "biographical part of the literature" which his master, Samuel Johnson, had declared to be his favorite section of the general field. Newton's critics have asserted that his page was highly seasoned with gossip, and that he revived literary scandals long since forgotten; but none of them could deny that he opened to the reader a way of escape from the terror and tragedy of our day.

3

I repeat that Newton would have acknowledged the distressing change that has occurred for all who love old times, old friends, and old books; for in order to ameliorate our condition, it is necessary to look bravely at the slough into which we have fallen. He would have told us, I think, that though our condition is desperate enough, it is not without a certain interest of its own.

The continuous flow and interchange of books, on which both dealer and collector relied for their very

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existence, have ceased. Rare books do, it is true, still leave England on their way to this country; but, on the other hand, English dealers are forbidden to renew their stock by purchases in the American market. Assume, for instance, that a London dealer has an outlet for a group of first editions of Dickens — Dickens's popularity holds on both sides of the Atlantic — he must either acquire them in England or do without. He is prevented from purchasing them in New York, where he could readily get them, because he must not spend British money for American goods. Moreover it is almost impossible for an American dealer to go to England to renew his stock. In the olden days — for they already seem like another era — Mr. James F. Drake made an annual summer visit to London, where he advertised his arrival in the *Times Literary Supplement*, and quietly accumulated books for the ensuing year. He returned to New York in August, when the London "season" ended, and began the preparation of the diminutive but richly laden catalogues which he issued from time to time during the winter. Lucky was the collector who happened to call on Mr. Drake immediately after his return. He walked forth from 14 West Fortieth Street a poorer but a happier man.

Mr. Drake was of course not without rivals in this activity. During the season London was filled with American dealers and collectors, and the great sales at Sotheby's, where a typical British sedateness had reigned for two centuries, were enlivened by the noisier rivalries of transatlantic buyers. I suppose that the sales have, during the past three years, reassumed their native pretense of indifference and austerity. The prices fetched have risen sharply, despite the declining interest of the volumes sold; but the former excitement supplied by the mad Americans is no more. This is perhaps as well, for there are no longer enough books available to supply the collectors who remain active.

The reasons for this unhappy condition are two. In the first place, the old sources of supply are largely closed. The Continent is wholly shut off, and even in England many books are not to be come at, since they have been boarded up in country houses awaiting sale after the war is ended. Many more books, hundreds of thousands of them, have of course been destroyed — a calamity that the passage of time will do little to amend. Some relief will come with happier conditions, but it would be rash to predict the return of the Golden Age. Rare books have become rarer, and there is nothing to be done about it. Furthermore, after the war, there will be an unprecedented demand for books to re-establish libraries that have burned.

The second reason for the shrinking supply of books is of a very different kind indeed. It has been caused by the princely gifts made to the famous libraries of this country, which have received whole collections, usually amounting to thousands of volumes, to add to their already crowded quarters. These particular volumes will never come upon the market again, so that no future bibliophile can have the delight of acquiring the unique pieces among them. This is, of course, a serious misfortune for both dealer and book-collector, and it was for this reason that it was long the custom at the Anderson Galleries to carry on the cover of their catalogues a section from the will of Edmond de Goncourt, which they translated as follows: —

> My wish is that my Drawings, my Prints, my Curiosities, my Books — in a word, these things of art which have been the joy of my life — shall not be consigned to the cold tomb of a museum, and subjected to the stupid glance of the careless passer-by; but I require that they shall all be dispersed under the hammer of the Auctioneer, so that the pleasure which the acquiring of each one of them has given me shall be given again, in each case, to some inheritor of my own tastes.

Beautiful and generous sentiments, these, but they run counter to human instincts no less fundamental than M. de Goncourt's: the desire to preserve the thing which one has created, and to leave it as a memorial behind one. A man who has patiently brought together a vast amount of material relating to a particular author or subject feels a strong impulse to commit it to posterity in unbroken condition, so that its usefulness to future inquirers shall be in no way impaired. There is not one among the dozen of our largest libraries that has not been enriched by bequests and gifts of this kind. The university, institute, or city thus favored becomes the custodian of the public wealth, and the state itself replaces the private collector.

4

Every scholar who is engaged in any kind of original research knows the importance of this development, for he has often been obliged to travel far in order to see an indispensable book or document not to be found elsewhere. He knows what it has meant to go, hat in hand, and with soft flattery upon his lips, to the palace of some wealthy man who has astutely acquired the precious thing.

It is sometimes difficult for such a scholar to avoid a feeling of resentment that a man should have got his hands upon a book of which he knows next to nothing except the title, and of which he can

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make no intelligent use. The visitor goes socialistic on the spot and asserts — quietly and to himself, of course — that he himself has a better right to the book than its titular owner can show; for to the rich man it is a costly souvenir, to the scholar a living voice. Is a book a thing to be read, or is it to be enclosed in a glass case, and "exhibited" like a rare hummingbird for stupid spectators to gape at?

Now most scholars smile condescendingly at the collectors of rare books, whom they classify in a group with the lovers of sea shells and dried butterflies. They wax impatient at the restrictions they encounter in the Treasure Room at the Widener or in the Rare Book Room of the Sterling Library. "Who," they inquire in their petulance, "are these arrogant young women at the receipt of custom who have the assurance to warn a borrower to be careful as they hand out a book to him? What, pray, are the books for?" These indignant folk all talk the same language. Touched at any point on their sensitive hide, they will inform you with a benign smile that they "cannot help feeling that the important thing about a book is its *contents*."

They have no appreciation, and do not want any, of what collectors call "condition." I have had an irreplaceable volume, bound in contemporary calf, returned to me with the cool words, "I am sorry the cover came off. It was loose when I got the book." It never occurs to the culprit to confess that he carelessly dropped it. He is like the cook who informs you that the dish broke itself.

Indeed, a person charged with the acquisition and preservation of material for the use of scholars is sorely tempted to include these same scholars along with dust, dampness, and bookworms as the natural enemies of books. An ardent bibliographer, like a child with a toy, may pull a book to pieces in order to see how it is put together. These proud persons have never denied themselves a theater ticket or a new spring suit in order to buy the rare books for themselves — that is a privilege which they willingly leave for others to enjoy. If an exception occurs, and a scholar does impair his bank account in order to purchase a document he needs, it will be found that he at once becomes more considerate — yes, and more courteous — in his behavior to those whose lot it is to preserve such material for — and from — scholars.

As a matter of fact, scholars are usually very cordially received by private collectors, who are only too happy to find a person who shares their passion for a particular subject. Newton set the fashion of always being courteous to "faculty people," and used to boast of his extensive acquaintance among college professors. His list of favorites began with Schelling (at the top), and went all the way down to the latest recruit at Haverford College. He used to collect us like postage stamps. He understood perfectly what we wanted, and used to leave us alone in the great library at Oak Knoll to work in perfect peace and retirement.

Newton understood that there was no excitement like the uncovering of new information. There is, of course, nothing esoteric about it. All readers of detective fiction, all lawyers who draw up briefs reposing on the study of precedents, all teachers who have to focus the attention of a class on a beautiful line of poetry which an author has recast in half a dozen trial forms, will testify to the truth of this assertion.

I have before me, as I write, a copy of Wordsworth's greatest single publication, his *Poems, 1807*. Mine is perhaps the most interesting copy that has come down to us, for it is filled with all manner of corrections and "trial" lines. I turn, for example, to the famous lyric on daffodils, "I wandered lonely as a cloud," a poem so beautiful that one would think it might have been left alone. But the poet wished to add something to the three stanzas which originally made up the poem. So he began writing at the top of the page the closing lines of the first stanza. The new material is itself altered more than once, but may fairly be represented by the following: —

> A host of golden daffodils
> Along the Lake, beneath the trees
> All dancing, dancing in the breeze
> As numerous as the stars that shine
> At midnight on the milky way
> They stretch'd in never ending line
> Along the margin of a bay
> Ten thousand saw I at a glance
> Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.[1]

Here, then, is the first form of the second stanza of the poem as we know it; and I will add, if I may, that I think line 3 as it stands here is scarcely inferior to the lovely "Fluttering and dancing in the breeze" which is the form that the poet finally adopted.

But this is not the most startling annotation. At the end, below the famous couplet,

> And then my heart with pleasure fills
> And dances with the daffodils,

is written: —

[1] Note for scholars only. In line 2, *Beside* is written over *Along*. In line 3 the second *dancing* is canceled, and the word *vernal* introduced before *breeze*. In line 4 *continuous* is written over *As numerous*. There is an indecipherable correction canceled in this same line.

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Gay as the dancing daffodils
Poor susan

and an inch further down: —

The flowers — the waves — the yellow gleam
All bright and lovely as a dream
Poor Susan
at the Corner of Woodstreet.

Reader, make what you can of that. "The Reverie of Poor Susan" is, as everybody knows, one of the poet's best-known poems in ballad form, printed in the edition of 1800. In some strange fashion, these two pieces, as different in kind as can well be imagined, had become associated in the poet's mind, so that in the final arrangement of his works they appeared side by side among the "Poems of the Imagination."

Do you ask me to explain the relation of the daffodils to the "reverie" of poor Susan? I know, but I will not tell. At least not here and now. For at the moment I am concerned only to illustrate the excitement that a person feels when he holds in his hand a unique document, containing information not to be found elsewhere.

There are many other delightful little problems lurking in my book. I propose to keep it by me for my private delectation, since this copy of *Poems, 1807* is one which I stalked for ten years before it finally fell into my grasping hands. It is now mine, for I bought it with my money, which I might have spent on a wine cellar or a race horse. It shall never be copied or photostated while it is in my care, and I will protect it from all sentimental inquirers, from all dealers and envious rivals, and from all Wordsworthians. Indeed, I shall attempt — unsuccessfully, I suppose — to keep it from such pestilent scholars as may wish to use it for their own vile ends.

THE GOLDEN HORN

by GEORGE H. FREITAG

"THE street festival, the street festival!" everybody passing our house was saying. I stood at a window and watched the people in the summer twilight going to the street festival. It was the beginning of summer in our village; it was the day everybody knew summer had actually arrived, coming up from the south with the robins, coming across the Ohio River from Kentucky, Virginia, all the states in the South, coming to our village in Ohio, coming with soft feet and lilac breath.

I stood at our window and watched. I saw Marjorie Wellman go with her hair tied up in little tails, with soap glistening behind her ears, wearing shoes that showed every toe. I saw Chuck Miller go with his slingshot and his pockets heavy with pennies for ice cream and cake. I saw Mrs. Marvin and all her kids; I saw Grandpa go.

"Grandpa! Grandpa!" I cried. "Take me with you!" But Grandpa could not hear; his cane, clicking on the sidewalk like the cackle of a hen, kept him from hearing. Everybody was going to the Maple Street Festival, but I had failed that year in school and I could not go. Miss Grover, my teacher, failed me, but I saw Miss Grover go. I watched until the street blurred in front of me, until the night came; but when I wiped my eyes I could see again.

My mother was reading by the lamplight in the parlor. My father was in the cellar cleaning the furnace; they were not going to the Maple Street Festival. They were tired, they said, and every year it was the same. They had been going to it every year; it was where they had first met each other, at the Maple Street fair. Now they did not go to the Maple Street Festival any more. They stayed in the house and played old.

My father came up from the cellar, the furnace cleaned. He went to the window where I stood. He put his head out and whiffed in the night air. He

The *Atlantic* printed GEORGE H. FREITAG'S first story in August, 1939, when he was a sign painter by profession. Now he is working on the swing shift in a Canton, Ohio, steel mill, but he still has an eye for the roses blooming in the clay and shale outside his mill, and he still finds time for an occasional story of haunting beauty.

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turned his ear toward Maple Street and heard the sound of music. He began to hum a little tune — a tune we could hear the calliope playing at the Festival. He was like myself looking through our window. I listened to him strumming on the sill with his fingers. With the melody in his throat he brought the calliope to our house. I put one hand on my head, the other at my hip. I did a dance to the tune of my father's song. And he laughed at me and then went to the window again.

"The night air smells like the perfume of an angel," he said.

"It smells like Festival night," I said. "They are dancing in the streets at the square. Hear the clicking of heels and the sound of laughing?"

And it was true; you could hear, you could hear!

My father listened, this time without posing. He simply grew still. "Yes," he said. "Yes, I hear." Then he turned to my mother who was sewing. "Do *you* hear, Mother?"

My mother nodded. "Of course," she said very softly. Then she turned to us. "And why don't you take your son?" she said with the same softness in her voice, working a miracle in her own house, making everything right, and the music more beautiful, and the night a tremendous thing to have.

My failure in school was no longer remembered; at least it was not mentioned. The miracle my mother had made lay like a beautiful gossamer over the rooms, and in that moment her face was erased of all its lines, and she sat not moving in her chair, as if what she had just performed had made her a little tired.

In a moment we were on the street in the summer dark, passing briefly under the lamps of the intersections where the moths played and dust on the road lay freshly sprinkled. My father had lighted a cigar and the aroma of it clung to us as we walked. His new shoes screeched like the song of the crickets and we did not speak. We walked as if little springs had been fastened to our heels, and we leaned our bodies forward so as to be nearer with our ears, nearer to the Maple Street Festival.

In the sky, now, we could see the reflection of the lights, and sometimes we whiffed the odor of popcorn balls and crackerjack; and sometimes the perfume of a beautiful lady passing in the dark, hearing the rustle of her skirt. But we did not speak; we only walked. I held fast to my father's large hand.

And then, at last, we were there, as if a curtain had been raised on a stage letting all the light in, and I had to squint my eyes, had to adjust them to this new brightness that was part of my mother's miracle. The street was filled with many people. The courthouse was alight and on the porch steps sat the old people who had already grown tired. I saw Miss Grover there. The stores were open and there was dancing in the street. A man was selling live lizards to the brave, and toy ones to the others. The live ones cost more and I asked my father why.

"One is not simply brave," he said. "You have to work for it."

He bought me a live lizard with "Maple Street Festival" painted on it. He bought me ice cream and cake. He bought me a ball of popcorn and a pair of brown shoestrings. We threw pennies on a large drum, and a band played the songs my father knew. A girl with a tambourine danced to the tunes my father knew. A man came up with trinkets on his back, playing a golden horn, making merry-go-round music high above the sound of everything.

"What do you have for sale?" my father said, his voice sounding hoarse, trying to rise above every jubilant sound.

The man talked through the horn. And we could not understand what he said; but my father picked out a little shiny horn and held it in his hand.

"It is a beautiful instrument," the man said. "Is it for you or the boy?"

My father smiled. "It is for the boy, not me. I do not play."

My father bought the horn for a quarter. "Let's hurry home," he said, "and play the horn for your mother. She has not come to the Festival, so we must take the Festival to her."

He held the horn in his hand. It shone in the light, was like a little jewel in a ring. We passed from the crowd, and in the darkness again we found it difficult to see. The streets seemed unfamiliar. Our ears were tired and we allowed them to rest. Our eyes were filled with light and we could not see.

"We shall make music wherever we go," my father said. "The music of the Maple Street Festival will live in our house a long time."

But in the darkness our golden horn did not glisten; it lay dead in my father's hand. My lizard squirmed in my pocket.

We hurried now, faster and faster, and I understood that we did so because in the darkness my father was afraid someone would hold us up and take the horn away from us. We seemed to be going like dry leaves in the autumn down one street and another, and once more we leaned forward with our bodies as if against a strong wind, burying our faces into the air just ahead of us. Sometimes we turned and looked back at the lights in the sky showing where the Festival was, and we could hear the laughter and music above the sound of our breathing.

We turned down the little dark street where we

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lived. We went into the house and my mother was sitting in the chair where we had left her. She had performed her miracle and sat now waiting to listen to its sound in her ears, under the strands of her brown hair, wondering what form it would take.

My father turned on one light after another, making the room ablaze with light, so that the horn glistened before us like the communion cup at the church. He settled himself in a chair close to my mother and began to play on the horn, but it did not make a tune; it sang only one note, and that was sour. He tried again and again, then gave the horn to my mother. "Play just a simple melody," my father said. "Bring the Festival home."

My mother blew into the horn many times but no melody came out.

Caressing the red tassel, my father gave the horn to me. "You are young and you have much more strength in your lungs," he said. "See what my son can do." But I could not do it better than the rest.

My father lowered his head. "I have been swindled." He took the horn and went into the cellar with it. We heard the furnace door open and close. When he returned to the room in which my mother and I sat, we did not dare look into his face.

But the next night when my father came home from work he brought with him a young man named Dematti who had beautiful hands and sad eyes, and a voice that was soft and clear like a child's. Dematti worked with my father in the shop and now my father was bringing him home to eat at our table and to talk to him of music, for Dematti was a musician.

After the meal, my father went down into the cellar, and when he came up he was carrying the little golden horn with the red tassel. He was wiping the horn on his shirt, for it was covered with wood ashes, and Dematti nodded his head. "Wood ashes preserve the tone," he said. He placed the horn to his lips, and went up and down the scale. Immediately he brought out a melody of beauty. He played until the perspiration came out upon his face.

Dematti made melody over melody. The music rose to the ceiling and returned. The music crept into our furniture, seeped through the windows into the alley, and down the alley to the street. Children came running with dogs, and old men came, and a cripple came leaning on a cane, and the red sun was going down in the sky, and still Dematti played on my father's twenty-five-cent horn.

It was indeed a long time before Dematti stopped playing. But finally he took the horn away from his lips and breathed a deep sigh, and nowhere was there a sound while Dematti sat down. We were all silent, standing without tongues, looking with awe upon the instrument now resting on the table.

"Please, please," my father said. "Play again, just one more song again!" But Dematti shook his head. He was tired and was now slumped down in a chair. His sad eyes were closed and his long fingers lay across his chest. "Just one more melody," my father said.

But Dematti shook his head. "No, no," he said.

I wanted to tell my father how Dematti had played the horn, but I was afraid. I had been standing close to Dematti and I had heard him sing into the horn like one blowing upon a comb; but I did not want to spoil my father's belief in the horn.

Then Dematti thanked my mother for a fine meal. And my father led him out the front door, for he was a visitor. He had played on our horn. He went down the steps and was like a great heavy coat walking alone, his shoulders sagging, his long fingers hanging lifeless at his side.

My mother and father called after him. "Good-bye, Dematti. Good-bye, good-bye!" And Dematti was gone. The sun had left the sky and it was now twilight, and Dematti was gone.

My father hurried back into the kitchen where the golden horn lay like a tired bird upon the table. He stood and looked at it, his eyes large, his mouth agape. He had forgotten to light the lamp in the kitchen and it was almost too dark to see; but in the darkness my father whispered. His voice was soft and beautiful, like the whisper of the trees outside.

"It has a soul," my father whispered. "It plays. It is a gracious thing. Did you hear it singing?" And my mother coming in said, "Yes, I heard it."

"So I have not been cheated," my father said. "I knew what I was buying at the Maple Street Festival. I am enough of a musician to know!"

He picked up the horn holding it as one might hold a flower, tenderly and with infinite care. He held it close to his cheek, and then with the same tenderness he gave it to my mother.

"Go with it to the china closet," my father said. "Put it with the beautiful things we possess. Keep it to show company."

My mother carried it away; she put it into the china closet with the beautiful things we possessed, the expensive things. But Dematti has never returned, and when company comes on Sundays all that anyone sees is a little tin horn that is rusty and feeble standing on a shelf, for that is all it is. It has never been anything else. And yet when I remember that night Dematti came I cannot be too sure.

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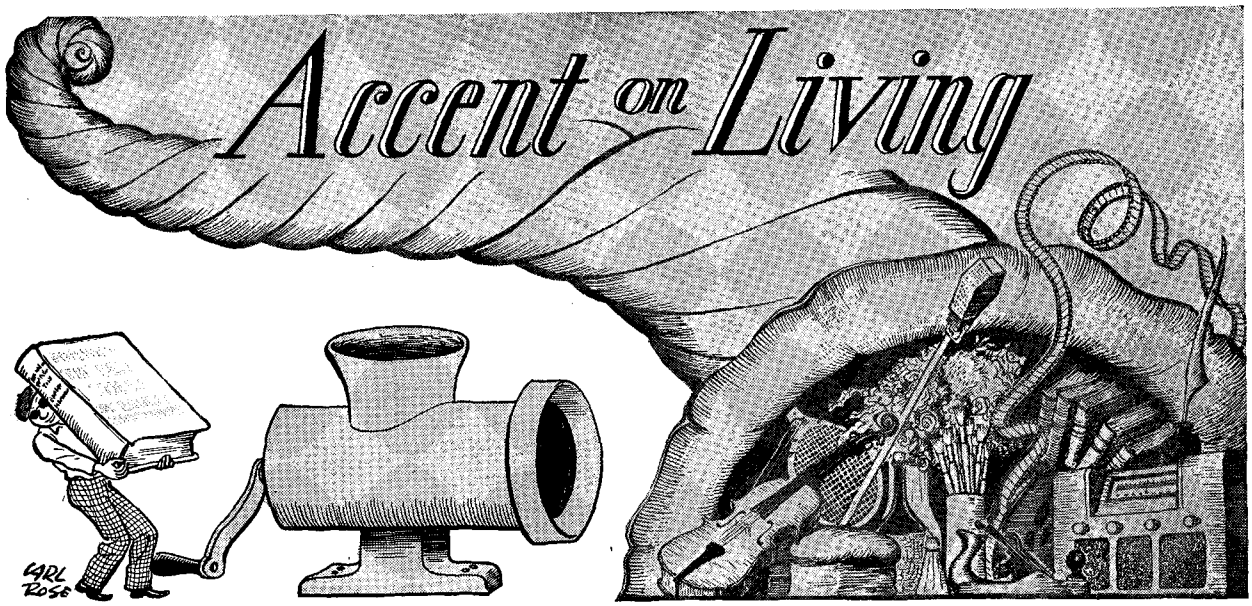

For Whom, Indeed?

By ELLIOT PAUL

WHENEVER a Hollywood studio buys a sensational best-seller for a fabulous price and sets in motion a tremendous ballyhoo for a stupendous production, all loyal employees rally round and convince themselves, with naïve and refreshing enthusiasm, that the picture will go down in film history as the greatest of all time. That is normal.

It is also normal that the rival big shots and small calibers of the other studios will be skeptical before the preview and insidiously critical, in a relieved and cautious way, after the picture is released.

For Whom the Bell Tolls is no exception.

"Three hours and someone blows up a bridge. So what?" was the comment I heard from a powerful and experienced agent, who does not, it goes without saying, handle either Gary Cooper or Ingrid Bergman.

One of the pioneers of the industry, a man who has made several colossal pictures himself, told me, in a bewildered, almost fearful whisper, that he didn't "understand" the story.

"Who was fighting whom, and why?" he asked.

Neither of these men knew anything about Spain or the war which laid it waste. They were judging the show purely as entertainment. It seemed to them too long, monotonous in tempo, confused and blurred, and for the most part boring. That, surely, is the consensus of opinion in the trade.

In the years leading directly into the Spanish War, ELLIOT PAUL lived on the coast of Spain, and the events which he there witnessed make up the substance of his well-remembered book, *The Life and Death of a Spanish Town*. His recollections, tempered by his recent experience in Hollywood, qualify him as a better than average critic of the motion-picture version of Hemingway's novel, *For Whom the Bell Tolls*.

The producer-director, Sam Wood, saw primarily in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* a heart-rending love story and made no attempt to mirror contemporary history or elucidate the tragedy of Spain. His treatment invites the kind of criticism the picture is receiving from men who know lots about the show business and who, because they have devoted their lives to their craft, have little general information or awareness of world affairs. So first an analysis of *For Whom* from the standpoint of romance.

2

The hero is a phlegmatic, somewhat taciturn, middle-aged American who appears on the bill as Robert Jordan and every man, woman, and child knows is Gary Cooper. Gary is always the same. He was a "natural" for *The Virginian* and has changed little since. They're trying to get him now to be Rickenbacker. Let us hope he is spared that. He is patient, wonderfully considerate with his lesser-paid co-workers, a sterling citizen, exemplary husband — all in all, a splendid man. Granting all that, it would be churlish to press a point about his being an actor.

Gary's partner, on the other hand, is one of the most talented actresses alive. She was listed as a Spanish girl, Maria, and instantly recognized as a Swede named Ingrid Bergman. Had Carmen Miranda been cast for the lead in some Swedish classic, the odds against Carmen would have been comparable to those faced, and how bravely, by Miss Bergman. No one can say she didn't try.

So our love story, thus far, is safely un-Spanish. Maria had been forced to witness her parents' execution, then had been cropped, tortured, raped, and was heading for prison and more abuse when

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During the first 648 days following Pearl Harbor, CBS broadcast 26,110 programs of War Matter. Of these, 12,387 were sustaining—that is, their cost was volunteered and borne by the network itself; the balance—13,723 War Matter programs—were bought and paid for by U.S. advertisers on this particular network.

★

In 1794 the French trimmed the Austrians at Quesnoy near Lille. A courier hell-bent might have ridden the news to the Paris Convention in some 4 or 5 or 6 hours. Instead a newfangled semaphore system flapped it from hill to hill 125 miles in less than an hour. Incroyable, cette télégramme, cried the French, using the new hep word télégramme with unction. Today one of the most subtle and unusual tasks of war is keeping the troops informed of what goes on at home. Each week the CBS short wave news people prepare and broadcast to foreign parts a particular English language program called *American News Letter*. It crosses the ocean in a split second. From an Air Force Special Services captain overseas, whose duty it is to "orient" the troops to the development and progress of the war, comes a pleasant letter telling how much he and his classes depend on *American News Letter*—and could he please have some scripts of the program. They've already gone to his Army Post Office, and wherever he is, we hope he gets them. The CBS short wave people feel pretty good to be contributing this new incroyable télégramme to practical war-making.

★

Sunday evening, December 12 will be observed as some sort of unofficial national holiday because Fred Allen comes back on the air that night over every station of the CBS network, at 9:30 in the East, 8:30 in the Midlands, 7:30 in the Mountains and 6:30 on the Coast. Huzza.

★

A lean nice-looking young man from Three Rivers, Michigan, landed the other day at an unnamed U.S. airport, after 20 hours in the air from England where he had been ailing for some months, and after 4½ years abroad. His flight was mildly eventful, he said, only for the fact that the plane was an empty 4-motor hospital ship bound local-express from Italy via North Africa to North America; the heat apparatus went off, so the crew broke out arctic suits for the passengers who sat like fat spooks on stretchers under the unworldly light of a single dim bulb.

The young man's name is Charles Collingwood. As a CBS foreign correspondent hired in 1940 in London by Edward R. Murrow, he has more journalistic scalps at his belt than most (v. *Darlan Assassination, Tunis, etc.*). While he was abroad he won radio's "Peabody Award" for the best foreign radio correspondence of the year. He's going around for a while re-discovering his own land, talking to audiences who want to hear him speak about some things we have learned from the North African campaign, and he's going to have something to say about what the U.S. looks like from the outside. That ought to be helpful, because it seems that our Allies don't see us precisely as we see ourselves, and the sooner we agree the better.

He says that the cooperation between the armed forces of Britain and ourselves is already upwards of 100% and improving all the time. That is significant too because the 26-year-olders like Collingwood and his uniformed generation are probably going to run Britain and the U.S. after they come home.

When Murrow hired him Collingwood wrote to a friend: "This is the kind of job I like and I think I can do it. I will be entirely on my own and I can do a job of straightforward reporting, giving facts as they are."

He has.

★

When seasoned, show-wise *Variety* goes all out in praise, a tough critic speaks. Of a new CBS program *Variety* said the other day: "Dinah Shore, an obscure sustaining vocalist of local New York stations only four years ago, emerges as a top name and personality as star of her own program for General Foods. Her rise, though rapid, has by no means been surprising; rather, it now appears to have been inevitable. For Miss Shore, already recognized as a torcher, proves she has become one of the top emotional ballad singers. Moreover, in this new series of her own, she is a suave, assured and warmly ingratiating m.c. She has, beyond a doubt, arrived."

The Dinah Shore Program, with Cornelia Otis Skinner, Roland Young, and the Joseph Lilley Singers, plays every Thursday, at 9:30 p.m. EWT (8:30 CWT, 7:30 MWT, 6:30 PWT) over 123 CBS stations.

★

FM listeners will please note:

The call-letters of CBS' two Frequency Modulation stations have been changed to make it easier for you to remember.

In *Chicago, tune henceforth to WBBM-FM.* Those are the new call-letters of the station you have known as W67C—the Columbia FM station which started in November 1941.

In *New York, tune henceforth to WABC-FM.* Those are the new call-letters of the station you have known as W67NY—the CBS frequency-modulation station which has been operating since December 1941.

In short, just remember in each case the familiar name of the regular Columbia station—in Chicago WBBM, in New York, WABC—and then tack on the letters FM.

Didn't hurt much, did it?

★

This is
CBS
the COLUMBIA
BROADCASTING SYSTEM

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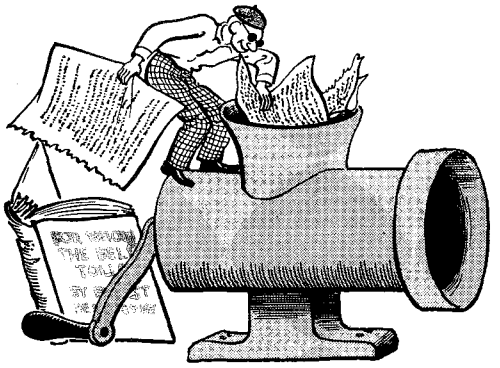


rescued by a band of guerrillas. Pilar, the magnificent Paxinou, took care of her and was trying to nurse the girl back to mental and physical health when Robert Jordan showed up to blow a bridge. Maria likes Robert; he responds, but with restraint. Maria wants to live and serve and love. Jordan is busy with a war and feels that he is about to die.

The love scenes occur, as follows: —

(*a*) Boy meets girl in the presence of a gypsy who, unluckily for us, acts like an Italian comedian of the burlesque variety. Girl tells boy she is no one's woman. He says he has no time for a woman. No one, utterly no one, believes a word of this. Least of all Pablo, the Republican heavy, who has a yen for Maria himself.

(*b*) Late the same evening, after Pablo has become a menace, Maria steals out to Jordan in his sleeping bag to warn him. She tells him she has been thinking of him, and when he runs his hand through her hair she admits she has been wanting him to do it.

(*c*) On a mountain slope, "feeling the smoothness of her arm . . . he turns his head and looks down at her."

JORDAN: Hello, Maria.
MARIA: (*Yes, reader. You've already guessed that she says*) Hello, Roberto.

(*d*) "Her eyes are alight with unashamed love."

MARIA: Don't you want to be alone with me?
JORDAN (*gruffly, to cover his surge of feeling*): Sure I do.

She tells him the heart-rending story of her parents' execution, but can't go on. He says, "You poor kid." At the end of this scene "he realizes it's no use trying to fight himself any further and he folds her in his arms and kisses her with his whole heart and being."

(*e*) Maria brings out Robert's sleeping robe. "Even if Pilar had told me not to come I would have come," she says. Gary is right up against it. Maria succeeds in unburdening her mind of the story of rape. He says it doesn't matter. "No one's touched you. No one!"

"Tears of unbelievable joy flood her eyes and she clings to him and they kiss with their whole hearts."

(*f*) Maria dreams she has seen Jordan's home and mother in America and has borne him a son. "Now I'm your woman, I will always be your woman," she says. Jordan, "with deep feeling," says, "Always."

(*g*) Mortally wounded, Jordan talks Maria into leaving him. This is the most unconvincing scene I, for one, have ever witnessed on or off the screen. I remember thinking, the first time I saw the picture: "Gary is not going to die from his wounds. It's that dialogue that's really killing him."

This is a sample: "I know it's harder for you. But now I'm you also. If you go, I go, too. That's the only way I *can* go. . . . You're *me*, now. Surely you must feel it, Maria."

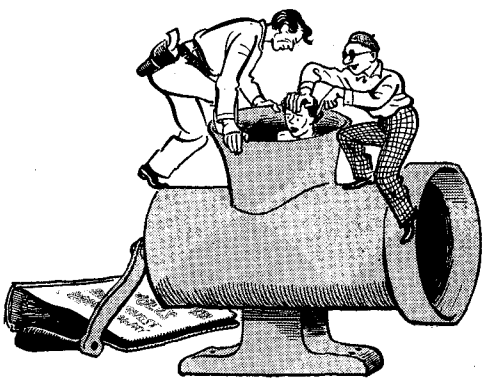
She clings desperately but he takes her arms from him.

"Now you're good and kind — you're going well and fast and far and we both go in you. Now you're obeying, Maria. Not me, but both of us. The me in you. We both go in you now. I promise you that."

She goes. He dies. And mind you, reader, these seven scenes, all brief except the blowoff, which is much too long, are scattered through three hours of practically unrelated matter. Everything created by Hemingway in the book is lost — all the passion and the subtlety, all the humanity and tragedy, all the vicarious thrill.

3

Hemingway, himself, had nothing whatever to do with the film. He has had no experience in Hollywood, dislikes moving pictures intensely, and, up to the moment of this writing, has not seen the Paramount production. One must not forget that he wrote, on the battlefield, the commentary for *The Spanish Earth*, which shows the Spanish Republican Army in all its dignity and courage. Because *The Spanish Earth* was denied a general release, most Americans who see *For Whom the Bell Tolls* will not think of it in relation to the Hemingway-Ivens



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documentary concerning the Spanish War. That is a pity, for them and for Hemingway.

Hollywood's small minority that has an interest and understanding of the Spanish War as a part of the present general conflict is so tiny and has so little influence that it is negligible. In its behalf one can only say that *For Whom the Bell Tolls* brought indignation and disappointment.

The war in Spain was essentially a defense of their elected government by the Spanish people, fighting against a clique of military traitors supported by the resources and men of Mussolini and Hitler, a corrupt and cynical clergy backed by uninformed Catholics elsewhere, and a few large and fabulously wealthy landowners.

What do we see in the film, *For Whom the Bell Tolls?* A Russian and an American blow up a train. Manfully the American shoots his comrade to save him from torture by the Fascists, who are called "Nationalists."

We see no Spanish Republican soldiers in uniform — only a band of guerrillas who look and act, for the most part, like comedy tramps. Their messenger is intercepted by a half-witted Frenchman and sped on his way by another Russian. Franco's Fascists, however, appear in neat Spanish uniforms, and seem to be Spaniards. There are only two mentions of foreign invasion. With reference to some planes passing over, Gary Cooper says briefly they're of Italian make. The second is the following oration as written (in full) by Dudley Nichols and delivered (in part) by Cooper: —

JORDAN: Well, I believe I am fighting for my country. A lot of us do. (*Looks at their puzzled faces and sees he must make it clearer.*) Maybe you feel I'm sticking my nose into other people's business, but I don't feel that way. It isn't only Spain fighting here, is it? (*They shake heads emphatically.*) I believe another world war's beginning to boil up here. Germany and Italy on one side, Russia on the other — and the Spanish people in the middle of it all. The Nazis and Fascists are just as much against democracy as they are against the Communists. They're making your country a proving ground for their new war machinery — tanks, dive bombers, all that stuff — so they can get the jump on the democracies and knock off England, France, and my country before we get armed and ready to fight.

PILAR (*profoundly interested, as all are*): Do all Americans believe this?

JORDAN (*shakes head*): I wish they did. Some people are doing all they can to help the Fascists. Americans want peace, and a free world. But if the Fascists aren't licked right here, it's going to be a tough war. The few Americans fighting for your side here are like fellows who see a fire starting outside their own yard and try to put it out before it spreads and burns down everything.

Anyone with the slightest experience in making moving pictures knows that action registers in the public mind, and long speeches never.

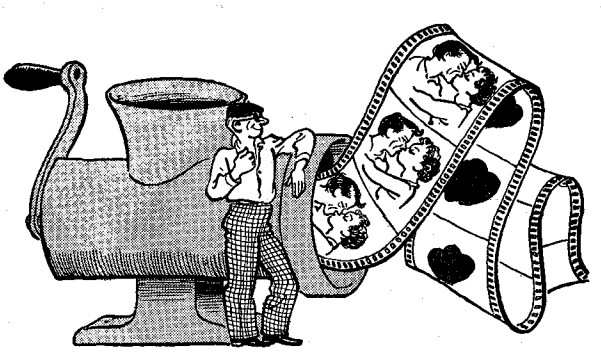
The Fascists murder Maria's father and mother and neighbors, manhandle and rape the girl and her Republican girl friends. But this we never see. Maria tells it, very briefly, and Roberto assures her it is nothing.

The Republicans, aided by Pablo and his staunch wife, Pilar, round up the Fascists in their home village and have them killed quite brutally. This, of course, we see in great detail. In false detail, in fact. Americans, 99 per cent ignorant of Spanish affairs, are left with the impression that some drunken peasant brutes are wiping out the respectable element in the town.

So, instead of seeing a lot of Italians with German technicians and modern arms fighting Spanish patriots with nothing but their courage and what stones they could pick up from the ground, we are treated to the spectacle of Russians, Americans, Swedes, and tramps slaughtering substantial citizens and fighting Spanish "soldiers." The only thing to be said for this hoax is that it is so complete that no one believes it.

The total effect of *For Whom* is as thorough a piece of anti-democratic propaganda as has ever been accidentally achieved. Fortunately, it doesn't come off. Sam Wood knows very well what has happened on the screen during the past twenty years. The outside world has passed him by completely. So much for the value of the film as a piece of propaganda.

There is a bright side to the Paramount *tour de force*, however. After a three-hour orgy of misrepresentation, after blinking at the false use of technicolor that resembles tearoom candles more than Spain, the beholder can leave the theater in an exalted frame of mind, because of the performance of the great actress, Katina Paxinou. She was the Pilar of whom Hemingway wrote, whom all of us knew under one name or another — the blood and dust of a suffering Spain. Every word and movement, every silence and gesture of Paxinou, was not only convincing but unforgettable. Concerning her great contribution, ennobling an otherwise dull and harmful picture, Hollywood is unanimous and overflowing with praise.



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Handbagitis

By FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

No ornithologist I, I know a hawk from a handbag when the wind is southerly. No woman is so needy that she can't afford at least one handbag. In subways I have seen women who otherwise were shabbily garbed, but who carried good — or at any rate good-looking — handbags.

I have made a study of these receptacles and their contents, as well as of the habits of the marsupialish women who tote same.

Remember, please, that I am not sinless enough first to cast a pebble. I recall perfectly how we in school who rattled when we walked were asked to empty our pockets. I carried, as did my companions in my days of youth, in my joyful schooldays, many marbles — glassies, falsies, chinies, and a canick shooter; two tops — one to play stick-top with on the wooden sidewalks of Chicago, and one to spin with a string; a knife; a pair of stocking protectors to wear when you played marbles; a few jelly beans encrusted with pocket lint; a piece of chalk stolen from the blackboard groove; a pointless pencil; and maybe a list to consult in the event that such a question might be asked in the geography examination. Like "Princ. prod. S.C. tob cot & rice N.C. tar pitch turp"; and sometimes a girl's name written over and over again — this was embarrassing to the lovesick boys who carried such things, though I always left at home my practicing the names of girls to see how they'd look: Bessie Knight Adams, Laura Matthews Adams, Evelyn Hayden Adams, Hester Ridlon Adams. This, by the way, if these Douglas School girls will take their glasses out of their handbags, may be their first intimation that at the age of even twelve years I was uxoriously, if variably so, inclined.

Known to millions of radio listeners as one of the permanent pundits of "Information Please," F. P. A. herewith adds to his prodigious collection of remembered trifles the contents of women's handbags.

But it was in the nineties, erroneously described as gay, that boys had brimming pockets. And those were the handbagless nineties, too, when woman's Place Was in the Home.

It was on a bus — a crowded bus is redundant — that it redawned on me that women's handbags are carryalls. This woman was first on the bus at this stop. She opened her handbag when she was at the driver's fare-repository, searched, found a half dollar, got her change, put it all back, closed the bag, and then allowed six other waiting passengers to board, all of whom had their nickels ready (two women and four men).

We have learned to do without many articles of food; we in the East can't drive a car enough to keep the battery charged; we know now that we don't freeze to death when the warmest room in the house is 55 degrees — if 1943–1944 is as cold as 1942–1943 in Connecticut, I am going to be frozen, which may please the OPA, which wants to freeze everything, or Fuel Administrator Ickes, who delights in seeing my children shiver. But there is no dearth of handbags.

2

I am the handbag confidant of two women. They have emptied their handbags for me. Neither thought that there was anything fantastic about the contents.

HANDBAG 1

ration book	pads for face cleansing
checkbook	shoe repair check
address book	3 letters
3 match books	4 three-cent stamps
fountain pen	car keys
cigarette case	change purse
4 loose cigarettes	shopping list
cleansing tissues	note with social security number
case containing comb, compact, rouge, lipstick	hospitalization card
2 office keys	2 house keys

She emptied the bag on the desk. "Where else can I carry all that?" I didn't know. Of course, if a woman lives in an apartment, it seems to me that she can get along for days without going home; also she can get along with one room less.

The other woman — maybe the mother of my children won't like to be called that, but there's always the consolation that she won't read this; (Another of Your Diatribes Against Women) — is a victim of galloping handbagitis. (She still has one, by the way, that I bought her nearly twenty years ago in Naples; known as My Fine Italian Handbag). Handbagitis is incurable, and take it from this family physician, it is also non-operable. For she has

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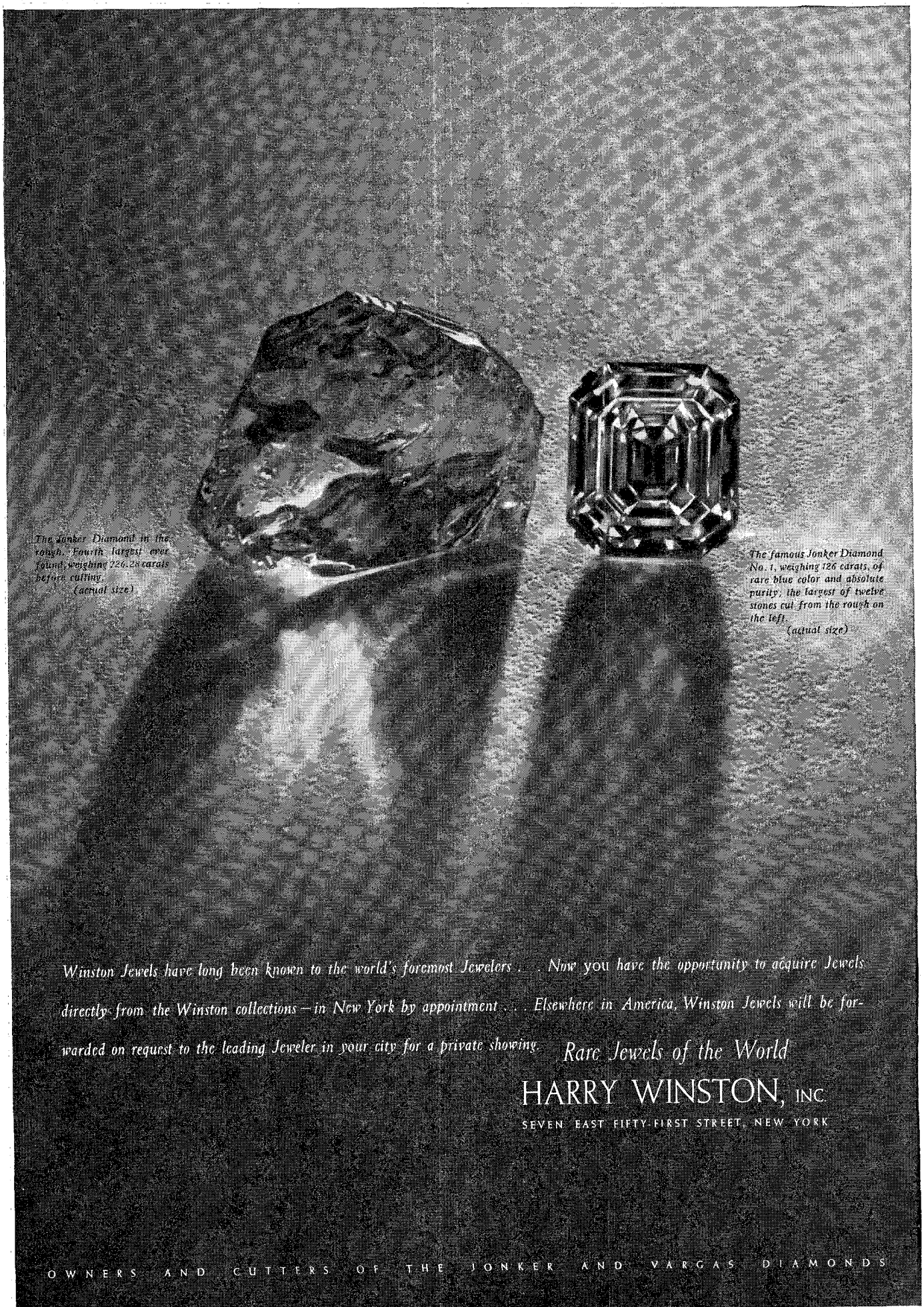

The Jonker Diamond in the rough. Fourth largest ever found, weighing 726.28 carats before cutting. (actual size)

The famous Jonker Diamond No. 1, weighing 126 carats, of rare blue color and absolute purity, the largest of twelve stones cut from the rough on the left. (actual size)

Winston Jewels have long been known to the world's foremost Jewelers . . . Now you have the opportunity to acquire Jewels directly from the Winston collections — in New York by appointment . . . Elsewhere in America, Winston Jewels will be forwarded on request to the leading Jeweler in your city for a private showing.

Rare Jewels of the World

HARRY WINSTON, INC.

SEVEN EAST FIFTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK

OWNERS AND CUTTERS OF THE JONKER AND VARGAS DIAMONDS

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many handbags — that white one for evenings, and three or four others for daytimes at home and for trips to the city.

HANDBAG 2

3 receipts for cash fares, there never being time to buy a railroad ticket
6 newspaper clippings: —
2 Samuel Grafton, Sept. 10, 1941, and June 17, 1943
1 Dorothy Thompson, *Herald Tribune*, Nov. 4, 1940
2 Walter Lippmann, no dates
1 review David L. Cohn's *Love in America*
2 letters from Timmy Adams, 1 from Puffy Adams, 1 from Jacky Adams
1 clipping from the June *Atlantic*, with article by Rebecca West (slightly worn, she having read it about a dozen times)
3 photographs — 1 of Mama and Papa and the 4 children; 1 of Papa and the 4 kids and a dog; one of 4 kids
1 lipstick; 1 rouge compact; 1 mascara brush
1 fountain pen that has to be dipped in ink
3 unnumbered blank checks, which, if used, never are entered in checkbook
combination telephone and address book
1 notebook to record dreams
1 diary
4 three-cent stamped envelopes
8 sheets writing paper

1 pencil	1 extra pair of gloves
1 pair of glasses	2 handkerchiefs
1 pair nail scissors	1 pair earrings
1 nail file	1 billfold
driving license	odd keys
gas ration book	ignition key
key that opens trunk receptacle	

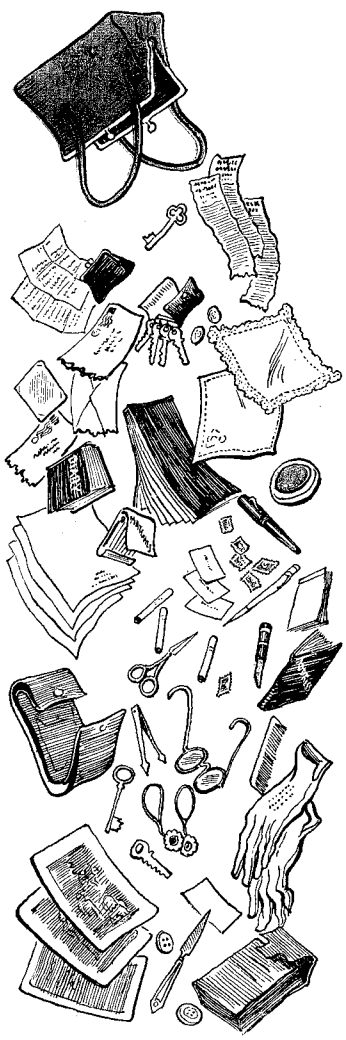
These car keys always are in the handbag, and often the bag is far away when the car must be driven by somebody else. The ignition key matter arouses my indignation — expressed, foolishly — that when we are where it would be impossible to steal the car with the key left in it, she still will remove it, put it in the handbag, go to dinner (we don't drive far these days), and when we leave, look through the handbag for ten minutes.

"What *did* I do with that key?" "In the handbag?" "I *couldn't* have. I simply can't *find* it. Go up and see if I left it in Dorothy's bedroom." . . . "No." "Never mind. I found it in my handbag, where I *always* put it."

Of all the sexes that roam the earth, as George Ade said, least modest, I think, is the feminine. In any public restaurant, women at table will take, from the omnipresent trunklet, lipstick, rouge, and powder puff, and, without pudency, go through all the business of make-up or, if you will, beautification. It has been my desire, always thus far suppressed, to take from my pocket a shaving kit, dip the brush in the water tumbler, and shave at the table. In lieu of doing it, I hereby offer the idea (50-50) to a writer of stage sketches.

Well, some of my best friends are women, and while I never have heard one say, "If I had as many pockets in a dress as you have in your suit, I wouldn't have to carry this unwieldy thing," it is sound stuff. The 1942 suit that I am wearing now has five pockets in the pants, five in the vest, and five in the coat. Let's see.

In the coat I have toothpicks, a nail file, a card a man from Sacramento gave me ("Be sure to look me up if you ever get there"); a quarter, three dimes, four nickels, twelve cents, and a few mills received in Oklahoma. Also four cigars, four match safes, one Parker fountain pen, two pencils, a pair of glasses, four unanswered letters, a checkbook, and a card from the tailor that hereafter coat hangers will be charged for at one cent until returned.



In the vest a calendar notebook, two match safes, a pencil, three unpaid bills, a No. 12 pill that I forgot to turn in in the last Kelly pool game, a beautiful photograph of our beautiful children, and a report card of one of them.

In the pants: one key envelope with four keys; one Pullman receipt stub, now thrown away; three one-dollar bills; a wallet containing money, insurance cards, hospitalization card, receipt from the Fairfield County Farm Bureau, operator's license, gas ration book, Army registration card (always carry this, it said), a picture of my daughter with a dog; two handkerchiefs — and that is absolutely all.

I shouldn't like to be quoted, but, just as there is no doubt that women dress more rationally than men, so it also is indubitable that their handbag business is more sensible and concentrated than our having so many pockets that we could play a pool ball into each one. Women aren't so foolish as they seem — at least in this one particular.

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Don't Rent—Buy

By DOROTHY ANDERSON HOGE

IF YOU should allow my husband to show you our cellar, you would find yourself in a forest of four-by-fours standing upright like trees. Upon these trunks an assortment of beams and pipes twist and intertwine their way into the upper reaches of our domicile; and from their branching springs our hope that some day our house will flower into a spot in which we can subside and read the classics in our old age.

Every four-by-four in our sub-forest rests upon an iron jack resembling a Ubangi collar, the idea being that upon crossing our threshold you shall not skid into the trough of the parquetry to come up clutching the radiator, but can proceed with poise across the hall to the library or to the living room. In other words, the house is having its underpinnings lifted. All this because, before our day, some plumber with a one-track mind sawed a hole to run a steam pipe right through the main supporting beam of the house; then finding he had miscalculated about ten inches, extended the hole accordingly. Naturally the house lay down in the middle.

But that fact didn't keep us from buying the house. Philip saw immediately that he could run a couple of twenty-foot steel beams in through the cellar window and slip them neatly into place.

It worked perfectly and we can defy the house ever to sag again, but there is one drawback. Plaster is not plastic. When pushed from below it buckles. There are some long, overlapping cracks on the stairway, and behind Uncle Charles's portrait in the drawing room there is a large and ominous bulge.

We'd much prefer to have Uncle Charles in the dining room, but he won't fit the wall space unless we rip off the plate rail — and repaint the dining room. After we had got so that we couldn't eat there because of the green and yellow mottled effect that was left when we scraped off the wallpaper, suddenly one day we got busy and painted the dining room. And if you have ever painted four walls and a ceiling with paint sliding up your arms and dripping into your eyes, you hope old age overtakes you before you ever do it again. Therefore Uncle Charles, in his cameo-like beauty, hangs in the drawing room, and for the first time is useful as well as ornamental, since in a measure his bulk covers the bulge.

Actually the architect designed our house for his own use; if his flights of genius seem like oddities to us, is that his fault?

For instance, the old-fashioned back yard has trees and once must have had flowers. But no door leads out there, no window looks out upon it. If you want to get into it you have to go out the side door, walk around the driveway, and duck through the overgrown privet. That's the way we go to hang out the wash.

The library is a dead end. For some lost reason, its single narrow doorway is fitted with a sliding door which, if it were ever completely shut, would be impossible to open, as it is without ridge, knob, or handle; finished like a secret panel on the library side and on the other with a fine French mirror — don't ask me why. If you get caught in there you are stuck. There is no getting out except via the window into the hedge.

The only entrance to the conservatory is through the dining room. Tools, flower pots, cuttings, and dirt go through the dining room — a happy housekeeping arrangement.

But we don't mind. We have played with the house too. We have wrapped it in a cocoon of old wallpaper and wet plaster; we have shifted flues and partitions and fixtures. There was only one point at which we really weakened.

When I arrived home last fall I discovered in the middle of my bedroom a bathtub — a little model for the Ark without the roof. With crowbars and rollers it had been removed from the adjacent bathroom to give place to something more streamlined. This particular *objet d'art* was six feet long,

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DOROTHY ANDERSON HOGE and her husband (whose preoccupation is with the Standard Oil) spend most of their off hours wrestling with a house which they are doing over in Elizabeth, New Jersey. If it wasn't for that, she would have more time for the prose and verse which she contributes to magazines.

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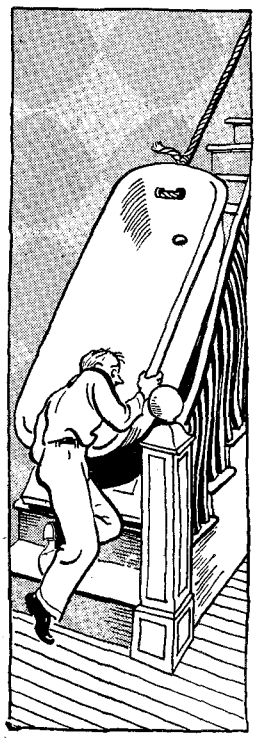
three feet high, and wide in proportion, and it had stood upon four five-inch china pedestals. It was made of cast porcelain and must have been cast on the premises like Cellini's Perseus, or the house built around it. To get to the bedroom window in case of a sudden storm, I had to sit on the end and swing my legs west. To get to the chiffonier I had to step in and then out on the other side. It was a natural receptacle for things I didn't want. I even felt I might emulate Sarah Bernhardt, who slept in her coffin — because, after all, why bother with a bed?

But we are not ones lightly to accept the inevitable until all else fails. We tried to lure two workmen into taking it away, but they laughed. We tried to give it to our friend the junkman, but he laughed. We tried a plumber, but all he had to offer was that we break it up with a sledge hammer and throw the pieces out the window. Several of our friends suggested we sink it in the back yard and use it for a lily pool, but we possessed at the moment neither a ship's crane nor a steam shovel.

I had practically given up, and was just about to measure it for a slip cover, when Phil had one of his hunches.

You do not know our stairs. They were pretty bad after the wet plaster episode, but now they are worse. A tub has descended them.

Phil removed the cellar door, smoothed it of its lock and hinges, carried it upstairs, and laid it on the broadloom runner in the second-floor hall. Gently and lovingly he pried the tub from its stance in the bedroom onto some wooden rollers. We both heaved and shoved, and the Juggernaut was on its way — I grabbing each roller as it rolled out at the back and rushing up to place it in position so that it could be rolled onto again in front, until caterpillarwise the tub landed on the waiting cellar door. The next stage was a strong rope; one end was snubbed around the newel post, and the other was fastened through the tub's faucet holes. It was designed to be payed out slowly by me as a brace against sudden skidding, while Phil eased the hall rug, plus door, plus tub, down the stairs.



Gradually the tub was heaved and belayed and tobogganed down and came to rest in front of the hall fireplace with nothing but stair splinters in its wake. I was so glad to see it there that I thought of serving tea from it to my friends. It stayed there three weeks.

But at last even the front hall saw it no more. Eventually it was made to navigate the cellar stairs as well, and at this moment it reposes in a corner of the basement together with a discarded patent shower and a former kitchen sink, waiting for the day when its pipes shall be heard to gurgle and steam shall rise once more.

There is still plenty to do to the house. What do I care if the butler's pantry is full of tools and the laundry stacked with screens? I haven't any butler, and it looks now as if none of us would ever again have a laundress.

All I ask is that some day I shall be able to sit down for a few years in a comfortable chair under a good light and read the things I never have got around to — Plato and William James and Fielding and d'Annunzio and Chekhov and Restoration Drama and Parkman and Balzac and Gertrude Stein and the poetry of D. H. Lawrence. It really would be grand.

A Lady Selects Her Christmas Cards

By PHYLLIS McGINLEY

Fastidiously, with gloved and careful fingers,
Through the marked samples she pursues her search.
Which shall it be: the snowscape's wintry languors,
Complete with church?

An urban skyline; children sweetly pretty
Sledding downhill; the chaste, ubiquitous wreath?
Schooner or candle or the simple Scottie
With verses underneath?

Perhaps it might be better to emblazon
With words alone the stiff, punctilious square.
(Oh, not Victorian, certainly. This season
One meets it everywhere.)

She has a duty proper to the weather —
A Birth she must announce, a rumor to spread,
Wherefore the very spheres once sang together
And a star shone overhead.

Here are the Tidings which the shepherds panted
One to another, kneeling by their flocks.
And they will bear her name (engraved, not printed) —
Ten-fifty for the box.

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A novel of the people who built
—and dynamited—the Dnieper Dam

Anna Louise Strong's WILD RIVER

The story of a "wild boy," an orphan of the Russian Revolution, who helped to tame the wild river Dnieper, who was himself tamed by his herculean task and the ardor of three women, each of whom offered him a different kind of love—a novel of a people so inspired by an idea that they could build a Dnieper Dam and then destroy it in the battle for the world. $2.50

An Atlantic Monthly Press Book

A novel of today, of women trying to make a life in a world at war

Josephine Lawrence's A Tower of Steel

"One of the best narratives I have read about the impact of the war on the lives of young girls of today. Scene is the Lyman Law Office and the story is told by means of the conversation of four young women: one is married to a soldier, another engaged to one, a third in love with a sailor, and the fourth, bogged down by support of dependents, only wistful. Absorbing and interesting throughout." — *Library Journal.* $2.50

Can you name the 32 United Nations?

UNITED WE STAND

By Basil Mathews

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The Preacher on the Air

By "THE LISTENER"

TODAY is a Sunday.

Some twenty million of our people are members of the Roman Catholic Church. Some five million belong to Jewish churches. Some thirty million belong to one or another of the 250 other denominations which confirm our grant of freedom of worship.

The mission of the church is to spread the word of God. Radio long since has granted to the Church generous and regular free time to speak to the thirty-one million radio homes of our nation of 250 denominations of free worshipers.

That put the preacher on the air.

That put the preacher likewise on the spot.

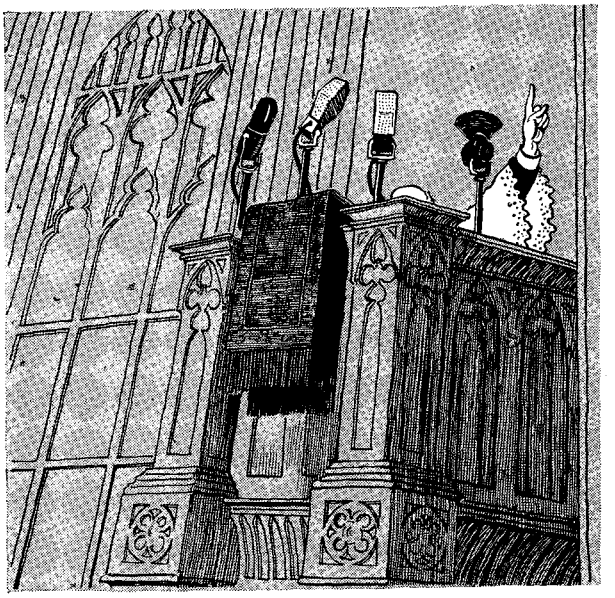
Today, Sunday, the radio stations of a single city having some four and one-half million church members (most of whom are not in church) offer their listeners twenty-nine religious programs. Preachers have this Sunday something like twenty-nine new opportunities to rekindle the flame in the hearts of the people. This listener has heard all twenty-nine.

His bleak report is that not so many people will listen to those programs as will listen to most other programs offered today on those same stations.

Cruel statistics of audience-measurement confirm that. Such statistics are received variously by the shepherds. Some say: "You can't measure the spirit with a yardstick." Some say: "Religion is too delicate a matter to be sullied by cheap transmission" — as they said when people first rode to church in noisy horseless carriages. Some say: "I am now speaking not from a pulpit to a handful in a church, but from Sinai, and to the multitudes. Dare I presume so far? How can anything I have to say deserve such a horizon?" And some few say: "Very well, then — you tell me the windows of my church have been torn away, and that I may now be heard in Chillicothe and Guadalcanal and Osaka? So be it. It thus becomes my mathematical duty to be more widely understood, and believed. I don't mind adding that this is the toughest assignment you ever gave me, but I welcome it!"

Any open-minded listener knows that the reason the average religious program leaves him cold is that it is too often unpleasant to listen to. And the chief reason for this is failure at the source, or neglect by the preacher (who after all is a public speaker and therefore must be some part of a vocal actor) to sound sincere and human to the mass audience.

The radio will transport the church into every American home that will listen. But what this LISTENER wants to know is whether the Preacher who broadcasts has made the best use of his time, his voice, and his faith.



The tradition of the "holy tone," the tradition of reading or citing the Scripture as hollow, throaty chant, instead of the bravest language ever written, hangs damp and heavy upon most preachers. Some talk on tiptoe. Some bark, roar, howl, and bemoan. Some croon. Some lisp. They can and do read the greatest prose in the language as if it were a gargle. They speak not as Demosthenes spoke, with pebbles in their mouths, but with soft-boiled golf balls. They do not speak like ordinary men and women; they do not speak even like their own parishioners.

The preachers (to judge them by their voices, which are after all the only instruments by which they can be judged on the radio) have mostly made no effort to master the basic principles of a simple technique which opens to them the doors of thirty-one million homes containing fifty-four million church members.

One wonders why and one worries. Preachers are *not* necessarily dumb. They observe, read, hear, and for the most part they are in the habit of learning the hard way, by first-hand contact with angular and brittle life. They hear Orson Welles read Thomas Paine's, "These are the times that try men's souls . . ." and they say "Aye."

But it must be said — by a single hopeful church-going listener at least — that their run-of-the-mill effort to send their words out into the blind air to make active converts to God is as clumsy as though radio simply did not exist. Church service on the air is as dreary as it must have been indoors before the miracle plays took the Scripture to the people in a new, entertaining idiom, around the year 976.

For a small sum, or for less, or for nothing at all, any preacher's voice on the air can be recorded and played back to him. How many preachers have thus heard their own voices? How many preachers have

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said to themselves: "I've got to do something about this at once!" How many have sought the calm professional guidance of the people who know how radio *sounds* in the nine hundred radio stations of the country?

How many preachers have really learned to read words *for sense?* Not reading for mooing cadence, the recitative which passes as the spurious currency of obsequious "reverence" in the pulpit — but reading for the basic spirit and meaning in the deathless language? The sad fact, of course, is that the artificial vulgarism known as the "preacher manner" has pretty nearly suffocated the beauty and the sense of the whole Scripture.

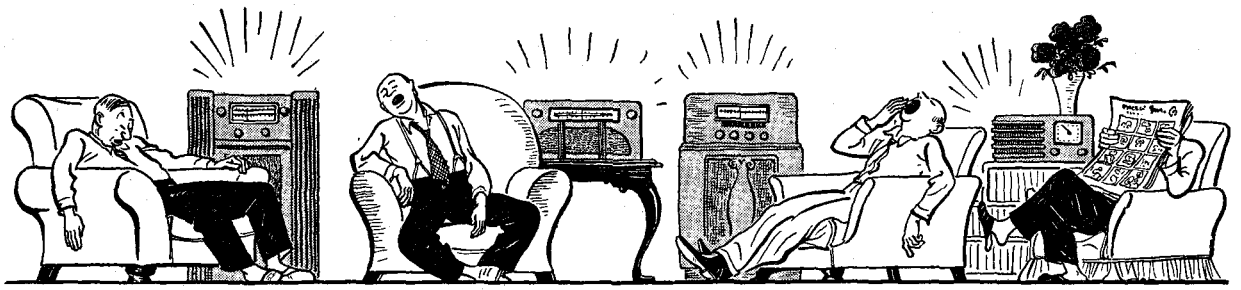
2

All this commentary may vex the preachers. The Listener is vexed, too. He feels that there's no good reason why, if they are empowered to mission God on the air, preachers should run last in public listening. Their subject certainly warrants first place, at least on the ordained day of rest. There has never been a time when people had greater need of spiritual balance to face the brutal paradoxes of each day.

Do the preachers want a specific target? Good, here is one. Let them attack and exterminate *intolerance.* Let them attack the miserable paradox of our democracy with all the combined thought, good will, skillful technique, and radio engineering they can mobilize. There is an oversupply of ugly racial and religious intolerance in our country — far too much to tolerate. When a Baptist preaching Christianity declaims (as he did on this Sunday's air) against "ritualism, with its downsittings and uprisings and murmurings," he is not preaching Christianity at all; he is taking a crack at other denominations; he is preaching intolerance. So, not long ago, was the priest who is now silenced. If every one of the preachers of every one of the 250 denominations really wants to convince the American people that God says that all 250 meet on the level at His feet, radio offers an interstate passport.

But this passport is not to be abused. The preacher given time to broadcast his church service abuses that time when he devotes ten minutes of it to perfunctory parochial notices, or "house plugs": "*There will be no meeting of the Finance Committee this week. . . . I am one of two people on earth who own movies of the final collapse of the Honeymoon Bridge, and Thursday night I will show them to the Young People's Group and deliver a sermon on the text 'Build Higher.' . . . Our regular pastor is in Washington, D. C. . . . God must bless these offerings in our drive,*" and so on.

Let the preacher not waste but multiply his Talent. If he has within him the dynamics of God but no gift of speech, let him get off the air. If he has the gift of speech, let him not ignore the power of music to enrich that gift. If he is himself a man of feeling, but of poor writing power, let him find help to compress his words into audible sequence. If he is a man of great speaking who cannot write a sermon worth hearing, let him make his air-church famous as the one point at which the home churchgoer may count on hearing the great sermons of the past, and may thus be reconvinced of the durability of the Word.



To put it baldly, it is high time the preacher woke up to the fact that this new medium which takes his voice to the ends of the earth carries as much technical obligation as does the act of transmission itself. And if he think himself above trafficking in the black art of the electron, let him remind himself that it was John Donne who said: "No metaphor, no comparison is too high, none too low, too triviall, to imprint in you a sense of God's everlasting goodnesse towards you."

The crusade against intolerance is only one specimen target for the preachers. It is advanced only in constructive criticism. For indeed there has not been a time in the life of man when sensible spiritual balance could be more swiftly brought to bear upon a whole people — thirty-one million radio families who have absolute freedom to tune in what they want most to hear are waiting eagerly at their dials.

(The preachers are no worse than the professors or the lawyers — except in that their inherited material is more universal and more glorious. Upon them therefore rests the greater obligation, and in them is the greater hope.)

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THE Atlantic BOOKSHELF

THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

by EDWARD WEEKS

THE best of autobiographies are October books. They are the apples of literature, tart, firm-fleshed, full of juice. But a man can wait too long in his autumn, so that his thoughts drift into anecdotage and his prose becomes punky: he sees the world in soft, nostalgic colors and forgets the July sweat and the hard, sharp winters of struggle. Or a man can begin too early, as was the case with Beverley Nichols, who took to writing about his garden path and moss-covered cottage when it was plain for all the world to see that at the advanced age of thirty he was turning mellow before he was ripe.

In his essay, "The Purpose of Biography," Albert Jay Nock labors to draw the line between what he calls "matters of legitimate private interest and those of legitimate public interest." There is a good point here, for as one remembers the sour books of the debunking era, the disreputable Washingtons and Lincolns, there is no doubt that biographers did then invade the privacy of their victims and that autobiographers, catching the contagion, felt that they would not be heard unless they were more confiding than the next. An autobiographer without reticence is usually an author without self-respect.

This question of what to write down and what to leave out is not confined to sex or medical details or to family pride; it is just as decisive when a man speaks of his achievements or neglects to speak of his failures. There is an impeccable reticence in *The Education of Henry Adams*, and very early in the book comes the admission of uncertainty, the self-doubt and semi-failure which, as a young civilian, he felt at the time of the Civil War. I think that early admission goes far to attract the reader to that often prickly connoisseur. *The Life and Letters of Walter Hines Page* was one of the most affectionate books of our time, and looking back at it across the two decades, I can remember two remarks of his which won me the moment I read them — once when he said the only things a man needs to be happy are a good bed and a comfortable pair of shoes, and again when, speaking of his rebuffs in journalism, he said, "I never got a job in my life that I asked for." And then added, "But all my life better jobs have been given me than I dared ask for." I remember — for I edited the manuscript — the fastidious reserve with which Hans Zinsser wrote *As I Remember Him*, and I remember how touched I was by that passage in which R.S. struggles with himself to determine whether he shall follow his muse or go down the long new road of science.

Private matters

Thus it seems to me that there are "private matters" in every autobiography which are of immediate concern to the reader, and if they be not shared at a proper time in the introduction, the reader begins to withhold and soon to withdraw his confidence in what he is reading. And by "private matters" I do not necessarily mean a man's genealogy and the bright-child recollections of his schooldays. I have always been impatient with the tradition which decrees that an autobiography should begin with one's great-grandparents (on both sides) and march in short pants through several chapters of growing up before we come even faintly within sight of the man we want to know. I should like to see more autobiographies begin in the middle of things — begin as your friendship with the man might, were you lucky enough to know him in maturity, and then show us by introspection, as a novelist would, those formative influences which made him what he is today.

Such is Stendhal's approach in his conversational autobiography, *The Life of Henri Brulard*. He opens the door talking to you as a man of fifty; on the second page he mentions casually by name the four women who were partners in his "unhappy love affairs" — "And I never possessed them," he adds — and by the seventh, ruminating, he has owned up to his boredom as a young dragoon under Napoleon. It is at once engaging and mature, and in no time you are attentive.

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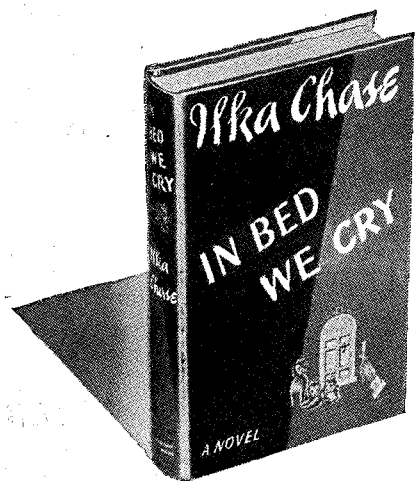

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YANKEE FROM OLYMPUS

The Story of Justice Holmes

by CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN

FOREWORD. — The story of Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes is the story of his country. The narrative cannot begin with the flat date of his birth — 1841. This was a man whose presence carried tradition; over his shoulder one catches sight of his ancestors. His roots reached deep into American earth; it was the strength of these roots that permitted so splendid a flowering.

To know Judge Holmes at eighty — courtly, witty, scholarly, kind — it is well to have acquaintance with his Calvinist grandfather, Abiel Holmes, with his handsome, worldly great-grandfather, Judge Wendell, with his mother from whom he inherited, he said, "a trace of melancholy." Above all, it is well to know his father — professor of anatomy, talkative five-foot-three Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table, who lived on applause and said so with engaging frankness, and who looked down his nose at his son's choice of a profession.

21

ON THE seventeenth of June, 1872, in Christ Church, Cambridge, Fanny Bowditch Dixwell married Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr. Phillips Brooks was the clergyman. Fanny herself had picked out the church. "The biggest one," she had said. "So that we can invite all your old girls, Wendell."

By September the two were settled with the senior Holmeses at 296 Beacon Street. They had the third floor to themselves. There had been no choice of where they would live; there was no money for a separate establishment. Dr. Holmes was enormously pleased to have a new daughter under his roof. A fresh audience was a godsend, he said. "You may find me a trifle egotistical," he told Fanny, beaming on her, his eyes bright as buttons, the crow's-feet deep around his eyes. "The reason I have to take so much interest in myself, my dear, is that I have a good deal to do. I must put my spirit into it — and that makes a person more or less of an egotist."

Fanny had always got on well with Dr. Holmes. Before she came to live in his house she had been continually amused by his industry and his vanity. Now amusement gave way to a kind of amazement. *More or less of an egotist*, Dr. Holmes had said. There was no *less* about it.

Nor was there any doubt that Dr. Holmes was a genuine celebrity. Letters came to him from all over the country and from abroad, too — huge piles of them, day after day. Extraordinarily personal letters, enclosing poems to be criticized; asking the Autocrat if it was wrong for a woman to leave a brutal husband, and whether the doctor advised voting for Grant or Greeley in November.

Most of the letters were flattering to a degree. Dr. Holmes read them aloud, laughing delightedly. "I purr very loud over a good honest letter that says pretty things to me," he told Fanny. "A man bears superlatives about his own productions with wonderful fortitude."

"Your father is like a child," Fanny told her husband. "His vanity is harmless and charming."

On a November afternoon of 1880, at the Lowell Institute, Wendell Holmes gave the first of his lectures on the Common Law. The bare, gas-lighted hall was perhaps three-quarters full. There was a sprinkling of law students, and most of their professors. John Gray and James Barr Ames, James Bradley Thayer. Dean Christopher Columbus Langdell was there, his long dark beard flowing over his shirt front, his fine eyes level and searching behind his spectacles. Langdell, as Holmes well knew, was all for logic and hated references to anything outside of it, but he was a superb teacher. A noble old swell, Holmes called him.

President Eliot was there, sitting straight in his chair, his arms folded. There were not many practicing lawyers present. Run-of-the-mill lawyers were still suspicious of historical analyses of the law. Holmes's law partner, George Shattuck, was there of course, and Munroe and Captain Manitzky from the office. Henry Parkman and Joseph Warner, Fessenden and Brooks Adams, Charles Barnes, young Louis Brandeis.

CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN, essayist and the biographer of Tchaikovsky and the Rubinsteins, is the wife of Commander T. McKean Downs, U.S.N.R., who has been on active duty in the Pacific war zone for the past two years.

She writes: "Why did I, being neither lawyer nor professional philosopher, undertake to write a book about Justice Holmes? I think because these are times when it is good to know about Americans who believed in their country, who worked for their country with all their might, and who had a good time doing it. I wanted to throw myself into the long study of just such a man. 'Life is action and passion,' Justice Holmes said. 'I think it is required of a man that he should share the action and passion of his time at peril of being judged not to have lived.'"

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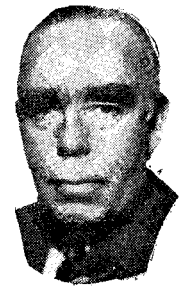
MY NATIVE LAND



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SUSAN ERTZ

Anger in the Sky

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There was also a contingent from the world of banking and large business affairs. Higginsons, Lees, Wigglesworths — friends of the Holmes family. The rest of the audience was made up of the usual Institute followers, elderly men and women who pursued culture even in its more formidable aspects. That these lectures on the Common Law would be formidable they had not a doubt. But surely a son of Dr. Holmes would leaven the lump with a quip or two, some homely, local reference.

Dr. Holmes's feelings this afternoon were mixed. Long ago, he had become convinced that Wendell would never make a public speaker. Wendell's manner was not easy; when he was interested in a subject he was uncompromising, making no effort to charm his audience. When Wendell's mother demurred at this, the doctor had ended by saying a trifle irritably that Wendell's neck was too thin for platforms. Public speakers should be robust.

The doctor thought of it now. Wendell had begun to speak. His voice was certainly agreeable; it was soft but it had resonance, and carried well. His neck was indubitably thin, even at forty. He was thin all over, with the figure of a man of twenty-five; he held his shoulders like a soldier. He had no notes and spoke slowly, continuously, as though telling a story that he himself found enormously interesting. "*The life of the law has not been logic: it has been experience,*" the quiet voice went on, gathering depth.

George Shattuck turned his head abruptly and looked at Professor Langdell. What Holmes had just said was in direct opposition to Langdell's beliefs. Shattuck's own outlook on the law was more like Langdell's than like Holmes's. But this had not deterred Shattuck from saying openly that Holmes should have a Harvard professorship — and a judgeship later on. If it was the business of a lawyer to know law (this was Shattuck's favorite phrase), it was the business of a professor and a judge to know even more law. Wendell Holmes probably knew more law than any other man in Massachusetts.

Langdell's expression was unfathomable behind beard and glasses. But President Eliot had unfolded his arms; he leaned forward, his face raised toward the speaker. Holmes had walked round from behind the lectern and was standing at the edge of the platform; his voice rang with the slow, quiet assurance of a man who speaks from a conviction born of knowledge, and who knows that only time is needed to bring other men to his view. "*The very considerations which judges most rarely mention, and always with an apology, are the secret roots from which the law draws all the juices of life. I mean, of course, considerations of what is expedient for the community concerned.*"

In the audience a Wigglesworth, a Lee, a Higginson — bankers all — stirred a trifle uneasily. "Expedient *for the community concerned.*" What did the lecturer mean by "the community"? The bankers and businessmen, who were the rightful leaders, or the mass of people? If the latter, it was a notion no man of business would tolerate for a moment. It smacked of legislative interference.

So far, however, the lecturer had said nothing actually anarchistic. Merely, a suspicion was born. But surely, this fellow Holmes belonged in the right camp! He was a Wendell, an Oliver, a Holmes, a Jackson. Maybe these were just the notions of a theoretically-minded man. Holmes had never made any real money in the law.

When it was over, Eliot, Langdell, and Ames moved up the aisle toward the platform. So did Louis Brandeis. Wigglesworths and Higginsons, after shaking Dr. Holmes by the hand, disappeared. The bulk of the audience filed out onto dark November streets, looked at their watches, and thought about supper. Dr. Holmes's son was a pretty good lecturer certainly, although a trifle learned for everyday consumption. But after all, was not the law the driest subject on earth? The lecturer, obviously, did not think so. The lecturer was plainly in love with the law.

It was this quality, perhaps, that brought the audience back, Monday after Monday until the twelve lectures were done. The general conviction was that the whole thing had been learned, elevating, and dry. What Eliot and Langdell thought, would become apparent later on. What the Wigglesworths, Higginsons, and Lees thought — what indeed the entire non-legal audience thought — was a matter of indifference to Wendell Holmes.

What he did care about enormously was the book that he was making out of the lectures, and the response to this book he might expect from the legal world. By February, 1881, the book was finished and in the printer's hands. On the third of March — five days before his fortieth birthday — Wendell and Fanny Holmes walked down Beacon Street to the parental mansion. Under Holmes's arm was a new, brown-covered book. *The Common Law.* He handed it to his father. On the flyleaf was written: —

O. W. Holmes,
from his affectionate son, O. W. Holmes, Jr.
March 3, 1881.

How many books on Wendell Holmes's shelves bore a like inscription — but reversed! The inscriptions went all the way back to 1848, when Wendell was seven. Each of his father's works as it came out. But Dr. Holmes had never abbreviated the names; he had written them in full, with a flourish. "*Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., from his loving father, Oliver Wendell Holmes.*" Most fathers would have stopped with the word "father." But not the doctor. Posterity, he knew, would want to know who this father was. It had never ceased to irritate Wendell Holmes. Now at last the inscription was reversed; now the son could pay the father in his own coin.

22

In January, 1882, a Harvard graduate named William Weld confided to President Eliot that he had some money to dispose of. He would like it to go to the Law School. Four professors were not enough for a school of the scope and standing of this one. Would ninety thousand dollars endow a fifth professorship?

Ninety thousand dollars for the Law School. Eliot had not countersigned the check before he knew where the new salary was going. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., was the man for the place. Brilliant, and with the scientific

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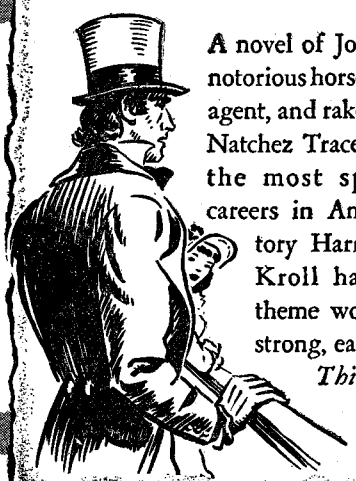

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outlook. A man who would produce books as well as teach — a combination that Eliot insisted upon. A Harvard graduate, son and grandson of Harvard graduates, married to a Bowditch, his roots in good Massachusetts soil. A man of solid, distinguished background.

When Holmes was notified of his appointment he went straight to his partner. Shattuck was in no way surprised. Shattuck knew everything that went on. "Take the job," he said instantly. "It is your kind of job and your kind of life, Holmes. You will never make money in the law; your heart is not in the right place to make money. I always suspected it, but after I sat through those Lowell Lectures I was sure of it."

Shattuck paused, then went on vigorously. "On the Massachusetts Supreme Court, Otis Lord is sick. He can't last much longer. You are the man to succeed him. And don't tell me you haven't thought of it yourself."

Shattuck grinned through his beard. "Don't let Eliot tie you to more than a year's contract," he went on. "Have it in writing that if you are offered a judgeship you can resign. It's highly unusual. Eliot won't like it. He isn't an easy man to bargain with. But I have never observed that the Holmes family lacked stubbornness, itself."

Holmes laughed. But he followed Shattuck's advice about the Law School contract. Eliot agreed to the proviso. After all, a Harvard professorship was a thing seldom relinquished.

Holmes looked forward eagerly to his new job. The Law School, he well knew, was a very different place from the days when he himself had gone there to "read law" behind the white painted pillars of Dane Hall, entering with no academic requirements, and leaving after three years, without examination. Langdell's "case system" was well established now, but it had taken eleven years of battle to establish it. Holmes approved the case system. Law only ends with a theory; it begins with a concrete case. Naturally, a student remembers an actual instance more vividly than a general principle. The judgeship seemed remote. In the academic world, time moves slowly. Shattuck and his resignation clauses! Most likely it had all been unnecessary. He would be at Harvard Law School, thought Professor Holmes, forever.

On the morning of December 8, 1882, Professor Holmes was called out of his classroom. In the foyer stood George Shattuck, hat in hand, his eye alight with news.

"Otis Lord has sent in his resignation," he said. "Governor Long wants you for the judgeship. He has to submit your name to the Council by twelve o'clock, and he has to have your consent first."

Shattuck took out his watch. "It's eleven now," he said.

The Supreme Court! So it had come at last. In his heart, Holmes had hoped always — but he had never really expected it. It left him stunned, speechless.

"Why are you standing there?" Shattuck asked. He was almost as excited as Holmes. "An hour is not long to get ourselves to Eliot's office and then across the river to the Court House."

Holmes got his hat and coat. The two walked down the steps of Austin Hall, turned left on Harvard Square toward the president's house. The sky was a brilliant blue. Gusts of dry snow, blowing along the bricks, touched their faces.

"How will Eliot take this?" Holmes asked.

"Badly," Shattuck replied, his voice cheerful with the prospect of imminent battle.

One week later, on December 15, Holmes was formally appointed to the Court. His resignation was accepted at Harvard on January 8. There was some reason for Eliot's displeasure. Ordinarily a resigning professor gave the Corporation time to fill his place before he left.

On the third of January, 1883, Holmes took his seat in the Supreme Court, the youngest of seven judges. He was forty-one. Field was fifty. The other five — Morton, Devens, Colburn, the two Allens — were white-haired, white-bearded. Charles Devens (Harvard, '38) had commanded the Fifteenth Massachusetts Infantry and fought through the same battles as Holmes. Devens knew Holmes well, trusted him as one soldier trusts another.

Badly, the Supreme Court needed men of vision in 1883. These were times of vast social change. With extraordinary rapidity, a pioneer economic individualism was giving way to the collectivism of corporate trade — and the transition was attended by groaning and travail. A country that in Holmes's youth had been rural in tone now rushed to build new cities. Jefferson's fears had come to pass. Men lived piled upon one another, struggling for survival under smoking factory chimneys of which Jefferson could not have dreamed. By 1883, the transition from a rural to an industrial economy was gathering momentum; in the nineties the ills attending it would be acute. Had Abiel Holmes been alive, once more he would have said the country was growing too fast for its heart.

But this time it was more than a change: it was a revolution. Holmes recognized it. He had studied the formation of great states and the causes of their dissolution. When the pattern of society changes, legislation meets the change — or the state perishes. In *The Common Law*, Holmes had said repeatedly that the best judge bears in mind public policy, the felt necessities of the time.

When Holmes came to the Bench, the burning issues of the day were labor's grievance against the employer, and the people's grievance against the corporations: two manifestations of the individual's battle for survival in a collectivist world. The battle was just beginning; it would rage all during Holmes's lifetime and beyond.

Once America had looked to the Declaration of Independence. But the Declaration was a trifle vague — to a Massachusetts businessman, almost transcendental. By 1880, there was more than a suspicion that in spite of the hopes of the Fathers, political liberty would never result in economic equality. Men became less interested in being born free and equal, more interested in regulating commerce. If the Declaration had been a profession of faith, the Constitution was its working instrument, and America looked now to the Constitution.

The trouble was that the courts gave this working instrument no elasticity; they regarded it as immutable, written in stone on Sinai. Desperately, the people needed

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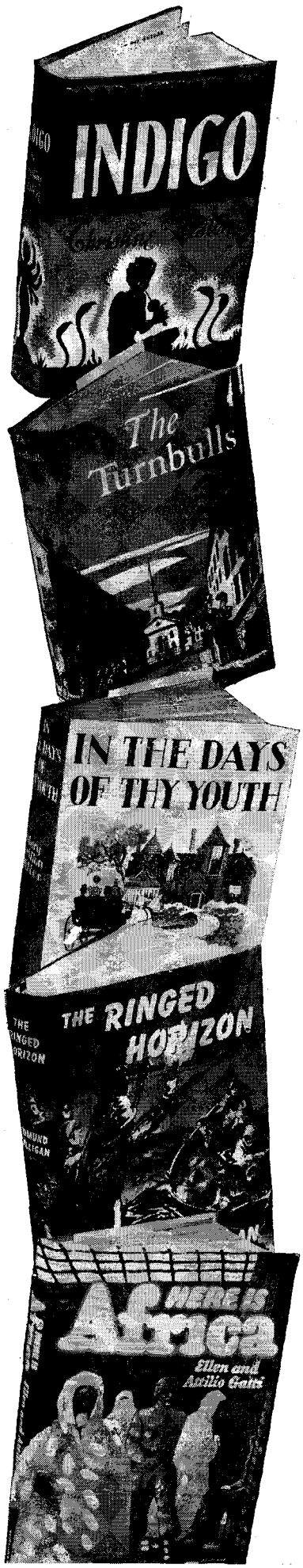

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judges who possessed historical as well as judicial awareness, judges whose social prejudices were leveled by the long view of the scholar. Holmes was such a man.

23

At seventy-five Dr. Holmes did not seem a day older than at fifty-five. He had taken to wearing brown suits with a plaid bow tie, bright Scotch colors, scarlet and green. Thirty-five years of a black coat every morning to lecture at the Medical School was black enough for one man, he said. He had lately got out a new volume of poems; he was writing a book-length memoir of Emerson. His love of flattery had by no means diminished. "You know I am a trifle deaf," he would say quickly when someone praised his latest work. "Won't you please repeat that a little louder?"

Every Sunday Dr. Holmes managed to get down to King's Chapel for morning service. "They say I fell asleep this morning in church," he told a visitor one Sunday afternoon. "Possibly, possibly. But when I woke up, the minister was preaching very well."

In the summer of 1894, Dr. Holmes failed visibly. Wendell and Fanny Holmes watched the frail old figure day by day, tried not to help him rise when he struggled from his chair. How thick his hair was, and how bright his eye! But obviously, it was very hard for him to see, and when he sat down at the desk, his hand knotted and he could not write. On a table by the fire the pearly nautilus shell sat, gleaming with iridescent color: —

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!

Did his father know, Wendell Holmes wondered, that the end was near? Surely, his medical knowledge must tell him daily, hourly, the meaning of this film before his eyes, this helplessness when the pen dropped from his fingers. On these October afternoons his father sat in his chair, gazing into the fire, his tiny wrinkled hands crossed on his knee. Outside, autumn winds ruffled the bright waters of the river; along the street, leaves scurried, golden, wine-red, driven early from the trees.

"Wendell," his father said one day, suddenly, sitting thus by the fire in the October dusk. "What is it for me — King's Chapel?"

Fanny Holmes, sewing by the table, looked up.

"Wendell, what is it, I said. King's Chapel?"

"Yes, Father."

"All right then, I am satisfied. That is all I am going to say about it."

The days moved swiftly. Fanny, reading to her father-in-law at teatime, rose to draw the curtains and saw across the river, beyond the spires of Cambridge, beyond Mount Auburn and the northern range of hills, the sky alight with the colors of the setting sun. How Dr. Holmes loved that view! "I seem to look out on all creation," he had said. Could there be, for this man, a heaven that did not contain Bunker Hill and Boston Common, the State House and Harvard Yard?

Fanny moved back to her place by the lamp. Wendell came in and the three talked quietly of the day's events. The white head sank a little lower. "Father is going to sleep," Wendell thought, and saw his wife get up and move swiftly to the old man's side. Wendell got up himself. Leaning over the chair the two waited, motionless.

The frail shoulders moved with an even breathing. The white head sank a little lower. Wendell Holmes, putting out his hand, knew suddenly that the shoulders had ceased to move.

It was extraordinary that among all the notices, the telegrams, letters, eulogies, the kindest came from England. Boston was so used to the doctor's verses and his jokes and his articles in the *Atlantic* that the city could not seem to realize that he was gone. The doctor had been so *cheerful*, Boston said, so good to meet on the paths across the Public Garden.

But it was London *Punch* that struck, somehow, the notes nearest to the doctor's own chord. The nine verses dedicated "To the Autocrat" might have been written by the Autocrat himself: —

"The Last Leaf!" Can it be true,
We have turned it, and on *you*,
Friend of all?
Was there one who ever took
From its shelf, by chance, a book
Penned by you,
But was fast your friend for life,
With *one* refuge from its strife
Safe and true?

24

In July of 1899, Chief Justice Field died. The Governor immediately appointed Holmes as his successor. No one was surprised: it was the logical move.

But what did surprise Boston — and especially the judges — was the ease with which Holmes, from the very first, filled his place. The judges had known that this was a brilliant mind, a forceful and persuasive character. But Holmes was independent, impatient of slower minds. In the consultation room alone with the other judges, how would he behave? Had he the tact, the poise, to carry it, assign the opinions to be written, resolve differences, preserve judicial harmony?

Chief Justice Holmes, it seems, had all these qualities. And he loved the position. At fifty-nine, it was extraordinary how young the Chief Justice looked. His face with its high color was lined and showed all the marks of living. But the deep gray eyes were more searching than ever and there was a quickness about him that seemed to stem from far within, from a wellspring unending and joyful. Young Judge Loring in particular looked upon his chief with amazement. One day, worried over an opinion Holmes had assigned him to write, Loring took it to Beacon Street, carrying along all the papers of the case.

Holmes glanced through the material, turning the

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pages. Then he got up and went to the high old desk in the corner. Standing, he wrote ten lines, handed them to Loring. The younger man was appalled. Surely, the Chief Justice was not going to let this cursory examination suffice?

But when Loring submitted the report it was accepted by the others as the opinion of the Court, and incorporated without question in the records. In ten minutes, Holmes had seen to the heart of the matter.

Early in September, 1901, President McKinley went to Buffalo to greet holiday throngs at the Exposition. Theodore Roosevelt, aged forty-two, was up in Keene Valley climbing mountains, enjoying the strenuous life. In Music Hall, McKinley put out his hand to greet a citizen who was standing in line; the man raised his hand, a shot was fired.

McKinley lived for eight days. The country as a whole was ready for Roosevelt — but the conservative Republicans were not. His first message to Congress was moderate but firm, and there was no mistaking the fact that the government was going to assume a new relation to business. The "square deal" for all parties would include labor and the public as well as capital. In words less disturbing and far more judicial, Holmes had said the same thing when he dissented in the Vegelahn case: "The organization of the world, now going on so fast, means an ever-increasing might and scope of combination. . . . Combination on the one side is patent and powerful. Combination on the other is the necessary and desirable counterpoint, if the battle is to be carried on in a fair and equal way."

Roosevelt and Holmes were poles apart in temperament; they differed both in their approach to social problems and in their plans for meeting these problems. Yet it was natural, reading the Vegelahn dissent, that Roosevelt should see here a justice who would be his man, who would support the policies he believed in. Without the Court on his side, no President could be effectual; huge issues could depend — as Roosevelt said — on "whether a Judge of the Supreme Court came down heads or tails."

In June, 1902, one of the judges was ill: Horace Gray of Boston. He was coming home to Nahant, he said, to rest for the summer. Judge Gray was seventy-four. During eighty-two of its one hundred and thirteen years there had been a Massachusetts man on the Court. Newspapers speculated, and in their prophecies the name of the Chief Justice of Massachusetts loomed large.

Henry Cabot Lodge to Theodore Roosevelt

NAHANT, MASS., *June* 5, 1902

DEAR THEODORE:

I hear on my return that Judge Gray is so much more weak that he has resigned. . . . I want of course to talk with you before you decide. I have not bothered you because I thought it would not come for some time, but I have thought it over a great deal.

Ever yrs,
H. C. LODGE

Theodore Roosevelt to Henry Cabot Lodge

OYSTER BAY, N. Y.
July 10, 1902

DEAR CABOT:

. . . Now as to Holmes: If it becomes necessary you can show him this letter. First of all, I wish to go over the reasons why I am in his favor. . . . His father's name entitles the son to honor; and if the father had been an utterly unknown man the son would nevertheless now have won the highest honor. . . . The labor decisions which have been criticized by some of the big railroad men and other members of large corporations constitute to my mind a strong point in Judge Holmes' favor. The ablest lawyers and greatest judges are men whose past has naturally brought them into close relationship with the wealthiest and most powerful clients, and I am glad when I can find a judge who has been able to preserve his aloofness of mind so as to keep his broad humanity of feeling and his sympathy for the class from which he has not drawn his clients. I think it eminently desirable that our Supreme Court should show in unmistakable fashion their entire sympathy with all proper effort to secure the most favorable possible consideration for the men who most need that consideration. . . .

Now a word as to the other side. . . . In the higher sense, in the proper sense, he [a man] is not in my judgment fitted for the position unless he is a party man. . . . Marshall rendered such invaluable service because he was a statesman of the national type, like Adams who appointed him, like Washington whose mantle fell upon him. Taney was a curse to our national life because he belonged to the wrong party and faithfully carried out the criminal and foolish views of the party which stood for such a construction of the Constitution as would have rendered it impossible even to preserve the national life. The Supreme Court of the sixties was good exactly in so far as its members fitly represented the spirit of Lincoln.

This is true at the present day. The majority of the present Court who have, although without satisfactory unanimity, upheld the policies of President McKinley and the Republican party in Congress, have rendered a great service to mankind and to this nation. The minority . . . have stood for such reactionary folly as would have hampered well-nigh hopelessly this people in doing efficient and honorable work for the national welfare. . . .

Now I should like to know that Judge Holmes was in entire sympathy with our views, that is with your views and mine and Judge Gray's, for instance, just as we know that ex-Attorney General Knowlton is, before I would feel justified in appointing him. . . .

Faithfully yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT

P. S. . . . How would it do, if he [Judge Holmes] seems to be all right, to have him come down here and spend a night with me, and then I could make the announcement on the day that he left, after we have talked together?

On the eleventh of August, Holmes's appointment was announced in the papers. All New England, it

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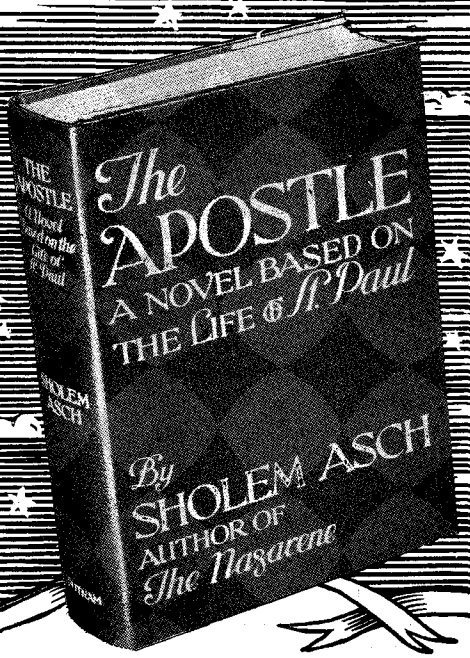

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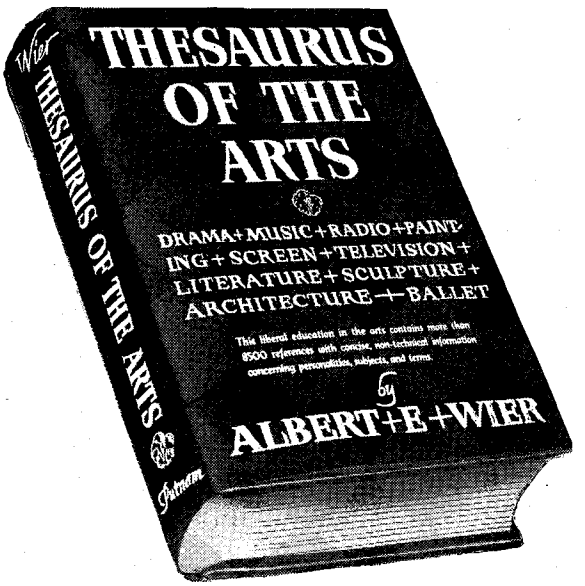

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seemed, was pleased. Most of the accounts mentioned the Vegelahn dissent; there was a disposition to pronounce the new Judge something of a radical.

25

On Friday morning, December 18, 1902, in the chamber of the United States Supreme Court in Washington, Fanny Holmes watched the hands of the round clock above the Chief Justice's chair move toward noon. She had sat here for half an hour; the spell of the old room had settled upon her. Light came benignly from the domed ceiling; judges in marble looked down from their pedestals. On a raised dais, nine tall black leather chairs faced the chamber. In that center chair, under the red canopy, Judge Taney had sat at eighty-seven, reviled and mistrusted by a country he had served for half a century. Daniel Webster had argued here, and Calhoun. It was an awesome sight for the wife of any judge, this quiet room with the round clock ticking above the eagle.

There was a stir to the left; in a long black line the judges came slowly in: Chief Justice Fuller, hale and hearty at sixty-nine, his white hair worn long, after the Western fashion. How tiny he was, in front of Harlan! John Marshall Harlan of Kentucky, the giant who had been in the Court since '77. Last of the tobacco-spitting judges, Holmes called him. Next to Harlan was White of Louisiana, the sugar planter, veteran of the Rebel army, dark-haired, with a square, stubborn head.

Slowly the nine walked to their places. Brewer of Kansas, Brown of Michigan. The judge next to Brown was Peckham of New York, then came somebody Fanny could not place, and then, standing next to Wendell, was a man with a face like Lincoln's, whiskers all round under his chin. That was McKenna of California.

"*Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! The Honorable Court is now sitting!*"

Fanny Holmes, looking up at her husband, was swept with sudden, deep emotion. It was not only that Wendell was so handsome, standing there straight and tall in his robes. But they had done right to come. Whatever might arrive, whatever fate had in store for him, — and for her, in this sprawling city of strangers, — they had done right to come. They had done right to leave home, break away, cut off the associations of a lifetime. Fanny Holmes had always felt it. But now she knew it and rejoiced. Gazing up at her husband from under her prim dotted veil, Fanny felt tears surge to her eyes, hot and overflowing.

Washington in 1903 was the most exuberant place on the civilized earth. And in the center of it, in the midst of all this ferment of a new century, a new era, Theodore Roosevelt stirred the mixture with his Big Stick, busting the trusts, curbing monopoly, shaking his fist, grinning from newspaper cartoons, one eye on the matter in hand, one on the Presidential convention next year in Chicago.

Newspapermen had never had a President who was such copy. Everything he did was spectacular. The Sunday afternoon hikes through Rock Creek Park, with the French ambassador panting behind in lavender kid gloves. "*Pour l'honneur de la France,*" the Ambassador had remarked resignedly, throwing off his clothes preparatory to swimming the Creek after the President.

The country liked it — the plain people especially. The West, almost forgetting Bryan, was glad of a leader who was not afraid of Wall Street. But the captains of industry, captains of railroads, and captains in Wall Street looked with anger and apprehension upon the Dude Cowboy who had promised to continue unchanged the policies of his predecessor, McKinley.

When Theodore Roosevelt did not like a thing, he instantly set about legislating it out of existence. To him the legal and political points of view were one and the same; it did not occur to him that there were men — among them a new Court appointee from Massachusetts — who looked upon the thing far differently.

"What the boys like about Roosevelt," a Senator said, "is that he doesn't care a damn for the law." Neither did the country. What the country desired just now was neither legality nor reason, but revenge. Let T. R. smash somebody *big*, make an example of him — a meat packer, the sugar trust, anybody or anything so long as there was action.

The country had not long to wait. Looking round, Roosevelt seized upon the biggest, newest railroad merger of them all, — the Northern Securities Company, — asked his Attorney General to investigate its legality under the Sherman Act. Knox went ahead, and in February, 1902, news of a suit against the Northern Securities Company burst upon the captains of industry like a declaration of war.

The stock market plunged downward. "Doesn't your friend," a railroad man asked Owen Wister in Philadelphia, "ever *think?*" In Washington, Henry Adams answered the question. Roosevelt, he said, from head to foot was *pure act.* And on the other side of Lafayette Square, the new Justice from Massachusetts watched a trifle sardonically while his President wielded the Big Stick. The Sherman Antitrust Act, obviously, was going to be Roosevelt's favorite weapon — and Holmes had always disliked the Act. "The Sherman Act isn't fair," he said often. "It won't let the strong man win the race." Besides, mere bigness didn't make a merger unconstitutional. How it behaved, what it did, made its existence legal or illegal.

Theodore Roosevelt, greeting Holmes in Washington, was well pleased with his new Justice. The Presidential handshake was hearty. What extraordinary charm the man had, Holmes thought, leaving the White House one October afternoon. That wide, infectious grin — there was nothing enigmatic about it certainly. Energy like that, pugnaciousness like that, was a basic talent. And how it served the man! Roosevelt got things done, and there was evident sincerity about him.

Sincerity. The word brought Holmes up short. It was a vague word, and suspect. What had that young fellow from Harvard said the other night that was so good? "*One must always remember that T. R.'s sincerity*

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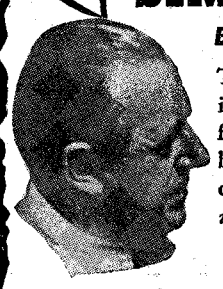

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is of a contemporary nature." Walking through the White House grounds in the clear October sunlight, Holmes quickened his step impatiently. How a man, even an old fellow like himself, got taken in by praise, by friendliness from high or low! T. R. was a politician. He had to be; it was in the nature of his job.

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On December 14, 1903, the case of the *Northern Securities Company* v. *The United States* reached the Supreme Court. The country turned its eyes eastward; this, obviously, was a test case. Would the Court dissolve the huge railroad merger planned by the nation's greatest businessmen, or would the merger slip through as so many other corporate plans had slipped through? Never mind legalities and technicalities. The question was whether the government of the United States lay in Wall Street or Washington. This was a good time to find out.

The courtroom was filled, that noonday, with Congressmen, diplomats, judges, lawyers from every state in the Union. All the Justices were present except Brown, who was kept at home by an affliction of the eyes. Reporters noted "a fair number of ladies: Mrs. Roosevelt, Mrs. Lodge, Mrs. Knox, wife of the prosecuting Attorney General, and Mrs. Holmes." Crowded behind the bar stood the plain people, pushing in until the room would hold no more. The Northern Securities Company had a whole battery of lawyers, and when John G. Johnson of Philadelphia got up to speak, even the reporters from the radical papers conceded the rugged strength and distinction of his appearance. Beside him, the dapper little Attorney General seemed a mere David going out to battle. Reporters noted also Justice Holmes, "handsomest man on the bench. Tall and broad shouldered, carefully dressed, with the manners of a courtier — and the humor of his father. . . ."

But today there was time for neither humor nor courtliness. John G. Johnson stood up. In his seat, third from the end, Justice Holmes took out notebook and pencil.

This, Johnson began, was prosecution under a criminal law. Were the achievements of James J. Hill the acts of a criminal? Here was an American who had done extraordinary service to his country. Born to obscurity, almost to poverty, asking favor of no one, he had become perhaps the greatest railroad man in our nation. Through untrodden country he had laid his rails, from Minot to the Great Falls of the Missouri, through the Rocky Mountains down to tidewater at Tacoma, Washington. Now his steamers carried American produce to China and the Far East.

And through all this wild country where his railroads ran, Hill had developed the land, irrigated the dry spaces, bred fine cattle by the thousand, hogs and steers and sheep, giving them to the Western farmers to improve their stock. Here, Johnson implied, was no smug executive sitting at his desk directing the fate of thousands. Here was a man who got out and sweated, working with his hands like any other good American.

This of course was not law, but oratory. Justice Holmes's pencil poised, waiting. Johnson, describing his hero-client, had by no means reached what Holmes was pleased to call the point of contact: "the formula — the place where the boy got his finger pinched in the machinery."

Yet what he said interested Holmes, who had always admired Jim Hill of the massive brow, the overwhelming energy, the pioneer's daring. No one, not even the Bryanites, accused Hill of dishonesty. But they accused him of power, and that was enough. In Holmes's mind the question hovered: Was power, mere bigness, illegal under the Sherman Act?

"The Northern Securities Company," Johnson's voice went on, "is enlarging commerce, not restraining it."

Holmes's pencil began to write. The Court would recall, Johnson said, the favorable ruling in the antitrust case of *Knight* v. *the United States*.

From time to time, one of the judges interrupted. Reporters came instantly awake; what a judge said might reveal which way he was going to vote. Johnson mentioned the "thousands" involved in the transaction and Justice Harlan bent his huge bulk forward. The figures of the report, he said, spoke not of thousands but of millions.

"Yes, your honor," Johnson said quickly. "You see I am not given to exaggeration."

Spectators smiled. Johnson was a wizard — but Justice Harlan, it was pretty certain, would vote with the government. As for the argument of the Attorney General, people scarcely needed to listen. Was not this the public's own argument, translated into legal terms? When a trust got too big, bust it! Never mind if it called itself a merger, a trust, or a holding company. Never mind the technicalities, the laws of New Jersey and Minnesota. Bust the trust before it strangled its competitors! Prove to the people that Wall Street was not master!

The lawyers finished, gathered up their papers. The judges rose, and the people, standing, waited for them to go, then spread noisily to the street. It might be months before a decision was announced. To hell with all these lawyers and their arguments. If the company won the case, then T. R.'s Big Stick was a willow wand and the party had better nominate Mark Hanna for President in June.

Theodore Roosevelt himself, counting over his nine judges, was well satisfied. He would win by a 7 to 2 decision, or at worst a 6 to 3. A righteously aroused public opinion would surely react upon what T. R. might have called the conscience of the Court. Let the judges look to their conscience and settle this case as it should be settled! The atmosphere was auspicious for victory. Concerning his new judicial appointee from Massachusetts, the President had no doubts. Holmes's labor decisions in Boston, notably *Vegelahn* v. *Guntner* and the later case of *Plant* v. *Woods*, showed clearly where his sympathies lay.

The President could not have been more mistaken. To Holmes, the Supreme Court existed for the purpose of interpreting the statutes according to the Constitution of

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the United States — not as a whipping post for malefactors of great or little wealth. If the Northern Securities Company was proved, under the Sherman Act, to be in restraint of trade, it should be dissolved. If not, it should stand. All this pressure of public opinion served merely to cloud the issue.

Holmes, it was true, had said again and again that judges must bear in mind the economic changes in society, the "felt necessities of the time." But that was a very different matter from being stampeded by a public opinion which the exigencies of the movement dubbed "righteous." If the public would come out frankly and say it desired to sock the rich, it would be, Holmes thought, far more admirable than this pretense of using the courts to call the rich illegal simply because they were rich. As for the conscience of the Court, a court that ruled according to its "conscience" would be no court at all. Law was neither morality nor politics nor expediency nor art. Theodore Roosevelt, obviously, chose whichever definition suited the moment.

It was March before the decision was ready. In the intervening three months every precaution had been taken against leakage; the public was not even supposed to know what day to expect the decision. Nevertheless, on March 14, 1904, when the nine Justices walked to their seats at noon, they found the courtroom jammed with spectators.

Justice Harlan began to read the majority opinion. *The Northern Securities Company was in restraint of trade. No scheme came more certainly within the words of the Sherman Antitrust Law. This device of Morgan and Hill would suppress free competition among railroads, and it would be impossible for Congress to protect the public against further exactions.* . . .

There was a stir in the courtroom. The government had won! What the newspapers wanted to know was, How did the votes lie? They soon found out. The vote was 5 to 4 — in itself a surprise. But to those who considered themselves especially knowing, the greatest surprise of all was Justice Holmes's dissent. Not merely the fact that he had voted against the government, against dissolution of the Company, but his words, which were outspoken and very strong: —

> Great cases like hard cases make bad law. For great cases are called great not by reason of their real importance in shaping the law of the future but because of some accident of immediate overwhelming interest which appeals to the feelings and distorts the judgment. These immediate interests exercise a kind of hydraulic pressure which makes what previously was clear seem doubtful, and before which even well-settled principles of law will bend . . . we must read the words before us as if the question were whether two small exporting grocers shall go to jail. . . .
>
> There is a natural feeling that somehow or other the statute meant to strike at combinations great enough to cause just anxiety on the part of those who love their country more than money, while it viewed such little ones as I supposed with just indifference. This notion, it may be said, somehow breathes from the pores of the act. . . .
>
> In the first place, size in the case of railroads is an inevitable incident . . . in the case of railroads it is evident that the size of the combination is reached for other ends than those which could make them monopolies. . . .

Of the majority of the Court, only four concurred in Harlan's opinion. (Justice Brewer had written a separate opinion.) Holmes was happy to know, therefore, — he went on, — that only a minority of his brethren had adopted an interpretation of the law which in his opinion "would make eternal the *bellum omnium contra omnes* and disintegrate society so far as it could into individual atoms."

> If that were its intent I should regard calling such a law a regulation of commerce as a mere pretense. It would be an attempt to reconstruct society. I am not concerned with the wisdom of such an attempt but I believe that Congress was not entrusted by the Constitution with the power to make it and I am deeply persuaded that it has not tried.
>
> I am authorized to say that the Chief Justice, Mr. Justice White and Mr. Justice Peckham concur in this dissent.

Theodore Roosevelt heard the decision of the Court and was jubilant. The suit, he said, was one of the greatest achievements of his administration. The Knight case had been overruled, the Northern Securities Company was dissolved, the power of the government against the monopolies was established. The government — Roosevelt called it "we" — had gained the power.

But it was a crime that the decision had been so close. Judge Holmes's dissent in particular was outrageous. What did the man mean, turning against him that way? Obviously, Holmes had simply lost his nerve. "I could carve out of a banana," shouted T. R., "a judge with more backbone than that!"

Holmes himself cared nothing whatever about the Presidential reactions. He was, in fact, as angry as the President. Years later, he wrote to Pollock about it. "It broke up our incipient friendship, however, as he looked on my dissent . . . as a political departure (or, I suspect, more truly, couldn't forgive anyone who stood in his way). We talked freely later but it was never the same after that, and if he had not been restrained by his friends, I am told that he would have made a fool of himself and would have excluded me from the White House. . . . I never cared a damn whether I went there or not. He was very likeable, a big figure, a rather ordinary intellect, with extraordinary gifts, a shrewd and I think pretty unscrupulous politician. He played all his cards — if not more."

In March, 1904, feeling ran high after the Northern Securities decision, not only in Washington but all over the country. Wall Street had been dreading the decision. Now that it came, stocks went down. Most certainly, this would be only the prelude; T. R. would not stop with one victory. There was to be a Presidential election in the fall. As usual the Roosevelt luck held, and his only formidable rival in the party, Mark Hanna, died in February.

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In June the Republican convention met in Chicago and nominated the Trust Buster by acclamation. Four months later, Roosevelt was elected over Bryan by the largest popular and electoral majority to date.

And on March 4, 1905, nine Supreme Court Justices sat on a windy platform outside the Capitol building while the President was sworn in. The older a Justice got, the more he dreaded this quadrennial exposure; it was a matter for pneumonia and the ague. Oliver Wendell Holmes, shivering, watched a trifle sardonically while Chief Justice Fuller, his white hair lifted by an icy wind, administered the oath.

The Dude Cowboy was back in the White House, with the people's mandate behind him. There would be no stopping the slaughter now. In cartoon after cartoon, newspapers took up the crusade. The fat trusts in their traditional costume of checked waistcoat and fancy watch chain — the Cheese Trust, the Meat Trust, the Sugar Trust — talked behind their hands, watching across the room nine black-gowned figures. "The Supreme Court," they whisper, "is a nervy bunch. Those judges should be abolished."

The Anti-rebate Law went through, the Employers' Liability Act. "The door to the White House," T. R. shouted, "shall swing open just as easily to the poor as to the rich — *and not one bit easier*." The Hepburn rate law went through. In Philadelphia, Holmes's friend Owen Wister, desiring to ride to New York in the engineer's cab, went to Dewitt Cuyler for a pass. Wister must buy a ticket, Cuyler said genially. The halcyon day of free passes was done. "We have to be good now."

We have to be good now. But if Theodore Roosevelt was out to bust the trusts, the corporations themselves were out to bust the labor unions and to outwit also, where they could, the new state laws regulating the hours of workmen. Ten-hour laws, eight-hour laws — why, if the employers didn't look sharp, the courts would forget all about "freedom of contract"; the police power of the states would prevail over that sacred and conveniently misty phrase of the Fourteenth Amendment — "due process of law."

To Justice Holmes, combination on the one side was as lawful, within limits, as on the other. In the Northern Securities dissent he had upheld the side of capital — although he would have disliked to hear it called a "side." Now, a year later, he was to uphold the other — the right of a state to regulate the hours of labor. Holmes's dissent in the Lochner case was among his most significant utterances in Court. It heralded a long and noble list of such dissents, opinions which were to prove him, old though he was, far younger in spirit than his brethren, at once prophetic in vision and tough-minded in the law.

The fact that Holmes's most famous opinions were dissenting opinions by no means sets him down as a rebel or a no-sayer. Holmes always regretted the necessity of dissenting, believing that too many dissents detract from the prestige of the Court. But the blunt fact remained that in a period of vast and almost revolutionary social change, Holmes found himself on the Bench with a majority so conservative as to be not merely stubborn but blind. He had to voice his dissent: to remain silent would have been to shirk his duty.

Moreover it was not the number of his dissents that won for Holmes the title of the Great Dissenter. Some of his brethren dissented more often than he did. It was the quality of Holmes's dissents that made them famous; it was what he said and how he said it. When a judge writes a majority opinion, he is speaking for the Court. But when he dissents he has a chance to say what he really thinks, and these individual expressions play a very significant part in the function of the Supreme Court. "A dissent in a court of last resort is an appeal to the brooding spirit of the law, to the intelligence of a future day, when a later decision may possibly correct the error into which the dissenting judge believes the court to have been betrayed."

The Lochner dissent was most certainly such an appeal — and as certainly it became, years later, the majority opinion and therefore the law of the land. The Lochner case concerned moreover a conviction that Holmes held very deeply: the conviction that under the Constitution, the states have a right to make their own social experiments. When these experiments — these state laws — conflict with Federal authority, then let the case be decided not on the basis of whether the Supreme Court believes the law concerned to be a good law or a bad law. Let it be decided solely on the basis of whether the Constitution forbids it. "I strongly believe," Holmes said from the Bench, "that my agreement or disagreement (with a certain economic theory) has nothing to do with the right of the majority to embody their opinions in law."

Whether these theories, these economic experiments, resulted in disaster was not, Holmes thought, a judge's business. Just now, in 1905, the experiments tended all towards combination, collectivism. And whether the combination was of capital, as in the Northern Securities case, or of labor wishing to protect itself by state laws, as in the Lochner case — at all events let the experiments be made. Let those men who, fearing experiment, desire to preserve the *status quo* — be they judges, capitalists, or laboring men — not hide behind the Sherman Act or the vague phrases of the "due process" clause.

The Lochner suit was a perfect case in point. New York State had passed a law prohibiting more than ten hours' work a day in bakeries. A bakery in Utica, belonging to a man named Lochner, broke the law twice and was fined for it. Lochner appealed on the ground that the ten-hour law was class legislation, favoring the workers. It denied, said Lochner's counsel, "equal protection of the laws."

Justice Holmes, listening to the defendant's long harangue, summed up the case before Mr. Lochner's lawyer had been at it ten minutes. The judges went into conference, voted 5 to 4 in favor of Lochner. Justice Peckham wrote the majority opinion, and on April 17, 1905, announced it in Court. The ten-hour law, he declared, was a "meddlesome interference"; the spread of such laws in the various states was deplorable. The men who passed

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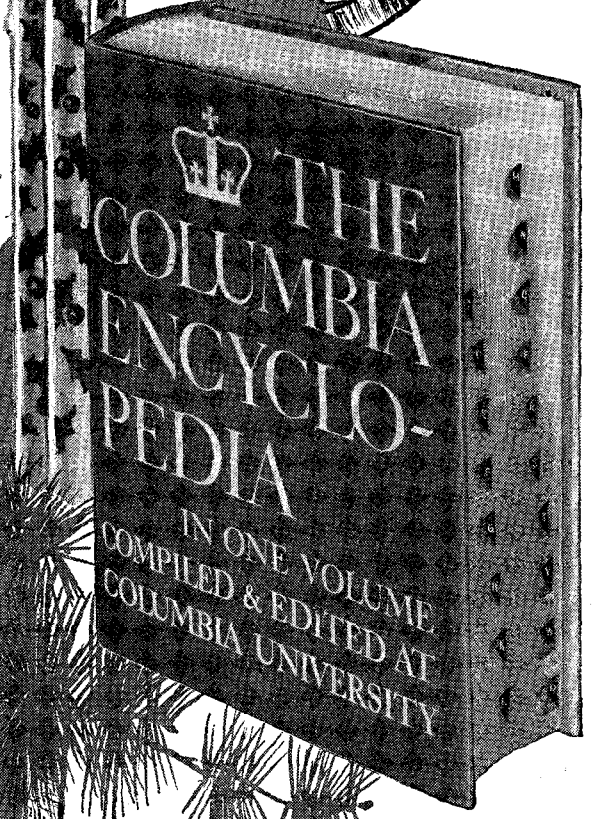

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this particular law had called it a health protective measure. But surely their real motive had not been the manufacture of healthy bread! Their motive had been to regulate the hours of labor. Which then should prevail, the police power of a state, or "freedom of contract"? In other words, should the individual be a slave to the state, or should he remain free, under the Constitution, to manage his factory as he pleased?

What Justice Peckham defended was not merely the right of one employer to work his bakers more than ten hours a day. He was defending a whole social system. He did not once use the words *laissez faire*. He did not need to. Obviously, *laissez faire* was the social system he favored — was indeed the only system he recognized. Revolutions had been fought to achieve it; Herbert Spencer had endorsed it. It had sufficed for a hundred years and more; under it our country had grown great and fat. Why endanger the system, then, with these interfering laws? "Clean and wholesome bread," said Justice Peckham serenely, "does not depend on whether a baker works but ten hours per day or only sixty hours a week."

Almost anywhere else, Rufus Peckham could have spoken these words with little harm done. But the majority opinion of the Supreme Court becomes the law of the land. It creates a precedent that may sway future courts for decades. Justice Peckham, giving voice to the majority opinion in favor of Mr. Lochner who worked his bakers more than ten hours a day, was fixing the fate of workingmen for a generation to come.

Oliver Wendell Holmes was only three years younger than his esteemed colleague from New York. It was not youth, then, which told him that economic systems are far from indestructible. He had been brought up, like Peckham, under the most favorable circumstances which the social concept of *laissez faire* could create. Yet Holmes felt that the system was dead at heart. A giant industrial society was busy making its own new pattern.

When Justice Peckham had finished, Holmes rustled his papers, leaned forward, and began to read his dissent. The first line of it gave the gist of what he was going to say: —

> This case is decided upon an economic theory which a large part of the country does not entertain. . . . It is settled by various decisions of this Court that State constitutions and State laws may regulate life in many ways which we as legislators might think . . . injudicious. The liberty of the citizen to do as he likes so long as he does not interfere with the liberty of others to do the same, which has been a shibboleth for some well-known writers, is interfered with by the school laws, by the Post Office, by every State or municipal institution which takes his money for purposes thought desirable, whether he likes it or not. The Fourteenth Amendment does not enact Mr. Herbert Spencer's *Social Statics*. The other day we sustained the Massachusetts vaccination law. . . . The decision sustaining an eight-hour law for miners is still recent. . . . Some of these laws embody convictions or prejudices which judges are likely to share. Some may not. But a constitution is not intended to embody a particular economic theory, whether of paternalism and the organic relation of the citizen to the State or of *laissez faire*. It is made for people of fundamentally differing views, and the accident of our finding certain opinions natural and familiar or novel and even shocking ought not to conclude our judgment upon the question whether statutes embodying them conflict with the Constitution of the United States.

There were fighting words, and to that portion of the nation which understood them, they were words of hope. On the Court there was no other man equipped to say them. "*The people have a right to make their own mistakes.*" A man poles apart from Holmes had spoken these words a decade earlier: William Jennings Bryan, demagogue and inspired rabble-rouser who was far closer to the people than Holmes was when he gave the Lochner dissent in 1905. Yet in different ways and from different spheres the two had said the same thing. But the conviction that breathes from the Lochner dissent is neither the oratory of the demagogue nor the hot fury of the reformer — of a Brandeis, angry because laboring men are being exploited. It is rather the cold, clear anger of the intellectual who believes that freedom means, above all, the right to experiment.

This was Holmes's stand. In the past thirteen months he had given voice to two important dissents, one on the side of capital, one on the side of labor. The people did not think of him, so far, as one of their great judges, their great men. It would be a long time indeed before the people became really aware of Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes.

But he had taken his stand. It was calm; it was consistent. It stemmed from intellectual conviction. And it was a stand the nation could count on him to sustain for twenty-six years, until at the age of ninety he would leave the Court forever.

With this installment, which ends in the year 1905, the Atlantic brings to a close the serialization of Mrs. Bowen's book. The chapters selected for the magazine comprise approximately 40 per cent of the entire text; every interested reader will wish to know that the book to come carries the story of Mr. Justice Holmes up to the year 1935. Yankee from Olympus *has been selected by the Book-of-the-Month Club and will be published in book form next spring.*

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